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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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FOR BETTER OR WORSE

MAN is given to celebrating the delightful coming of spring in his usual high-minded fashion—by dancing around a pile setting fires on hilltops slaughtering his fellow men or seeking a wife.

So that this month of June from the beginning of record has been the classic time of the wedding. We are more than usually active in our own fashion despatchment for example advising the swains of our acquaintance how they should be decked out for the wedding and yes there *are* a few things they must pay for like the bride's going-away corsage after she's slung her expensive bouquet to her hopeful grasping bridesmaids no matter how reluctantly this duty is performed.

The sweet perplexities of marriage have in fact been a favorite subject since there was a calendar, and the legends are many and varied. A young girl had only to agitate a bucket of spring water with her hand or to throw linken eggs over another person's head, if she wished to see the image of the man she should marry (particularly if the guy she was going to marry was the one she was spraying with the egging)—Medieval bridal pacifiers were brightened on the way to the church. It was well-known that if a hare dog cat lizard or serpent were encountered, the union never could be happy; if it were a wolf a spider or a toad awaiting the couple nothing but bliss was in store.

The mind is unsealed at the unpleasant possibilities of one ancient custom—when the bride was given the privilege the morning after the wedding day of asking from her husband any sum of money or estate that she pleased and which could not be in honor refused. In those enlightened days you paid your alimony immediately.

Many of the old customs persist today of course. The ring itself was part of a pledge given by the groom or as the Anglo-Saxon word has it a "wed" or "wedding," when the pair was betrothed as children. Part of this wed was a ring placed on the maiden's right hand until the time of the second ceremony when they were adult. A charming custom is also suggested by the shoes we still use symbolically at weddings. Except that in the old days the father presented his son-in-law with one of the girl's shoes as a token of the transfer of authority and the bride was made to feel the change by a lusty clout on the head with the shoe.

There was no shilly-shallying then over whether the word "obey" would be spoken in the ceremony. A husband was bound by honor to chastise his wife occasionally and an old Welsh law imposed that three blows in any part of her person except the head was a fair reminder provided that the stick be no longer than the husband's arm nor thicker than his middle finger. A good-sized blackjack in other words was perfect for keeping the little woman in line.

Scandinavia was apparently a rugged place for lovers in those days. It was beneath the dignity of a local warrior to woo and win his bride—he usually waited until she had bestowed her affections on another and was literally on her way to the marriage ceremony when he would fall upon the wedding cortege and carry her away by force. Naturally this practice was sometimes resented by groom number one—who brought along his groomsmen as "best men" as they were known to carry lances into which were fitted torches since most marriages were at night for safety and secrecy. You picked your best man and your ushers carefully in those days. None of this fraternity-brother or old-school-tie stuff. The boys in your gang who were handiest with a cudgel or a sword made the best attendants.

There were slightly more pleasant customs of course. The bridegroom when expected trouble from trolls and sprites as well as rival suitors sewed into his clothes various strong-smelling herbs such as chives rosemary and garlic. The maiden also carried a bouquet of herbs—the bride's bouquet—to ward off the envious trolls.

No bridegroom could be induced on that day to stand near a closed gate or where crossroads

Continued on page 8

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ON THE CAMPUS
Cameron Neulen eastern university campus leader chooses off-white Palm Beach Sport Coat for "dress up" dating.

IN SWANK RESORTS
A cool lightweight casual Palm Beach Jacket is worn by Bill Draper, popular motion picture star, as he joins a handsome twosome Trudy Harris and Elaine Warden exclusive finishing school students. Fred White, collegiate chooses Palm Beach Strollers Shorts for a really cool combination.

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Editorial: *For Better or Worse*

Continued from page 6

meet since that would arouse envy and malice in others. His lady was usually careful to put her right foot before that of her mate's when at the altar for then she would get the better of him during their married life, by thus having her best foot forward.

So now, as celebrated in Howard Baer's cartoons of the perplexed father of the bride in this issue, comes the time of the wedding. Now is the time when the blushing girl gets stage fright, finds the man of her choice a complete stranger, and threatens to upset a lifetime of planning by locking herself in her room, sobbing and reading his letters instead of going to the church. Now is the time when the groom, shaken by tremors greater than the earthquake, takes to strong spirits to buck up his courage and finds for the first time that alcoholic proof is as nothing in the face of his agitation. His ushers and best man, no longer needed to carry lances or torches, are making merry, with a side glance at the bridesmaids; but he is cold as stone, pale as milk and his blood is as water. His ears and feet seem to enlarge, his hands suddenly refuse to operate, his breathing apparatus, which usually idles along in fine shape, suddenly takes on a blast and he blows like a furnace; his vision is impaired, and a fine perspiration breaks out all over him. He looks on his boyhood playmates and knows them not, and when finally called upon to bespeak himself during the ceremony, he croaks out "I will" with a ratchety infirmity which only convinces the relatives of the bride that their worst suspicions are true, that he comes from a line of lunatics, that inbreeding has obviously reduced him to a low physical state where his only accomplishment is taking nourishment and the asylum, the poorhouse, jail, and a pauper's grave are all that lie ahead for their little heroine.

Things are a little happier afterwards. The couple suddenly realize that the company of these other oafish people, such as their parents, has become intolerable. Everyone takes time off from talking about the groom's former escapades and bad reputation to wave good-by to the lovers as they rush away in the car father has provided, and another adventure in living is launched.

Now is the time gentlemen and the voice of the turtle dove is indeed heard in the land. Mind you don't stand by any gates or crossroads. Don't forget to sew the garlic in your wedding clothes. And above all, don't omit to hit her over the head with a shoe—first thing. Even if she sneaked up on you and put her best foot forward during the ceremony, a clout over the ear will set everything straight for years to come. ##

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

the best month in 1952

I want to compliment you on your calendar of this year It's something that every G I wants to lay his hands on, but only a few have it Your gals are really heart lifters plus morale boosters

Most of the guys like the gal on the month of December She is something every guy dreams about

PFC EDWIN M MUNOONS
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif

* * *

December is certainly the most fascinating girl on your calendar

FRANCIS BRUN
BO AKERMARK
Upsala, Sweden

the green monster

I just read Robert Ruark's *The First Time I Saw God* (March) You have my congratulations on a fine story and you have my profound envy My life is hard and good, and never have I felt as envious of an experience as I have of this one.

I've studied and enjoyed literature from Homer to Beowulf to Hemingway... but never have I seen and smelled the atmosphere and felt the essence as I did with this story Hell of a good show—both the trip and the story

SUMNER J GORMAN
Chelsea, Mass

the Marines have landed

The Navy was described by a cocky private (*Them Marines!* February) as a group of fellows out for a cheap vacation Yet in the series of pictures you printed with the article I noticed the Marines were being transported in an LCVP whose crew was on a vacation no doubt In another picture the Marines were in another type of craft If it were not for the Navy all the seagoing bellhops would be stationed stateside for the whole cruise.

DAVID BAKER, FA
Great Lakes Ill

* * *

In Mr Lederer's article I was happy to see that someone had compared the Marines to the other Armed Forces' and the Air Forces policy of offering their "boys" an interesting time and an education while they are serving their country.

My congratulations on a humorous and revealing article

CPL R P SCHACK, USMC
Great Lakes Ill

* * *

I am writing this letter on behalf of the men of the first platoon, L company, 5th Regimental Combat Team, stationed somewhere in Korea It is in regard to an article on our hilarious heroes *Them Marines!*, by Commander William J Lederer, USN

If them bastards are so tough and good, why don't they send more of them out here and let us gentlemen go home?

Ask the Marines who were here last winter and find out who spearheaded for them I'm sure you'll find it was the 5th RCT, U S Army

SGT B W JUSKIEWICZ
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif

* * *

It's about time someone printed a story showing the superiority of the Marines and I wasn't surprised to find it in Esquire I think Lederer understands the spirit of the Corps I enjoyed every word of his fine story and really felt that I was a Leatherneck again

JACKSON CARSON
Boston, Mass

* * *

We have just finished reading your very interesting article concerning the glorious United States Marine Corps and we enjoyed the heartiest belly laugh we have known in a long time.

We admit that it does take volunteers to make an outfit sharp That is why we volunteered for the Paratroopers of the U S Army Because we knew it was up to us whether we wanted to be part of the best and we know that you couldn't be forced to be a Paratrooper

The Marines at one time did have a good unit as part of the Corps—the Para-Marines who were really proud soldiers instead of a bunch of glory-happy babes

We got a kick out of such statements in your article as the very broad-minded words of Commandant Vandergrift himself We refer to the time he said "There aren't 75 000 men in the United States good enough to be Marines" This is not only a rash remark but an insult to the thou-

Continued on page 12

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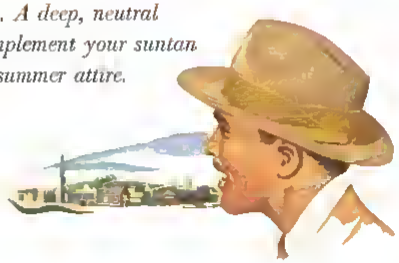

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

sands of underrated American soldiers who fought their way courageously from Normandy to the Elbe and from Sicily to the Po Valley, crushing the once-powerful Wehrmacht under the soles and heels of their combat boots and paratrooper boots. It is our sincerest belief that there aren't 75 Marines good enough to be troopers.

Don't get us wrong. We think the Marines are one of the finest fighting forces the world has ever known, but they shouldn't spoil their heroic deeds by their conceit. We of the Paratroopers don't have to pay for publicity. We make it.

We of the 82nd don't care to boast or brag, but we now claim the title of "America's Guard of Honor," a title the Marines once cherished. The title is worth all of the publicity in the world to us, and we will do our best to live up to it.

"M" COMPANY

Ft. Bragg, N. C.

* * *

The fighting men of the UN Forces should get quite a kick out of this article. Especially the ones who had to pull them out of the reservoir. H.S.T. sure had them pegged right. I'll take the British Commando, the fighting Turks, the Greeks and the great American dogface who still tops them all. I had the pleasure of serving with all these forces in Korea.

CPL. JOHN MCGINTY

Fort Belvoir, Va.

and then what?

Has there been a sequel to *Them Marines!* (February)? Specifically, did that undressed Marine ever catch that neklad gal, even with the jeep? And what sort of rating was helped by legendary Lucy Brewer, the Lady Leatherneck aboard the *Constitution*? Let's have another article by Rusty Bill, who plainly ain't no Harvard man.

BOB EDDY

Minneapolis, Minn.

the time is not yet

In your February issue, I am reading *I Killed Stalin*. There are a few dates I want to point out that I believe are incorrect. Grand Central Riots of 1957, induction into C.P. in 1955, docks, piers and vessels were not on wartime basis in 1955 and security where it existed at all was very lax, and (but) took the 11:35 a.m. train out of Las Vegas on August 25, 1956." That is as far as I have read the story.

I do not know if this information will interest you, but at present I am only living in 1952.

MRS. PETER J. KORSICK

Valley Stream, L. I., N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Author Noel's imagination is up-dated for the sake of adventure.*

Continued on page 16

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For Dress

The shoes on the left are the popular new U-wing style, with wheat-color nylon mesh. Cool as a lake breeze!

The shoes in the center combine nylon mesh with mahogany-tone calfskin. How comfortable can you get!

On the right is an easy on, easy-off laceless gored oxford of cool nylon mesh that's smart enough for the office, comfortable enough for casual wear

For Casual

On the left are lifesavers for summer comfort! They're easy-on, easy-off laceless gored oxfords—casual and smart. Cush-N Crepe sole and heel.

The feet in the center are launching summer in smoked elk, 2-eyelet overlay blackers. With Cush-N-Crepe sole and heel.

The shoes on the right are ship-shape for sure. They're plaintoe, Glo tan cemented gore casuals with Cush-N Crepe sole and heel.

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 12

letty

The photo of Italian model Anna Marie (*Sex Is Here to Sell*, March) shows two left hands, we think. Will you please settle the argument?

W. E. MITCHEM
Phoenixville, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Look carefully along the upper-left forearm and you will find a right thumb.*

short circuit

I have just read with much interest the very informative *No Charge for Soap*, by Paul W. Kearney (March). It stated that "The first electric light installation in the world was made by Thomas A. Edison himself in The Tavern at Sunbury, Pennsylvania, now called the Hotel Edison."

I do not wish to throw water on Mr. Kearney's statement—but Mr. Edison installed the first electric lights ever used in a commercial establishment in my uncle's store in Roselle Park, New Jersey.

Mr. Edison at the time was trying to popularize his new invention and at the instigation of a Mr. Miller F. Moore, Roselle, Mr. Edison came over from Menlo Park and established a power station in Shangle's coal yard on First Avenue, Roselle, and after he strung nine street lights along First Avenue and wired the First Presbyterian Church at Fifth Avenue and Chestnut Street, Roselle, the inventor sought merchants in the neighborhood who would be willing to equip their places with electricity. No one wanted it for a long time. Finally my uncle, Charles F. Stone, an owner of a general store across the railroad tracks in Roselle Park, volunteered and Edison installed in a gas-pipe chandelier three electric bulbs. The store, which I visited often in my early youth, became a mecca for men all over the country who came to examine the novelty.

My uncle died some years ago at the age of 92. Another uncle of mine was one of the electricians in Edison's second power station on Pearl Street, New York, the Roselle power plant having previously been removed to Elizabeth, New Jersey.

C. STANLEY JACOB
Plainfield, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *While we can find no record of the Roselle claim, there is a great deal of confusion about the "firsts" of electricity. Other people made and used electric lights before Edison. And there is also a problem of definition.*

According to the Edison Electric Institute, the Pearl Street Power Station is usually considered first. And the Sunbury Tavern was first to have a three-wire double-voltage electric-light system (1883).

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BACKSTAGE WITH

In this world of experts gone haywire—our doctor gets sick and the minister's kids are naughty—it occurred to us to wonder where architects live. They show us diagrams of something they call living space, but have they tried it? Do they live in the round houses, the glass houses, or the carriage houses they sell?

Take Jule von Sternberg, Esquire's Architectural Editor, who is showing us how to cool the house this month. Only a few issues ago he was telling us how to paint a house and he described to us sixteen color combinations and when to use them. What color we wondered did he paint his house? Or was it glass perhaps? Or maybe he was a tepee and rented an apartment rather than show his hand.

We visited him at his office in New York. Through his horn-rimmed glasses, he was reading large penciled notes scrawled across the face of the *Herald-Tribune*. On this circumstantial evidence we charged him with being a commuter. We wanted to know,

"What kind of a house do you live in?"

"I live in the only pink house in town, well maybe you wouldn't call it pink. A pinkish beige, perhaps."

This didn't shock us much. But we wondered if the houses were his own design. "No. I live in one of the oldest houses in Garden City. But then Garden City is not very old. It was founded in the eighties, I guess."

So George Washington never slept in Jule's house. But Eleanor Roosevelt slept there—when the von Sternberg home was under different ownership. Each previous owner who has lived in the von Sternberg house has made some drastic change. Most of them added to it. The first thing Jule von Sternberg did to it was to remove the wall between the kitchen and the dining room and replace it with a convertible one. It's true that he doesn't convert it often, but he can if he wants to. It's a good thing to have for parties and makes watching the children easier. But the idea that really delights us is the seven bedrooms in Mr. von Sternberg's pink house. With the modern notion that waste space is sinful, it pleases us to think of this imaginative and practical architect in possession of at least three more bedrooms than he can use.

Mr. von Sternberg would rather work on an old house than start from scratch. But that doesn't mean he wants to convert an old barn—full of rats and drafts but without much foundation—into a house. He has done it, of course. He has also designed stores and houses that are now standing all over the country, most of which he has never seen. And he hasn't seen the asphalt plant he designed for a firm in Newfoundland. He doesn't seem terribly anxious to travel up to look at it. Lying in the sun is more appealing to him.

It is a von Sternberg opinion that a great deal of bad design goes into new houses—with as many as 30 000 parts. The sink, for instance. It should be adjustable and it can be. Tall people and short people, standing people and sitting people should be able to use the same sink comfortably. "There is too much standing in the kitchen anyway."

There is a V-8-designed sink that can be regulated according to the whim of the user.

He has designed knock-down kitchen cabinets (which lowers the cost) and a drop-leaf table which will seat twelve people and

Continued on page 20

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Backstage with Esky

Continued from page 19

then fold up to a 10-inch width It has aprons on the leaves rather than the conventional center drawer which we all remember too late to avoid banging knees

Mr von Sternberg who feels that he spent more time at Columbia than Nicholas Murray Butler did says he started out to be a lawyer He had no wish to study law but his family had a wish for a son who was also a lawyer So Jule spent his first two undergraduate years with that in mind But he always liked to draw and eventually he got into the Architecture School So he stayed at Columbia twelve years And he still gets back to Morningside Now he is on the Board of Governors at the Columbia School of Architecture and he edits the Alumni Bulletin When he isn't working or doing any of these things, he rests

Reading Ben Hecht's psychiatrist story in this issue (*Dr Romeo & Juliet*) brought in some of the floating stories on the local head-examiners.

A pretty information specialist employed by the Department of State brought an anonymous sample of handwriting to her boss, who is a graphologist by inclination

"A fake" diagnosed this expert "He will try to gain your confidence but he doesn't really love you You must never trust him"

This sample, of course, was from the pen of her brand-new psychoanalyst

Then an ulcerous advertising man we know moved to a one-month sublet taking with him just two books—*How to Play Golf* by Sam Snead and *The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud*

"My mother didn't raise me to draw 'pin-up girls' says artist Peter Hawley—who draw our gate-fold Esquire girl this month When we visited him we found him sketching for a children's book in a completely different—but charming—style

"There was never any woman built like these drawings I lengthen the legs—pull in the waist—and change some of the contours entirely" Making more alterations than a nervous tailor Mr Hawley can never get a model who can sit for the whole picture He uses one girl's head on another girl's body on another girl's legs Moreover he finds so few models who look just right in a bathing suit that he uses the same fair lassas again and again

We were depressed and disillusioned as we listened to this description of how to draw a girl But it did seem to us that Mr Hawley's roommates retained a certain appreciation for ladies even after seeing them dismembered and

Continued on page 28

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Backstage with Esky

Continued from page 20

rebuilt at the next drawing board by perfectionist Hawley.

Mr. Hawley's studio is a Fifth Avenue penthouse with a skylight view of the tops of the RCA Building and St. Patrick's Cathedral. This is the garret of the well-fed artist.

Mr. Hawley shares his just-what-you'd-expect studio with some brother artists he met when he was stationed at Aberdeen Proving Grounds. In those days, our artist friend was busy drawing the probable results of what was being proved at Aberdeen. He was a Master Sergeant, affectionately (if that's possible for a M/S) known as "Stiffhead." All day Sergeant Hawley worked on official sketches; at night he practiced what he liked, unofficially.

A Connecticut roamintor, Mr. Hawley has a studio at his home but he doesn't like working by himself. He tends to get lonely and then he fritters away his time.

Sometimes he uses his two children for models, and Mrs. Hawley has modeled for him on occasion. He met her when he was working in Chicago. She turned out to be the owner of a red convertible that had been plagiuing his black convertible—denting his fenders and stealing his favorite parking place. The romance survived not only that indignity but the temporary disapproval of his future mother-in-law, who had been keeping a horrified eye on him for a long time. She lived in the apartment building across the street from him whence she was able to take a dim view of the company he kept.

RUDY MULLER

Tall and quiet, Mr. Hawley prefers San Francisco (he was born in Berkeley) to New York. But on the West Coast, he says, the competition is even tougher and the pace swifter than it is in New York.

But wherever he is, Peter Hawley has his favorite artists in mind and their collected works on hand. By looking at the bookshelves and then asking, we found that his idols were El Greco and Modigliani. And although he wasn't raised to draw pin-up girls, who can deny a connection? ##

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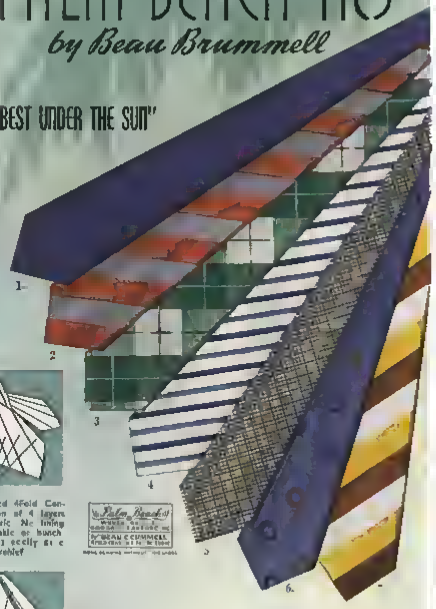

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"HOW ABOUT THAT?"

The best day in Mel Allen's life, so far, was Mel Allen Day at Yankee Stadium. This was even better than the high-school time when his good grades were rewarded with the office of Lieutenant-Governor of North Carolina—*for one day.*

A big guy, Mel, the favorite sportscaster of the Bronx Bombers and their devoted claque, was the first nonathlete to rate a "Day." He was showered with gifts and named the tenth member of the Yankee baseball machine, the greatest tribute of all.

Mel rates every bit of this. He is a dramatic eccentric sports announcer with one classic comment for the day's most exciting plays. When Joe DiMaggio slaps a home run to break up a World Series or Yogi Berra nails his man at second, Mel yells, "How about that!" The fans love it. As for Esky, Mel is the Man-of-the-Month.

Years back, when Mel was announcing for CBS, he used to go to baseball games and do a little harmless day dreaming. He'd pretend he was announcing the game, sitting in the back of the stadium alone, and describing each play to himself. Later, when he was offered a job announcing baseball regularly (provided he had experience), the four games he had actually described on the air would hardly have counted. "So I told the only lie I ever told," He grinned. "Professionally, I mean." At that point, he counted the afternoons he sat in the sun talking to himself as experience.

Mel digs in at the library if he is faced with an unfamiliar job. When he was assigned to the Dartmouth Winter Carnival, he read about skiing for a week. "We didn't ski in Alabama," he explained.

Mel is trained for this kind of work. He is a member of the Alabama bar, although he never got around to practicing. In New York on a vacation Mel was offered a CBS staff announcing job. He wasn't sure he could take it, since he was then an instructor of speech at the University of Alabama and had to get back to Tuscaloosa to give mid-years. CBS waited.

Mel talks fast for an Alabamian, and continually makes puns, some of them good. He has plenty of good stories, and likes to sing.

His day's work is just about as tough for him to take as you'd imagine. The job is perfect for Mel. He regards it as a comfortably silver spoon he has found in his mouth and he feels very thankful "because I wasn't born with it!"

How about that?

Tenth Yankee, Mel Allen, plays from his base at the microphone

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NO SPORT LIKE AN OLD SPORT

We visited the Sportsmen's Show at Grand Central Palace a while back and first off cast a line into a giant tank that swarmed with befuddled fish. Like good sportsmen we landed the quota—two trout—and tossed them back.

Our guide, Dick Kahill, a veteran troutsman, viewed the whole fishing incident with a certain amount of disdain. As far as he and many other fishermen were concerned, such goings on don't

belong in a show that is sportsdom's annual bid for the public interest—as well as the public buck.

Mr. Kahill preferred to direct our attention to the intricacies of outboard motors, 12-gauge shotguns, spinning reels, and the differences between a wood duck and pintail or a Canada goose from the domestic variety. Live specimens of each were huddled behind wire in a replica of their natural habitat.

Two genuine blacksmiths set up shop under a Narrowsburg, New York, sign and pounded out trinkets from horseshoe nails. We found the finger rings heavy, but unique, like having the Gettysburg Address stamped on the back of a penny.

"No wonder the real sportsman doesn't come here any more," we heard a man behind us say. We turned to find him watching an energetic demonstration of a new siphon bottle cap and understood what he meant. Indeed, among the one hundred and eighty-six exhibitors at the show, there seemed to be an unsettling number of items like the bottle cap—lamps without the trace of a sporting motif, incense bags, electric body vibrators and a series of pinball machines that might be called "sporty" if you stretched a point.

More appealing to us was the piney State of Maine exhibit that included an actual beach from the Maine coast—without rocks—that would be fine for swimming comes summer. And we admired the ingenuity of the National Speleological Society, dedicated to cave exploration, which had set up a *papier-mâché* cavern for lay inspection.

Across the hall there were panting Eskimo dogs and restless tigers and leopards and sad-eyed monkeys and chinchillas who from sheer boredom, no doubt, had fallen asleep in their cages behind an ominous sign reading: "They bite."

And everywhere crowds—a happy, healthy indication of public interest. Which is what the Sportsmen's Show is all about, anyhow.

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THE WISE MAN

IN these days of jet-powered publicity sweet fame can often make a sour disposition. When he walks the streets the famous one is followed by idolators seeking a lock of his hair, ready to pull it out of his head if necessary, when he eats dinner a *New Yorker* reporter climbs up the vine to hear his chitchat, when he goes to bed a *Life* photographer drills a hole in the ceiling for a wide-angle lens. Few of our great men can escape these slavering assaults on their privacy, but one of them has—the English pianist Solomon. He can put his real name on a hotel register with absolute safety because nobody knows it.

Solomon is his first name and he uses no other. In England he is an institution comparable to Sir Thomas Beecham or the Royal Family. His concerts are broadcast over serious and light networks of the BBC, his interpretations have the authority of administrative decisions, his tours abroad are regarded as a sharing of the national wealth. He has played in every music-listening country in the world except Russia. China and Japan last season he spent five months in the U. S. concertizing in almost every large city and with more than half our major symphony orchestras. He is the busiest of the barnstorming pianists—last year he played more than one hundred concerts—and very probably the best.

His platform manner is unusual to say the least. A short, rather tubby man with a large almost bald head, he strides rapidly on short legs to the piano, bows briefly to acknowledge applause, sits down and counts the house—or seems to count the house—actually he is watching the late arrivals and waiting for them to get seated. Then he plays and every gesture is efficiency—no romantic tossing of the head, no dramatic jumping about of the hands. His technical equipment is flabbergasting. The fastest and most difficult runs emerge from his fingers smooth as a fine chocolate mousse; the most awkward inner parts sound clearly and gracefully. He uses the pedal delicately, never builds a mass of tone to obscure problems or beats his piano to make big noises. He searches for the correct *style* in each work, and he adds no personal temperament to conceal weaknesses in the music. A work can be judged by his performance for he will scrupulously set out for his hearers the failures of a Brahms or a César Franck, the strengths and beauties of a Bach, a Haydn, a Beethoven, a Schumann, a Debussy. He demands—and deserves—careful listening.

Of his many English recordings only a few have been issued in this country, and only one disk is in the current catalogue—but that one is the first issue in a complete set of Beethoven's 32 piano sonatas, which Solomon is now recording in England for release over here by RCA-Victor. This first record has the *Sonata in C, op. 111*, on one side, and the *Pathétique* on the other. It is not a perfect job—the 111 was apparently recorded in a moving freight train—but RCA's engineers have promised to improve its technical quality in re-issues. Meanwhile the performances are the best at least on modern records, and the complete set is sure to be the finest of its kind ever offered to the public.

With all this information packed into our little heads we went to interview Solomon last time he came to New York. He is fifty years old and a bachelor and he looks most like a highly successful enormously intelligent tailor. He has the strong fingers and shoulders of the professional pianist, but none of the traditional nervous mannerisms. He dresses in the English style, conservatively expensively and impeccably, and he is as comfortable in conversation as at the piano.

We asked him, to start, how he came to have only one name.

"It's quite natural," he said. "You know I made my first public appearance in nineteen-ten when I was only eight, and they billed me as Solomon—the Boy Pianist." That kept up until I retired from public appearances, when I was fourteen or fifteen, and when I came back after four or five years' intensive study, I thought—" with an easy, bright

Continued on page 59

Dad isn't well dressed unless he's "wearing" a

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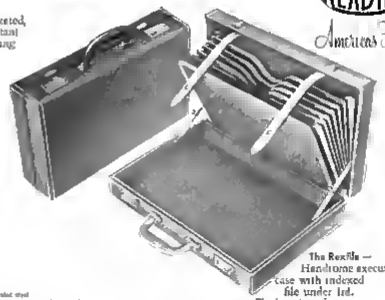

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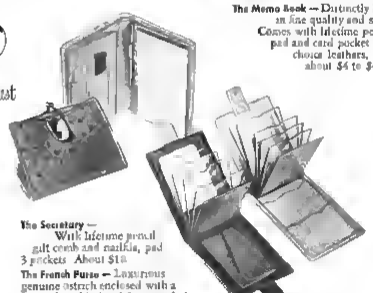

The Secretary — With lifetime pencil, gilt comb and nailfile, pad, 3 pockets. About $18

The French Purse — Luxurious genuine ostrich enclosed with a sturdy gold plated frame and clasp. Pockets for bills, change, identifications. About $15

The Lady's Billfold — With removable pass-case and change purse, crafty stitched for durability. About $6

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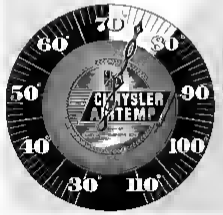

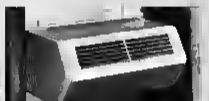

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The Wise Man

Continued from page 28

smile—"it might be wise to keep it."

How had he got into the boy-wonder business? Were his parents musicians?

"No, they weren't musicians but my father was a great lover of music, you see, and we had a piano in the house—a rather indifferent and inferior piano. I'm afraid—and when I was four I suppose I toddled over to it and they brought in a teacher to give me lessons—rather indifferent and inferior lessons. Then, when I was eight, I had a good teacher, a very fine teacher and later that year I appeared in public, you know."

A stupid question, of course—but how many hours a day does he average at the piano?

"When I was a young man I used to say twenty-five—but I've outgrown that.' A rather apologetic smile, then. 'Still I can't really answer it. Saturday, for example, I'll be on a plane to London. All day. No piano. Won't be able to play at all. Then I'll have four or five days in one place and I'll play seven or eight hours a day. When I'm on tour the Steinway people are always very helpful, giving me studios to work in and that sort of thing. And, of course, before every concert I try out the sound of the piano in the hall."

Another stupid question—how long does it take him to learn a new piece?

"Really, I can't answer that one either. Once about twelve or fourteen years ago, the Philharmonic gave me only ten days to learn a new concerto by the Russian composer Mossolof. I learned it—I worked seventeen hours a day for ten days. But mind you, I don't approve of that. I think you should learn a work, then put it aside for six or seven months to let it rumble around in your subconscious and then come back to it."

How about concertos—did he find that he and a conductor often had different conceptions of a work?

"Yes, that's quite usual, but it really doesn't matter if you have two sensitive musicians. You have only one rehearsal—an hour or two—but you can do miracles in that time, adjusting the conceptions to strike some balance between the two. Sometimes—rather often, I'm afraid—you'll hear a bad performance of a concerto, because the conductor and the soloist haven't been able to find the compromise. I'll say this, though—when you do find a sympathetic conductor playing a concerto, can give you the greatest thrill in the world." Then, thoughtfully: "I don't as a rule like to mention names, but I had one of the finest of these experiences with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra."

Is it easier to adjust for a recording?

"Yes, it is, you see, because a recording session is just one long rehearsal. You sit down and play the work through, and then they just turn the tape round and play it back to you. So I'll say, 'I can't hear the violins here,' or 'What about the trombones here—don't you think we should damp them down?' or something like that, and we'll do it again and listen again. It may take seven, or eight, or even more performances before you have something you're sure is your best work. And it's very difficult, but very important, not to lose your sense of discrimination."

Does he teach?

"I used to teach a good deal, and I loved it, but I'm not in any one place for a long enough time, these days—always flying about. Last year I was only five weeks at home in London, you know. When I leave here I'm going to Britain, and then the Continent and Turkey and Israel, and then the Lucarne Festival and the Edinburgh Festival—doesn't leave me much time for teaching."

Does he compose?

"No."

Does he play any other instrument?

"When I was a boy I used to play the tin whistle. And, you know, I'd play it still if I could find one." #

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What you'll do and how you'll do it here, there, and everywhere in Spain

FACTS OF LIFE FOR YOUR VACATION IN SPAIN. If you've had a chance to read *Spain Fables in Technicolor* on page 92, chances are that you've got a healthy appetite for a trip to Spain this year. Here are some of those supplementary facts of life in Spain you'll need in thinking about and planning your trip.

Getting There Is Half the Fun

Trans World Airlines is your best bet for a speedy trip to Spain, since it runs 4 flights weekly from New York to Madrid. TWA's Constellations leave New York's Idlewild Field at 11 a.m. Sunday, for example, and arrive in Madrid at 12:05 a.m. Monday (Madrid time)—19 hours after taking off from New York. First-class fares are $428.30 one way and $771 round trip during the on season (April 1 to October 31, both eastbound and westbound) and $582.60 round trip during the off season (November 1 to March 31).

You can save a good chunk of your transportation expenses by taking advantage of the new transatlantic tourist sky fares inaugurated May 1, 1952. TWA's tourist flights run in the same type of Constellation used for first-class trips. The main difference between tourist and first-class service is that tourist planes carry more passengers, which means you have less leg room and a slower schedule because of more frequent refueling stops. On tourist flights you also have to pay for your food, and your free baggage allowance is 44 pounds instead of 66. Tourist fares between New York and Madrid are $350.40 one way and $630.80 round trip during the on season (between April 1 and October 31), and $494.80 round trip during the off season (between November 1 and March 31).

Pan American World Airways is running 2 first-class flights weekly between New York and Barcelona, an 18-hour hop on the Constellation. First-class fares are $437.10 one way and $786.80 round trip during the on season (between April 1 and October 31), and $594.40 during the off season (November 1 to March 31). Pan American does not plan to operate tourist flights to Barcelona this year.

You can also fly via London by British Overseas Airways, TWA, or Pan American, continuing on to Madrid by British European Airways or Iberia. Other ways of reaching Madrid are via Amsterdam by KLM Royal Dutch Airlines or via Brussels by Sabena Belgian Air Lines. Fares are the same, whether you fly direct or via London, Paris, Amsterdam, or Brussels.

Going by sea, you'll have a chance to sail on the brand-new *Independence* or *Constitution*, the 29,500-ton, completely air-conditioned sister cruise ships put into service last year by the American Export Lines. There are two or three sailings a month from New York, and the luxurious ships make the crossing to Gibraltar in six days. From Gibraltar it's just a step across the line into Algeciras, Spain, and Seville, the heart of southern Spain, is about 146 miles away. Good bus service covers the run in seven hours and the fare is $2.70 one way. Minimum rates each way are $360 first class, $300 cabin class and $250 tourist on season and $335 first, $260 cabin and $205 tourist, off season. On-season rates apply eastbound from May 1 to July 31, westbound from July 15 to October 15. Off-season rates apply eastbound between August 1 and April 30, westbound October 19 to July 14. There is no reduction on round-trip steamship fares.

American Export Lines also act as agents for the Italian Line ships *Saturnia, Vulcania* and *Conte Biancamano*. Rates are the same for all three ships: $345 first, $290 cabin, $240 tourist and $210 for dormitory berths on season, and $310 first, $250 cabin, $195 tourist and $175 dormitory, off season. All three ships make the run from New York to Gibraltar in eight days.

For your return voyage you can hop aboard one of American Export's new Four Aces—the *Excalibur, Exochorda, Exeter* and *Excambion*—which stop and pick up passengers at Barcelona on the return leg of their 46-day "Yankee" cruises in the Mediterranean. Minimum fares from Barcelona to either Boston or New York are $320 on season and $280 off season.

The Home Lines have sister ships, the *Argentina* and the *Homeland*, running from New York to Lisbon and Gibraltar, each with accommodations for 950 passengers in two classes. They make the run in nine days to Gibraltar, ten to Barcelona. Fares vary according to which

Continued on page 84

Whatever your vacation choice...

LET TWA TAKE YOU THERE

When your family's vacation ideas start going in opposite directions, try this. Try putting a plane in your planning—a TWA Constellation—and watch a world of new ideas open up. Fly across the U. S. or to nearby Europe—Skylmers do it in hours. Mountains or seashore? There's time enough for both on one vacation when you leave the way up to TWA.

Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA or your travel agent.

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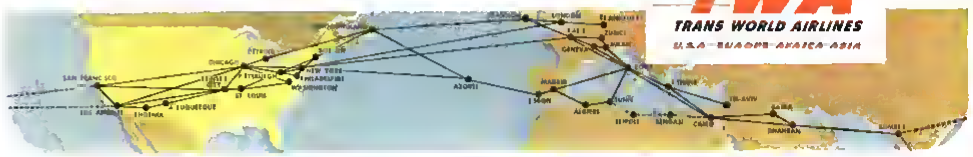

NEW! TWA TRANSATLANTIC SKY TOURIST CONSTELLATIONS FROM NEW YORK TO LONDON $270—PARIS $286—FRANKFURT $313.10—ZURICH $313.10—ROME $351.20

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Vacation Now

Continued from page 32

way you're going, with the westbound trip about $30 higher.

The Spanish Line has two ships running between New York and Cornna, Santander and Bilbao—the *Marques de Comillas* and the *Magallanes*. The crossing is made in about nine days and minimum fares are $325 one way first class, $180 tourist. This is a yearly rate—no off-season reductions. The line also has a one-class ship, the *Habana*, which makes the run from New York to Bilbao in nine days, with a stop first in Lisbon. Minimum one-way fare is $290. Another Spanish company, the Compania Española de Navegacion Maritima, has a twelve-passenger freighter which sails from New York to Bilbao, the fare is $200.

The Kerr Steamship Company has a line of twelve-passenger freighters sailing monthly from New York on a fourteen-day crossing to the first port in Spain, usually Bilbao. Minimum fare is $200. This company also has freighters sailing for Spain monthly from Gulf ports with a minimum fare of $250 to the first Spanish port, which is generally Barcelona.

There are also occasional sailings of American freighters of the Lykes Bros. Steamship Co. from Gulf ports for Barcelona. Minimum fare is $250.

Where to Eat and Drink

You'll find that eating around at Madrid's fine little restaurants will be a high spot of your visit to the capital. We're not talking about the famous and expensive places—though Madrid has them, and their cuisines are as excellent as any you'll find in Europe and the prices are likely to be lower than the tariff at luxury restaurants elsewhere on the continent. But there's more fun in discovering little-known places where you can enjoy a wonderful steak dinner for less than a dollar.

In Madrid our favorite place for steak is La Haja which means The Leaf (though I can't see any connection) at Calle de Moratin, 7. It's a small place where you have to walk past the bar into a couple of back rooms and it's generally packed during the dinner hours with *Madrileños* who want to enjoy good, typically Spanish food and a bottle of wine without keeping up appearances for the sake of atmosphere or worrying over the coming tab.

Another excellent small restaurant is Hogar Gallego, at Plaza del Comandante las Morenas, 3. Hogar Gallego means Hogar the Galician, but the present owner, Señor Evaristo Varela, spent many years working in restaurants all over the United States and speaks good American. That item can be an important plus for Americans who have struggled all day with their Spanish and want to relax while ordering and enjoying dinner. The cuisine is Spanish with a Galician accent (Galicia is the northwestern corner of Spain), featuring sea food and steaks.

You'll find an interesting little bar and restaurant in the old section of Madrid—El Mesón de San Javier at Calle del Conde, 3. A sign on the wall proclaims that King Philip II often ate at this inn around 1598 and heard the "sad sounds" of the Inquisition reverberating through the neighborhood. Further historical research produces a happier note—the inn was later used as a rendezvous for amorous nobles and their sweethearts. The wine of the house is only one peseta (or 2½¢) a glass, but the cheer will get dampened as you leave because the last thing you'll see will be a motto painted on the wall, reading "*Los Valientes y El Buen Vino Duran Poco*." Which means "Brave Men and Good Wine Don't Last Long."

This gloomy forecast always depresses me so much that I have to have another glass or two at Las Cuevas del Luis Candelas, where the motto on the wall reminds me that "*Mas vale gastar en la taberna que en la botica*"—"It's better to spend your money in a tavern than in a drugstore." Las Cuevas de Luis Candelas is a little bar and restaurant built with stone-vaulted ceilings under the Plaza Mayor. The name means "The Caves of Luis Candelas" and the decor features a cellarlike place downstairs with candles stuck in old bottles and lots of atmospheric stuff like that.

Luis Candelas, by the way, was a sort of Spanish Robin Hood who was hanged in 1837 despite the fact that—according to a poem written on the wall—he killed nobody. You'll enter The Caves from a street with the juicy name of Calle de Cuchilleros—"Street of the Dagger Makers."

Near by along the Calle de Cuchilleros at No. 17 is Botin, famous for roast suckling pig. Another good restaurant in the neighborhood is El Pulpito, in the Plaza Mayor.

And you'll probably want to try some of the better-known and more expensive places in Madrid. Probably the most celebrated restaurant in town is The Jockey, at Amador de los Rios, 6. Another smart place is Horcher's, at Alfonso XII, 6. Recoletos, at Villa Nueva, 2, is a fine restaurant, where between courses, you can dance or watch you also at a fronton connected with the premises.

The Hotel Gaylord's Alfonso XI, 5, serves very fine food, and in the warmer months its terrace is a cool and attractive place for dinner. The two big Madrid hotels also have excellent dining

Continued on page 36

You will have YOUR kind of a WONDERFUL time in

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Belgium has miles and miles of colorful seacoast, with sparkling beaches, gay casinos, fashionable shops, modern hotels, superlative cuisine. You will enjoy thrilling experiences and the charm of a friendly, hospitable people.

For information about Belgium and folder descriptive of the Holy Blood Play, see or write your Travel Agent—or OFFICIAL BELGIAN TOURIST BUREAU, Dept. E, 422 Madison Avenue, New York 17.

Ruins of old chateau, Bouillon

The casino, Ardennes

This year visitors to Belgium will have the rare opportunity of witnessing the Holy Blood Play (Sangnin Christi) presented at Bruges every five years. A magnificent religious spectacle, depicting some of the episodes in the life of Christ, it is given in the town's public square under floodlighting. Cast of 2500, special music, 600 choristers. No visitor to Europe should miss this unusual event. August 2-17.

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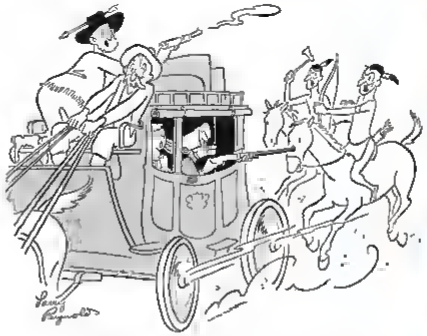

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Vacation Now

Continued from page 35

rooms. The grill of the Palace is especially recommended. (I had a fine Sunday lunch there for about two dollars, including wine.) And you'll also enjoy the illuminated garden restaurant of the Ritz, where you can dance to good music.

You may be surprised to find that the local cuisine is bland, rather than spicy, like the Mexican dishes which we usually consider Spanish cooking. Chipon at Peligros, 9, is one of the best restaurants specializing in native cooking. Be sure to try the tiny eels *à la bilbaina*. Another place with excellent local cuisine is La Barraca, Reina 29, featuring Valenciana dishes. Specialty of the house is *paella à la Valencia*: saffron rice rich with shrimp, clams, chicken, sausages and lobster.

There are also some very fine restaurants in the cities near Madrid. At Toledo, the Venta de Alres is a top place for luncheon or dinner, with a fine terrace for outdoor dining during the summer. And you'll never forget a luncheon at El Mesón de Candido in the village square of Segovia, overlooking the aloneteen-hundred-year-old Roman aqueduct and the narrow streets of the town crammed with pedestrians, cars and oxcarts. It's one of those restaurants so picturesque that you want to send postcards of the place to all your friends. The dining-room walls crawl with autographed pictures of such varied celebrities as Paulino Uzcendun, the Basque heavyweight fighter known as "Upside Down" by irreverent sportswriters of a generation ago, King Umberto of Italy, Monolete, the great matador, British Ambassador Sir Samuel Hoare, the Duke of Alba, Beatrice, daughter of King Alfonso XIII, and the King of Uganda.

The inn has been in business since the sixteenth century—its specialties are roast suckling pig, roast lamb, fruit tarts and wine served in earthenware jugs. The waiter will carve the suckling pig with the side of a plate to show you how tender it is, and if the owner likes you he'll give you an autographed picture of himself in native costume.

The Night Side

In Spain, when a little girl is a good little girl she is a very good little girl, and when she's a bad little girl she's likely to be very beautiful. You'll be able to verify this theory on your first tour of the night spots of Madrid. Respectable young women do not go out unescorted after the dinner hour, so every one of the señoritas at such top night clubs as Pasapoga at José Antonio 37 and the Casablanca, Plaza del Rey 7—most of them really lovely-looking—are hostesses. Which means that a stag entering one of these places alone doesn't lack for what to do, even if he's a stranger and

Continued on page 39

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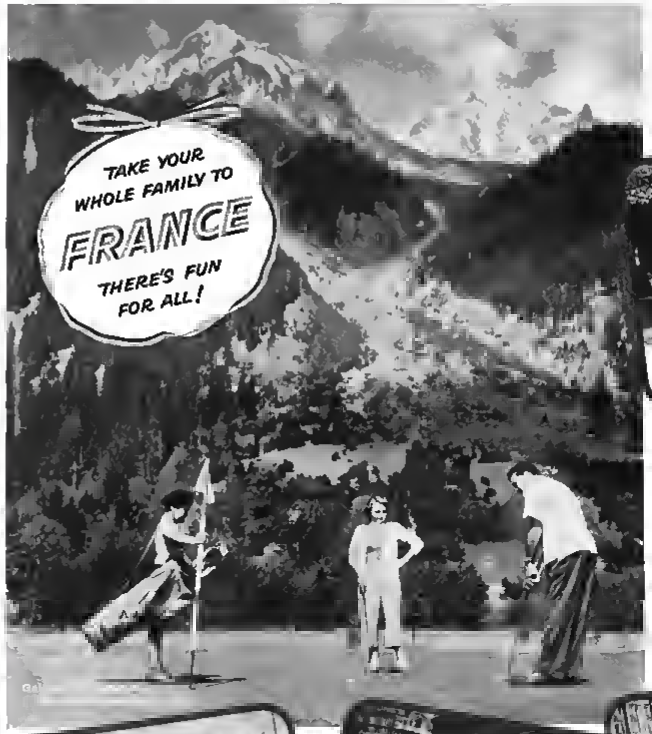

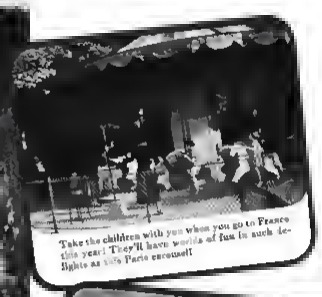

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Vacation Now

Continued from page 30

doesn't speak the language. It costs you a little over a dollar to get into one of these larger night clubs and that also takes care of your first drink. After that you're on your own. (Gambits: *Que guapa!* meaning "What a beauty [you are]!" and *"Nosotros somos dos americanos sin amigos"* — "We are two friendless Americans.")

The Rex is probably the most genteel of the larger night clubs, because no hostesses are allowed. Other good night spots include the Fontana, Alazan, La Galera and Castillo.

The Villa Rosa, just off the Plaza Santa Ana, is a typical Spanish bar, serving hot tapas and hors d'oeuvres with the drinks. Flamenco dancers and singers gather there and for a small fee you can hire a private room and be entertained with gypsy songs and dances far into the morning. In the warmer months Villa Rosa operates a vast night club complete with big dance floor, two orchestras and floor show in a lovely garden just outside the city limits in twenty-minute cab ride from the heart of town. Not much doing before midnight—but you can stay as late as your eyes stay open.

Villa Romana, also just outside the city limits is a similar outdoor night club. And don't leave Madrid without stopping in at Chicote's Bar in the Avenida José Antonio. Pedro Chicote will be glad to show you the pride of his life, his collection of more than five thousand bottles of every liquor known, sent to him by friends all over the world.

Sight-seeing in Madrid

Don't miss the Plaza de Oriente. The great esplanade situated directly in front of the Royal Palace. The palace is a vast and magnificent building which once was the home of the Spanish kings and contains a collection of impressive tapestried salons where the royal family entertained in the days before the last ruler, Alfonso XIII, abdicated. Close by is the Royal Armory, housing one of the most complete museums of its type with a collection which was started as far back as Charles V and Philip II and includes armor worn by the ancient kings and queens of Spain, weapons of Ali Pasha, who was defeated in the battle of Lepanto, Visigoth relics and children's armor and the sword of the conqueror Cortez.

Following the Calle de Bailen you come across the Plaza de España and the statue of Cervantes. A 26-story office building serves as an aura bronstu background for the figures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza which adorn the statue of the first novelist. At the end of Paseo de la Florida rises the *ermita de San Antonio* which is decorated with murals by Goya where the painter expressed his whim by including many likenesses of personalities popular in Madrid at the time. The remains of Goya rest in the building.

Starting out from the Plaza de las Cortes across the street from the Palace Hotel take a walk into the near-by house of Lope de Vega which is one of the finest examples of a Spanish home and contains a tasteful display of the decor and furnishings of the period. A short walk and you are in the Plaza Santa Ana, a gem of a square which recalls the old Madrid. In Calle de Atocha you will find the typical, towered building of Madrid which now houses the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Calle Toledo narrow road that leads to that colorful city is one of the most animated streets in Madrid.

Close by you will find the Rastro, Madrid's version of Paris flea market with a colorful display of valuable objects and interesting junk for sale. Further down the Calle Toledo you will come to the Gate of Toledo, one of the last of the classic baroque monuments and at the end of the street the bridge of Toledo that crosses the city's River Manzanares. Down a bit further on you will run into the Church of San Francisco the Great, one of the largest churches in the city.

The Plaza Mayor is a typically Spanish square. Few Castilian towns are without one, and you'll see its replica in many Latin American cities. The plaza was for many hundreds of years the main thoroughfare of Madrid. It was flanked by sumptuous villas and mansions and reached by many delightful lanes and boulevards. Madrid has changed greatly since the Plaza Mayor was the center of town, but you can still see the architectural outlines of its era of greatness. The sprawling University City on the edge of Madrid contains many buildings done in a distinctive modern manner and rising among the ruins caused by the civil war in an area that was badly ravaged in the long and bitter struggle.

There's lots more to see in Madrid and a few suggested routes through Madrid can't convey a complete idea of life in the Spanish capital. And as with all great cities only a visit through the seasons can supply a true picture.

Unfortunately just a few visitors can complete the cycle of the seasons in Madrid. They will know the smiling, changeful spring and the animation of the horse races, the bullfights, the soccer matches in the crowded stadium and the visits to flower-scented Aranjuez. Then summer, when Madrid slows down to a snail's pace and takes on the placid aspect of a provincial city in the warm sun and the pleasant walks and restful periods at sidewalk cafés in the cool evenings. The long autumn with its mild and constant temperature when for many days no strong winds come to shake the golden leaves

Continued on page 40

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Vacation Now

Continued from page 39

in the parks and squares. And the chill hint sunny winters with cloudless skies when sports-minded *Madrileños* set out with their skis for the slopes of the Guadarramas and the rewarding warmth of the cozy Parador of Gredos.

What to Wear in Spain

First take a look at what the weather's like in Madrid:

	Av. Daily Low	Av. Daily High	Av. No. of Days with Rain
January	33	50	8
February	35	52	10
March	38	57	10
April	42	63	10
May	50	72	10
June	56	78	8
July	61	88	3
August	62	87	3
September	55	78	7
October	47	65	8
November	40	54	10
December	35	48	10

Madrid enjoys a pleasant climate. It is warm in summer, but due to the city's altitude the air is dry. Nights are nearly always pleasantly cool. In Madrid you'll wear lightweight clothing in late spring, all summer and early fall, and all winter wear medium-weight clothing: sports jackets and slacks combinations, with a topcoat or raincoat. Women wear suits, or jackets and skirts, or woolen dresses with a topcoat.

Madrid is dressy so take along evening clothes—if your luggage space permits. Men generally change into business suits at night, when they aren't wearing dinner jackets; and in the evening women generally wear dinner dresses. (The women of Madrid dress simply and in good taste and wear black a good deal.)

It's a good idea to take along a light raincoat. Not that it rains much in Madrid—the "days with rain" on the chart mostly indicate light showers. But these showers do come along occasionally and you'll find the *Madrileños* usually wear a *gabardine* when coats are being worn at all.

Andalusia, the colorful southern region of Spain, is warm in summer so its fashionable season is winter, when places like Málaga, Marbella, Cadiz and Torremolinos facing the sea are favorite resorts for the migratory continental set. You'll wear lightweight clothing most of the year in this section of Spain.

Spain's most famous summer resorts on the other hand are in the north. Spots like smart San Sebastian, Santander, Coruna and the complete island resort of La Toja are its best-known playgrounds. You'll wear lightweight clothing in the summer in the north of Spain, heavy clothing for the winter.

You will want medium-weight clothing throughout the year if you're visiting the Canary Islands, lying off the west coast of Africa and accessible from Spain by frequent plane and ship service. The temperature ranges between a minimum of fifty degrees at night and a maximum of eighty degrees during the day, all year round.

One word of warning—avoid having your suits dry-cleaned in Spain. They just don't agree with our understanding of the word, and many a suit or dress of an American visitor has been ruined in the process.

What to Buy

You can go on a happy buying spree in Spain, especially in cities like Madrid and Barcelona. Leather goods are very fine and women will find the handbags attractive both in design and price. (Try Loewe or Nestares on the Avenida José Antonio.) The same applies to gloves, wallets, cigarette cases, occasional leather boxes, etc. You will be amazed at the number of shoe stores in Spanish cities, but I suggest having your shoes made to order. The finest men's shoes are yours for ten to twelve dollars at Miranda, Velasquez 45. And ladies' custom-made shoes, smartly styled, can be bought for eight to ten dollars.

If you are going to be in Madrid a while, you and your wife will want to have some suits and dresses made. They are extremely inexpensive. A men's custom-made suit costs only twenty-five to forty dollars or so, and your wife can buy a Balenciaga creation from the shop of the Spanish-born (but now Parisian) designer in Madrid for as little as a hundred dollars.

The Spanish tailoring is excellent, but as far as men's clothing is concerned, you must be firm and insist on the cut that you prefer. In ordering a lady's dress at Eisa (Balenciaga's trade name in Spain) or at one of the other couturiers like Rodriguez, Isaura and Emanuel, avoid silks, as the Spanish variety is not up to the Italian, and select instead some of the very fine woolens, cottons or other materials for which Spanish mills are famous. Embroidered table linens and handkerchiefs, scarfs and blouses are very inexpensive. You will find also that some of the typical Spanish ceramics are very attractive and practically give-aways in comparison to American prices.

Antique lovers will find Spain a paradise. Dealers there have not yet decided to become millionaires overnight, and fine pieces are available for a fraction of what you would pay in New York or in Westport, Connecticut. If you are looking for rugs, you will find real buys in Madrid. There are several shops specializing in woven rugs and in a very inexpensive and unusual hemp rug which is woven into delightful patterns much like an embroidery. Right near the Prado Museum you will find the National Tapestry Factory which once produced tapestries from Goya's designs and today weaves soft carpets for home use, again at bargain rates.

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Continued on page 42

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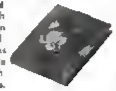

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Vacation Now

Continued from page 40

year in Spanish tourist circles is the opening in September 1952 of the new Castellana-Hilton Hotel. The Castellana-Hilton is the first European hotel to be opened by Hilton Hotels International which owns, among others, the Caribe-Hilton in Puerto Rico. With 305 rooms, the Castellana-Hilton is one of Spain's largest.

Traveling Around Spain

The best way to see Spain, especially if you're a first-time visitor, is on an ATESA tour. ATESA (Autotransporte Turistico Español, S.A.) is headed by Luis A. Bohn, Director General of the Spanish State Tourist Department, and is Spain's version of the luxury European bus tours which have proved so successful for Linjebuss (the Swedish bus company) and CIAT, the Italian line. ATESA's busses are now streamlined jobs with 135 h.p. Diesel engines. The busses provide top performance, comfort and safety. They accommodate twenty-nine or thirty-four passengers. They have wide view windows and are equipped with radio, temperature control, public-address system, individual reading lights and adjustable seats.

These busses operate on four routes which take in just about all the main points of interest for tourists to the Iberian peninsula. Each tour goes out with two drivers who take turns at the wheel and a multilingual tour conductor who serves as guide-lecturer. He or she is an expert in the history and geography of the regions covered and uses the public-address system to describe the invisible facets and traditions of each region. Prices are all inclusive, cover transportation, accommodations and meals in first-class hotels, sight-seeing, taxes and tips.

Tours No. 1 and 2 cover the same route, with No. 1 starting in Irun or San Sebastian and ending in Barcelona, while No. 2 reverses the direction. Both start in the north in the Basque country close to the Spanish-French border, head south and end at another northern point. They cover historic Castile, stop at Burgos (with its treasures of thirteenth-century Gothic and Spanish art) and Madrid, amble through the romantic region of La Mancha, immortalized by Cervantes' Don Quixote, to Andalusia, then travel on to Cordova, with the famous Mosque, largest of its kind in the world, and Seville, that sunny southern city of good living. From Seville the tour goes on to Jerez, home of sherry (which is the Englishman's pronunciation of Jerez), along the coast to ancient Cadiz, Algeciras and lovely Málaga. From Málaga the bus moves on to Granada and the old Roman city of Murcia.

Heading northward from Alicante, the tour skirts the Mediterranean shore through Valencia,

Continued on page 44

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Vacation Now

Continued from page 42

Named for its folklore and cooking through Castellon and Tarragona whose early history was a series of Phoenician and Greek adventures and finally to Barcelona, busy seaport and industrial town. Fifteen days $168.

Tour No. 3 starts and ends in Madrid and features the Galician, Asturian and Basque regions of northern Spain at their best in summer and fall. Among the places visited are Burgos, San Sebastian, Bilbao, Santander, Santillana, La Coruna, Santiago, Vigo, La Toja, Salamanca and Avila. Fourteen days $156.50.

Tour No. 4, a six-day Andalusian tour covers Spain's most colorful region and includes all the main points of interest. It starts and ends in Seville, swinging through Jerez, Cadiz, Algeciras, Malaga, Granada and Cordova—all for $63.50.

Spanish Check List

Spain runs trains as well as buses, and if you want to plan your own tours, here's a roundup of some of the country's most interesting terminals. All the following are only an overnight train ride from Madrid.

Seville is 340 miles from Madrid, and first-class train fare, including sleeper, runs $15. In the de luxe hotel Alfonso XIII, room and bath is $2.50 per day, in the very good Madrid, Inglaterra, and Cristina hotels, room and bath is $1.75 per day.

Cordova, eloquent reminder of Spain's Moorish past, is 250 miles from Madrid, and the first-class fare, including sleeper, is $12.50. In the Hotel Simon, or the new Avenida, a single with bath is $1.75 per day.

Granada, with its unique Alhambra and its gypsies, is 270 miles from Madrid; first-class fare, including sleeper, is $12.50. The Hotel Alhambra Palace and the Parador of San Francisco, both in the Alhambra Gardens, offer unforgettable views.

Málaga, near-by Torremolinos and Marbella are pleasant winter and spring resorts. The spacious Hotel Miramar charges $1.75 per day for room and bath. In Marbella the new de luxe Hotel Alhambra charges $2.50, and in Torremolinos your room and bath will cost you only $1.25 per day.

Jerez, of the white houses and golden sherry, is another easy train ride from Madrid. First class with sleeper is $16.25. Try the Hotel Los Cisnes. $1.75 per day for room and bath.

Cadiz, another historic city on the Atlantic, is also easily reached from the capital. First class and sleeper are $17.50. Near the sea is the Hotel Atlantico with room and bath for $1.75. ##

—Richard Joseph

(For answers to your questions about travel or help in solving your vacation new problems, send a stamped, addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.)

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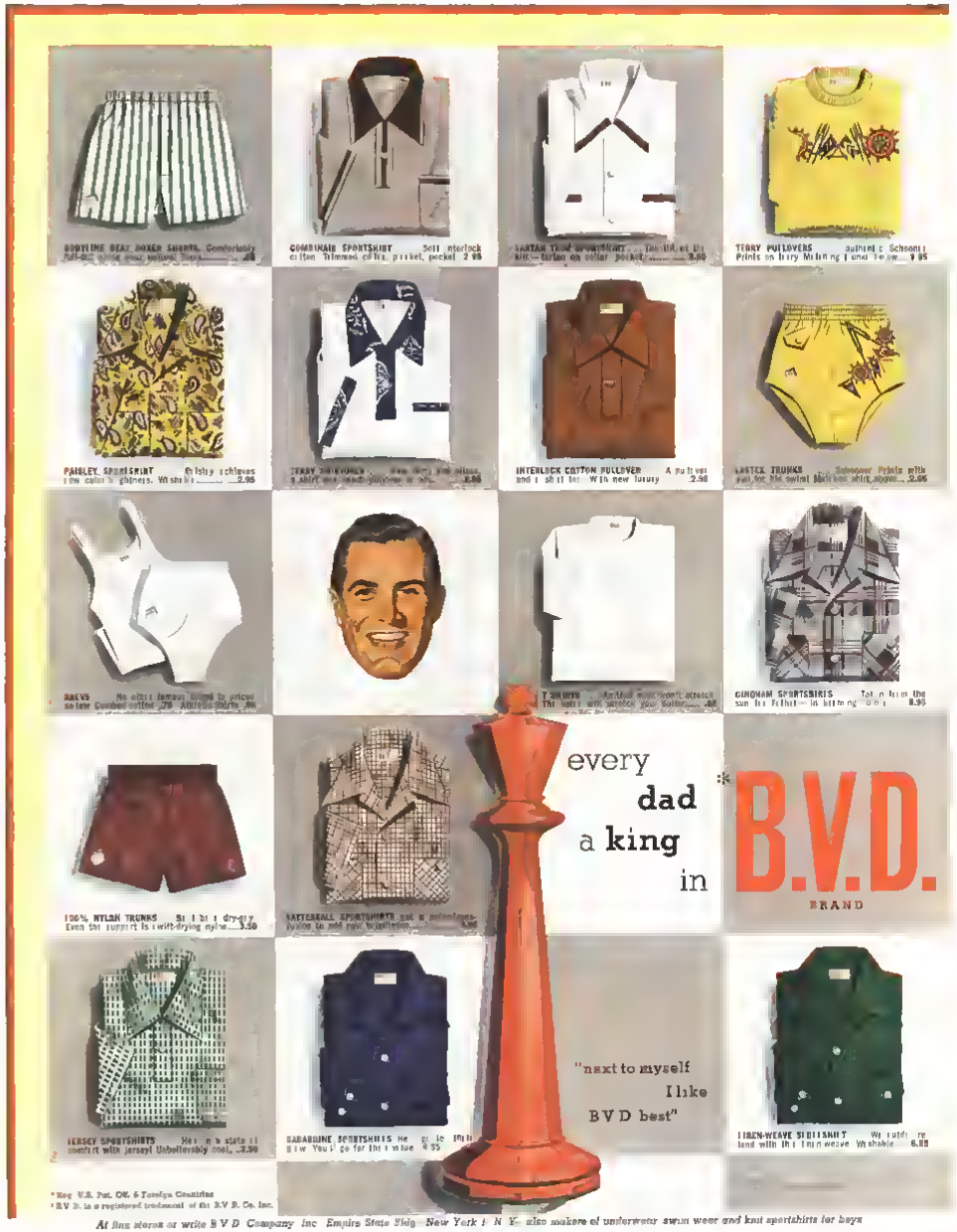

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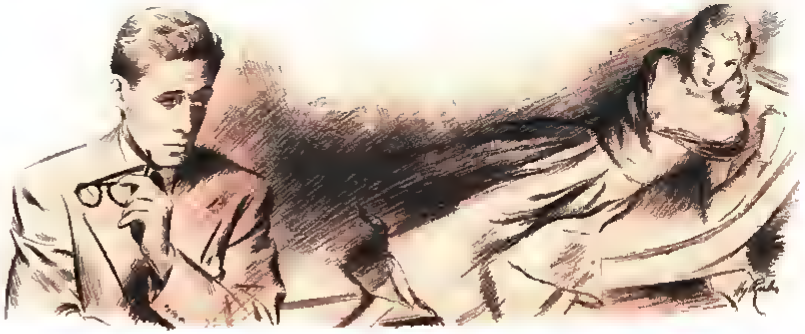
Dr. Romeo & Juliet

Only a Hollywood star could practice the medieval craft of the poltergeist; and only a Hollywood psychiatrist could exorcise the little devil

by BEN HECHT



DR. ROMEO BROWNPLATE had refused stubbornly for thirty years to change his name, outside pressure to that end having begun when he was five. His mother, a Shakespearean reader whom he had adored, had so named him. In his thirty-fourth and -fifth years his loyal refusal to alter Romeo Brownplate by even a syllable made him the only psychoanalyst in Hollywood who nearly starved to death. Like other specialists in neuroses he had come to that town as to an Eldorado. His shyness and integrity under any name would have slowed his progress. But as Romeo Brownplate his allure as a soul probe remained completely in eclipse.

A monthly check for $125 from his Wall Street brother, who had learned early to sign himself Otto Brownnug and not Othello Brownplate, enabled the savant to eat sparingly and pay his office rent. This office was actually a rooming-house bedroom which Dr. Brownplate had disguised by removing the bed. Of nights, Dr. Brownplate slept on the psychoanalytic couch which after two years, no patient had ever shared with him.

Tall, pale, proud, in need of a haircut, a new suit (and, of course, a new name), Romeo Brownplate entered a second-run movie theatre one evening, lured to it only by the fact that admission was thirty cents exactly the sum he set aside for his daily diversion. Usually Dr. Brownplate made his investment in reading matter or an ice-cream soda. But this evening there were forces at work—a stinging smog, a blistering heat, a desire to flee all reality—and the more mystic proddings of destiny—and the harried analyst chose the lame pleasures of the cinema.

Five minutes after sitting down, Dr. Brownplate began to tingle with rage. The movie for which he had paid his thirty cents was unreeling the adventures of an allegedly brilliant female psychoanalyst, played by Juliet Ballard, one of Hollywood's more seductive young stars. This lady doctor, as acted by Miss Ballard, had a swooning childlike voice and bedside manner compounded of languor and kittenish play. She swayed, bulged and sighed like a harem beauty, and greeted her patient—evidently the hero of the drama—with parted lips and flapping eyelashes.

But Juliet Ballard became in Reel Two a minor irritation and the movie itself claimed Romeo Brownplate's anger. It had obviously been written by an idiot and produced by an ignoramus. Dr. Brownplate fumed as he watched and listened, and fumed the more because this entirely unethical, infantile and abortive version of psychoanalysis, as practiced by the eyelash-fluttering Juliet Ballard (*Continued overleaf*)

Dr Romeo & Juliet

She was so graceful Dr Brownplate did not notice she was almost nude...

was offered with the official blessing of two renowned Hollywood psychoanalysts their names lasting shamelessly on a joint credit card Dr Brownplate left the theatre full of a bitterness that required outlet. He walked to his rooming house reflecting indignantly that all the analytic couches in Hollywood but his own were teeming with the world's most lucrative neurotics and that charlatans and lame brains prospered in a science of which he was an insolvent master But reflection was not enough this time A man can live on the knowledge of his unrecognized talents only so long without public explosion His sensitive mouth spread in a sneer, Romeo Brownplate emerged from his years of ritualistic modesty—and wrote a letter.

Producer William Wacker, famed in the 20th Century-Fox Studio as one of Hollywood's most powerful talents entered his office an hour late He had been detained by a row with his analyst, Dr Hugo Alper over a recurrent dream in which Mr Wacker found himself drowning in a huge glass tank

"It is not you who is drowning in the tank," Dr Alper insisted "It is the you you are drowning You are committing a murder vich you must face in your subconscious or you will continue suffer the migraine."

Mr Wacker had screamed for an hour that he loved Mr Zanuck like his own brother and respected his genius above that of anyone else in the motion-picture industry.

"Here's your mail." Miss Belle Johnson his white-haired secretary, placed a dozen letters on Mr Wacker's desk. "Nothing important There's one letter from some sort of a nut who calls himself Dr Romeo Brownplate"

Mr Wacker looked into space his dark rather has dooms features stern with inner problems. Miss Johnson aware that she had been neither seen nor heard, withdrew

Bill Wacker's inner problems were so many and so varied and on such diffident levels of importance that he found it impossible to think of them concretely, which was one reason he was certain it was he who was drowning in the glass tank and not Mr Zanuck The problems usually centered around three movies—one just finished and released and hitting a new box-office low in several key cities, a second being shot on the studio stages believed by everybody to be a masterpiece of characterization and action, and known in Mr Wacker's subconscious as another sinker and a third being written under Mr Wacker's guidance by two scenarists who considered their employer a coarse illiterate fellow.

Altogether Mr Wacker's problems included the fret and strain of several hundred underling artists—from stars to set dressers—all eager to prove his lack of talent and even rudimentary intelligence by citing his record as a producer of miscast misdirected and ill-written flops

It was a stupid sort of proof, however, for in Hollywood producers are judged not by their flops but by the undiminished certainty and audacity with which they continue to make them It is not easy to rise from a debacle with one's air of omniscience unimpaired Only the finest of producers are capable of this burned-child-not-fearing-the-fire valor and Mr Wacker as his take-home pay testified was one of them

There were also some private problems on the Wacker agenda, such as divorce, remarriage, income-tax investigation and the Ghengis Khan sorties of the Front Office But worse than these was the problem of lovely Juliet Ballard Every time Mr Wacker started his day's work this problem sent a shudder through him as if the Devil were breathing on his neck

Ordinarily when an actress lapses into paranoia or becomes, for any reason unfit for the cameras a producer, bravely, does not give it another thought There are always other actresses with their sanity not yet shattered But Juliet was more than an actress to Mr Wacker—she was the backbone of his career She had come under his banner when she was nine and for twelve years thereafter he had produced eighteen top-grossing Juliet Ballard pictures He had considered her from the start his spiritual daughter, and he had watched her mature from sunny carefree boarding-school plots into sinister dramas of conflicting passions—retaining always her hold on the Box Office Since her mystifying collapse, Mr Wacker had been striking out like a bush leaguer

Still staring into space and (producerlike) unable to think definitely of anything Mr Wacker picked up Dr. Brownplate's letter and held it until his eyes focused on the words

My Dear Mr William Wacker

I have just seen a revolting motion picture called The Hidden River *of which you are the producer Although my protest will serve no purpose I feel it my duty not only as a psychoanalyst but as a member of the human race to cry out against this contemptible thing you and your co-workers have unloosed in the theatre*

Mr Wacker read on through the three typed pages skipping no word of their scorn and castigation He read the final paragraph twice excitedly pressing the buzzer for Miss Johnson

The stupidity of the story as a whole and the infantilism of all its characters are perhaps only the normal foxes of picture making—an enterprise which has helped drown culture out of our century But the abysmal ignorance of psychoanalysis revealed in every statement and plot turn of your picture is an added disgrace to your industry I doubt whether such ignorance could be matched anywhere in the world including the darkest segments of Africa.

Mr Wacker looked up at Miss Johnson

"Read this," he said eagerly "This fellow is a genius I've got to talk to him right away" He lowered his voice "About Juliet. It's Saturday afternoon and he may have a free hour Step on it. Miss Johnson"

Movie making is the only industry that looks with awe on its detractors so the letter alone would have made Mr Wacker yearn to meet Dr Brownplate A disdain for Hollywood and all its creations has always been a short cut to its respect and hospitality Under attack its gauleiters and Pharaohs comport themselves like a nest of counterfeiters wistful for atonement

But Mr Wacker reaching out for Dr Brownplate suffered from more than the chronic Hollywood guilt complex He was thinking of Juliet Ballard's disaster and reaching for a miracle man And it seemed to Mr Wacker that an analyst with so strange a name as Romeo Brownplate, who could pulverize Hollywood's leading soul searcher Dr Hugo Alper—technical adviser of *The Hidden River*—must be that

Mr Wacker looked at the tall pale medical version of Gregory Peck sitting stiffly on the other side of his desk and said "Dr Brownplate, I know what a busy man you are and I am deeply grateful to you for coming to my office" He spoke sincerely he could not imagine a psychoanalyst without a waiting list of twitching celebrities "And I assure you I will pay you for any time you give me—at your usual rates"

Dr Brownplate remained silent As a man of courage he had not opposed Mr Wacker's disturbing summons. He had arrived prepared rather for physical attack or legal action The producer's politeness confused him and he sat listening warily.

"I was deeply impressed by your letter, Doctor," Mr Wacker continued "It convinced me that you are the one analyst who can save Juliet Ballard I mean that, sir, from the bottom of my heart"

Unable to adjust himself to this odd gambit, Dr Brownplate answered a bit footlingly, "I'm ready to defend and prove every statement I made about *The Hidden River*, here—or elsewhere." Dr Brownplate had in mind a courtroom and a vengeful studio seeking damages to be taken from his brother Otto's monthly check

"You don't have to prove anything to me" Mr Wacker smiled nervously "The picture was a stinker, even though it was one of the studio's biggest grossers of the year A real stinker An absolute mess The Front Office ruined it."

Dr Brownplate recalled his studies of the *mea culpa* psychology of the Russian purge trials in Moscow and wondered if Mr Wacker was a Communist The papers were always full of stories about Kremlin representatives in Hollywood

"As you know Juliet Ballard has been a movie star since she was four years old," Mr Wacker continued Dr Brownplate relaxed Obviously this erratic individual intended only to dissuade him from his opinions by charm and flattery—not a Communist procedure

"I got the sweet kid when she was nine" Mr Wacker said "and I brought her up, so to speak from *The Million Dollar Brat* to *The Hidden River* We never missed You can take it from me Doctor that Juliet Ballard is one of the biggest box-office draws this town's ever had Or—let me put it this way—she was. Miss Ballard hasn't been able to make a picture since we finished *The Hidden River* a year and a half ago"

"What's the matter with her—" Dr Brownplate kept his colors flying—"besides the fact that she's a very bad actress?"

"Pardon me if I differ with you on that one point" Mr Wacker said humbly "Juliet is the best actress in Hollywood But they won't let her act any more"

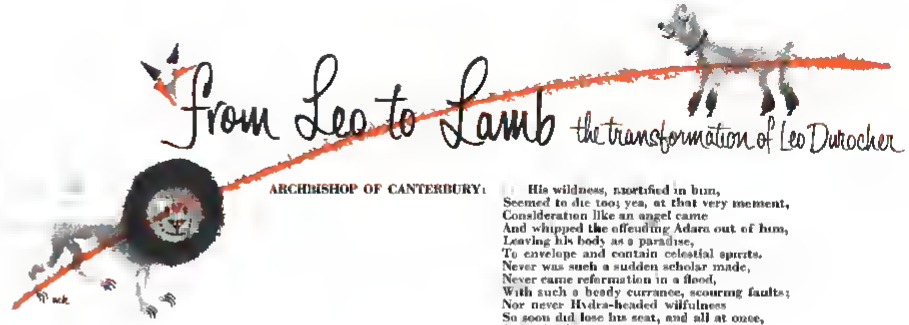
Dr Brownplate wondered if it could be the American Society of Psychoanalysts that in fair reprisal, had put an end to Miss Ballard's career He inquired, noncommittally, "Who won't let her act?"

"We've started three separate pictures in the past fourteen months" Mr Wacker said, skirting the question, "with the same sinister results We've had to pull Juliet out and put in a new lead each time. In her last appearance before the camera Miss Ballard was knocked down and almost burned to death"

Obviously it was not (*Continued on page 103*)

From Leo to Lamb

the transformation of Leo Durocher



ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: His wildness, mortified in him,
Seemed to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made,
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king

BISHOP OF ELY: We are blessed in the change.

From Shakespeare, Henry V Act I Scene I

by **DICKSON HARTWELL**

LOOKING back now the more analytical players on the New York Giants baseball club can pick the moment when Leo Durocher started to change It was a little more than a year ago on the last day of that now famous eleven-game losing streak which, presumably had sunk the foundering Giants Durocher's Miscellany as an irreverent writer called them had just dropped another 6 to 3 to the Dodgers the club they had to beat for the pennant

In this grim and gloomy atmosphere Durocher was confronted by the Giants' owner, Horace Stoneham, and an inevitable question! "Leo what's wrong with our ball team?

Leo looked up at his boss with the pathetic bewildered eyes of a Newfoundland puppy caught wetting the carpet "Horace" he said "I don't know I just don't know"

It was the first time in his 46 years that Leo Ernest Durocher had acknowledged ignorance on any subject Before then, Durocher had been, in the roughest sense of the word, the Boss Mothers had frightened their little boys by telling them they might have to play ball for Durocher He was tough He was dog eat dog He handed out severe suspensions for minor breaks Once he laid off Bobo Newsom and the entire Brooklyn team struck, delaying for an hour a game with the Pirates

But a new Leo came out of the black fog of that losing streak Willie Mays the sensational twenty-year-old rookie got only one hit in his first 26 times at bat with the Giants The old Durocher would have flushed him down the drain But when Mays tearfully pleaded to be benched for the good of the team Leo put his arm around the boy and said Son, if you don't get a hit all season you're still my center fielder"

The sports writers who get paid to notice such things took some time to figure it out Although Durocher is the most publicized baseball figure since Babe Ruth, his relations with writers have been lousy Whenever Leo had a fight with a customer as he did in Brooklyn or spiked a fan as in Boston or clouted a reporter as in Philadelphia, or blasted a judge as in Los Angeles, he got roasted by the press He was always hurt and surprised He felt reporters were putting more emphasis on his shortcomings if any than on his virtues And if they weren't helping him he was damned if he'd help them

But last spring Leo warmed up to the newsmen There was friendliness for everybody A writer needing an item for his column found Durocher trying to think of something cute It was disconcerting The Giants were trailing by eight games and here was Leo the Lip acting like a goddam baby-kissing politician. Some observers thought he was trying new baseball tactics—relaxing the opposition by pretending to go soft

"That Durocher will do anything to win a game even smile and make compliments" one writer said "He's got no ethics at all.

The season was over and the Giants were glorious before the press box made a formal diagnosis Red Smith of the New York *Herald Tribune* labeled Leo "The Little Shepherd of Coogan's Bluff," and Arthur Daley of the New York *Times* did a column summarizing expert opinion "More amazing by far than the transformation of the Giants from a dolorous sixth to the National League champion," he wrote, "was the transformation of Leo himself

"The old Durocher would have been insufferable in unexpected victory The new one accepted the most magnificent triumph of his checkered career with complete humility He didn't crow He took no credit"

He also stayed out of mischief, which was remarkable in itself The old Durocher reacted to trouble like iron to a magnet he couldn't keep away from it. It happened to him even when he wasn't there While out of New York he sometimes lent his apartment to movie-tough George Raft, who used it once for a friendly crap game One of the participants was Martin Shurin Jr president of Hudson Aircraft Company Shurin dropped a friendly $18 500 not without yelps of pain The thought was advanced that somebody had maybe tampered with the dice

Westbrook Pegler began pounding at Raft and landed on Durocher for palling around with him It wasn't good for baseball Pegler said Prodded by violent Pegler prose Happy Chandler then baseball commissioner called Leo on the carpet The conference took two dark and stormy hours Leo protested that he couldn't be responsible for the actions of other people and Chandler made it clear that Leo could make enemies at will, but had better be careful about the people who called him friend

Shortly thereafter Leo took exception to statements made by John Christian a Brooklyn heckler and Christian sustained a broken jaw Durocher was arrested for felonious assault and he hired Hyman Barshay a noted Brooklyn criminal lawyer Barshay didn't try to confuse the all-Brooklyn jury with a lot of details about assault He put the one question that really mattered—did the jury want the Dodgers to lose their valued manager? "This indictment against Mr Durocher charging assault in the second degree might just as well have read murder in the first degree" Barshay said "There is no place in baseball for a convicted felon"

The jury debated less than five minutes before voting to save Durocher for the Dodgers "But we stayed out longer" a juryman explained later, "to make it look good

Leo found trouble everywhere Back in St Louis when he was playing for the Cardinals and married to dress-designer Grace Doxier he drove his wife to work one morning and found a picket line around the factory He poked his head out the car window "Goddam it," he yelled, "why don't you go to work? My wife works and she earns more in a day than you do in a year"

The pickets were astonished by this irrelevancy, and they resented it Labor unions representing 75 000 members promptly announced that they would boycott the Cardinals until Durocher was taken out of the line-up

But he brewed his most remarkable mess in 1947, after his marriage to Laraine Day The star had been divorced from airport-manager Ray Hendricks only the day before and in California a divorce decree doesn't become final for a year Nevertheless, Leo and Laraine flew to Juarez where Laraine got a quickie Mexican divorce and an hour later they were married in El Paso by a justice of the peace In California however, Laraine was still legally married to Hendricks Judge George A Dockweiler who had given Laraine her divorce threatened to jug her for bigamy if she lived with Leo as his wife

Leo blew his top He called the judge a publicity seeker trying to act "holier than thou," and the newspapers trumpeted the blast Judge Dockweiler took a dim view of the publicity He appointed a board of five distinguished attorneys to decide if Leo was guilty of contempt. One of them called Leo's statement "the most insufferable piece of effrontery and bald-faced display of utter disrespect I have encountered in my 53 years of experience as a lawyer" Leo took the next plane east

Up to his neck and sinking fast he launched into a furious attack on Larry MacPhail then president of the New York Yankees and formerly Durocher's boss at the Dodgers In a newspaper column ghosted for him but published with his complete approval he accused MacPhail of inviting the company of gamblers of trying to steal the Dodgers most valuable jewel (Leo), and of tampering with Charley Dressen who had just moved from Brooklyn to the Bronx MacPhail went waiting to Chandler who shortly bounced Leo out of baseball for a year

The commissioner's action rescued Leo from his sea of troubles Reporters and columnists who had previously jumped on him now jumped to defend him even (*Continued on page 116*)

THE BRIDE'S OLD MAN

Drawings by Howard Baer

TWICE [illegible] and knows it—when he [illegible] born, and when he marries her off. "You just lay the keel," the admiral said. "Nobody needs you at the launching." And nobody needs you on the first cruise, either—except to pay the bills.

So you stand by yourself in the corner, a traditional figure of fun and frolic, the father of the bride. For the past two months you have been the victim of a rapacious conspiracy that would shock a highwayman—respectable florists, couturiers, wine merchants and caterers flocking together as a band of brothers, a gang of thieves. Even now there is no sanctuary: the caterer is coming toward you, a silver dish in his hand, a dollar sign in his eyes.

You flee through the pack of blank faces to another corner. An old friend (you haven't seen him for years) weaves out of the woodwork and says it is a nice wedding; you thank him. He admires the liquor; you flatter him on his taste in drinking so much of it. He asks you who's tossing this shindig, anyway, and you flee again, to a refuge just behind the door.

Here, like some beaten general pausing a moment to regroup, you survey the scene. Your wife is contentedly chewing with her fellow mothers-in-law. Your child, once a charming, curly-headed, straightforward little girl, is posing by the ice-cream swan with the simpering cradle-snatching young gangster who is now your son-in-law. But you want to be fair. Maybe he's just a little witless, like all his generation.

Well, she looks happy, and that's what counts. You philosophize briefly, and then a man struts by with a tray of bubbling glassware. You snake out an arm and seize a glass unnoticed. And you drink a toast to the bride and her groom—may they have healthy, strapping children, sons if necessary. ##

"I couldn't be choking you, could I, son?"

"Everybody relax—it's only a wedding!"

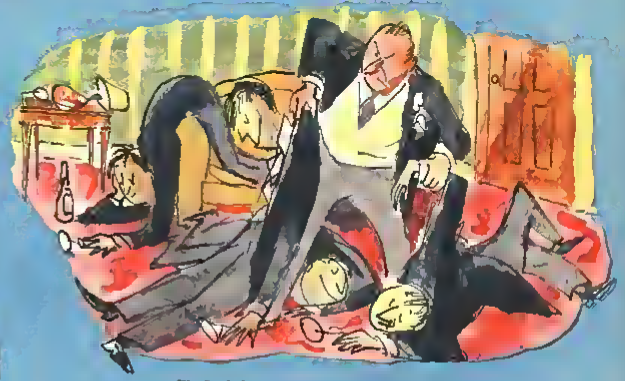
Friend of the groom, "Ironman" Jones, Yale tackle '36

How Father feels: the little man who wasn't there

The groom's mother: she taught Emily Post all she knows

The Champagne Waltz, played with appropriate gestures

"There ought to be a law against kidnapping"



The bride has gone: there's work to be done

"Only four more daughters to go

the Wonderful NOSE of Joe Brilling

You may or may not regard this delightful country-club episode as a parable, but you'll regard it with delight *by* **DON TRACY**

WHEN you lived at Epping Pines you just about *had* to excel at something. You might shoot your golf in the low 70s, or you might average 138 in duckpins, or you might be able to take down, repair and reassemble a yacht engine in a fifty-mile gale, or you might send a tennis ball zinging over the net for set point against a visiting Forest Hills star, or you might play a hand of bridge without a re-entry to dummy and make your doubled contract of six no-trump—but you had to be able to do *something* better than the average man or woman.

Epping Pines was a Maryland summer community of experts ranging from amateur cabinetmakers, who could fashion a William Kent dry sink out of a couple of old boards, to the fly-tiers who could put together a lure of feathers and tinsel that would bring the fish leaping from their sleep to grab the hook.

"Screened in my porch yesterday," one man would say, casually. "Took me three hours."

"That little bookcase?" another would say. "My wife saw one like it in Baltimore and wouldn't give me a minute's rest till I made one."

"Only cost an hour and a half, and I got twenty-seven stripers. They were pretty small, the biggest was only nine pounds."

Yes, practically everybody in Epping Pines knew how to do at least one thing better than anybody else in Anne Arundel County.

Except Joe Brilling. Joe didn't know how to do a thing. And the harder he tried, the worse he got.

Joe was the man who was automatically elected to pump the bilge on a boat trip because pumping the bilge is something any hammerhead can do—but how could *anybody*, even Joe Brilling, break a bilge pump just by laying a hand on it? Joe was the one taken on as a fourth at bridge until a late arrival joined the party—and with no honor count of six and a half, how could anybody but Joe Brilling go down three tricks in a one-diamond bid? Joe Brilling once made a strike at duckpins, but the strike was in an adjacent alley where the wild bowling ball ripped a pin boy in the leg as the lad was setting up, causing a crashing upset that spilled the pins. Hardly a strike to be proud of.

Joe Brilling tried golf and won the distinction of being the only man capable of sending four consecutive drives off (*Continued on page 126*)

He'd show those grand-slammers, those fly tiers and boat-sailors! Who else's nose rivaled the Boston Symphony?

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLY RICHARDS

Freedom Calling

Exiled leaders from Eastern Europe take to the air waves in a catch-as-catch-can propaganda war with the Kremlin *by* **JAMES POLING**

FRANTIŠEK POKORNÝ was a drunkard but he flourished as Commander of Trains, Wilson Station, Prague (whether he still flourishes is open to question). Many of his co-workers were puzzled by his success for the Communists who control the Czechoslovakian railroads ordinarily have little patience with slipshod workers. Then, recently, František drank even more than his usual staggering quota and talked—volubly and unwisely.

When he awakened from his monumental binge, he had a head even more addled than usual, which was unfortunate. For his future health, František should have noticed that one of his drinking companions was on the list of absentee workers that came across his desk that morning.

The absentee worker—he must, like many people in this story, remain nameless and faceless—spent the day of František's hang-over hiding in a small house in a small town near the Czech frontier. It might have been Vipity or it might have been Vimperk, or it might have been one of a hundred other places. But it was an important village because at that point the border patrol was careless.

At a properly dark hour, the absentee worker became an escapee from his Kremlin-controlled and terrorized country, crossing the frontier by an unpublicized path. Once he had slipped through this rent in the Iron Curtain he hurried to Munich where he let it be known that he had a story to tell. A few hours after his arrival he was visited by an interrogation team consisting of an American and a Czech who, not at all by coincidence, knew not only Prague but the whole Czech railway system. The Czech translated the man's story and the American said, "Examine him closely. Pin it down. We've got to be sure he isn't a Commie plant or a guy with a grudge against the people he's named."

The escapee was a little annoyed with the interrogation that followed: some of the questions seemed to him to be pretty pointless—even silly. On occasion his questioner didn't even know what he was talking about. Once he asked if a Gregor Pataki still lived in the house at the head of the escapee's block—why, Josef Turek had lived in that house ever since it was built. And when the interrogator asked him to describe the damage caused by the November fire in the Wilson Station roundhouse, he had to explain impatiently that the fire had been in the maintenance shop, not the roundhouse.

Finally, the questioning was over and the interrogator told the American, "I think this man is reliable. He gives the correct answers."

An air-mail letter immediately carried the escapee's story across the Atlantic to a business-like bustling office at 110 West Fifty-seventh Street in New York City where it was quickly worked into shape for broadcasting. Then a Czech announcer, speaking the idiomatic language of his people, taped the program in a Manhattan radio studio. That night, when the air waves were relatively free, his words were short-waved to the continent, where another tape recorder picked them up. This tape was rushed to a transmitter in a German forest, which went on the air as evening fell and Czech workers settled down in their homes. Less than a week after František Pokorný's blabber-mouthed drunk, the following broadcast was beamed to his people:

Attention! A warning to all Czechoslovaks! Reliable information reveals that the Communist police are putting agents provocateurs into railway uniforms to accost passengers and provoke them into anticommunist remarks. If a passenger speaks against the regime, the bogus railway man throws a slip of paper from the train at the next station, bearing the information that an enemy of the state is to be found in a certain compartment of a certain car. The stationmaster phones this message to the secret police at the next station, where the arrest will be made.

We cannot name you all of these spies but we warn you of Conductor Valeš. Then there is Libuše Ašlerová, conductor on the Prague-Česke line. She has an average figure, dark chestnut hair and a round face. She is a chain smoker, sometimes slightly drunk, and in the habit of humming vulgar ditties.

Spies at Wilson Station include cadre-trustee Josek Folejtar, address Strašnice Kruhová ulice 534. And Chairman Jirouš of the Work's Council, better known by his nickname "Gestapak." And then there is our informer, the drunkard František Pokorný.

Remember well the names of Ašlerová, Valeš, Folejtar, Jirouš and Pokorný. We not only warn all decent people against these loathsome tools of the Kremlin, we also warn these spies. Your deeds are known. Your names will be well remembered!

Radio Free Europe was on the air!

There are eighty million Eastern Europeans living in Soviet bondage in the captive countries within range of the daily broadcasts of Radio Free Europe.

Radio Free Europe is a unique instrument of propaganda and psychological warfare, conceived and operated by the National Committee for a Free Europe, Inc., a group which includes among others, such distinguished Americans as Dwight Eisenhower, Joseph Grew, Herbert Lehman, William Green, James Farley, Charles Taft and General Lucius Clay. These public-spirited citizens founded RFE because they were sadly aware that, in the free world, propaganda has been, as an Army General Board admitted, "a neglected and meptly used political weapon." Knowing that in the final analysis the cold war is a struggle for the minds of men, the committee formed RFE to strengthen our hand in the fight.

As a privately owned and operated organization, RFE is, in the words of a committee member, "less hampered than a government operation in what it can say and do. Like the privateers of old, we are peculiarly fitted to carry out unofficial, irregular attacks designed to weaken a potential enemy and by keeping him perpetually off-balance, lessen his ability to wage aggressive war." RFE's primary targets are the captive countries: Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Albania and Poland. RFE tries to keep their Soviet conquerors off-balance by a steady exposé of the giant gap between Soviet deeds and Soviet promises. Each program is spoken by a native of the country to which it is beamed, and the point is always to reveal to the listener the perfidious machinations of the regime that enslaves him.

At the same time that the Czechs were warned of Pokorný and his associates, the Bulgarians were told that a certain section of their frontier, formerly used as an escape route, had been heavily mined. Listeners in Rumania, who might have been plotting escape by sea, learned that the government had ordered all small craft painted (*Continued on page 118*)

"I don't see why you always have to ask them if they want to get tough about it"

"It's beautiful in the Western Territory this time of year . . . Green rolling carpets, wild flowers—and I met this girl—she's Mrs. Folger now, and I was wondering about a raise . . ."

BRAVE CASEY JONES

The long, heavy freights were pulling to the siding, clearing track for the southbound mail; and Casey, full of the stuff of legend, was eight hours late, coming fast as he could turn a wheel

***by* E. B. GREENE**

CASEY JONES is a study in immortality. There are Americans who think a cowcatcher is a kind of ranch hand and balling the jack a card game . . . but they can tell you Casey Jones was a brave engineer. Maybe they don't know Robert Young from the head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers . . . but they know all about Casey's farewell trip to that promised land.

Americans sing about Casey Jones. Middle-aged men at a dentists' convention, college girls in their dormitory curlers, cub scouts around a campfire . . . they all sing the tuneful, rollicking, endless ballad.

Serious scholars like Carl Sandburg collect versions of the Casey Jones song in lumber camps and bubo jungles and roundhouses. An expert in railroad lore says the legend has no national boundaries—it's been sung in thirty different languages.

Casey Jones became so immortal so fast that less than twenty-five years after his death a magazine ran a strange contest. *Did Casey Jones ever live?* they asked, and offered a cash prize for the best answer. That's immortality.

A lot of men would like to know the formula. A lot of men try to buy immortality, building art collections and football fields, but that doesn't always work—people are apt to remember their names as museums or football fields and forget the men. Success doesn't always do it, either. People remember a man who four times did *not* get to be president a lot better than some men who were elected.

How do you get to be a folk hero anyway? How did Casey Jones?

Well, in the first place Casey Jones was a railroad man and railroads thrill people. Watch anyone at a grade crossing, either sex, any age, waving to the man in the cab as the train roars by. Or even watch the crowd around the model exhibit in a Christmas toy department. Merely speaking the names of railroad lines creates an emotion compounded of power and history and awe: Union Pacific . . . Santa Fe . . . Trans-Siberian . . . Orient Express . . .

Then, in the second place, being a railroad man thrilled Casey Jones. He loved it and was good at it.

He spent his boyhood hanging around a depot. In his teens he worked with switching crews and stock shippers. Then he was a brakeman, then a fireman. When he was twenty-six the Illinois Central made him an engineer and he spent the next ten years as a living legend. Then he was dead and after a few years people began to doubt that he ever lived.

They called Casey Jones a "fast roller." Maintaining schedules was a hobby with him. His conductor said, "The faster he could get his engine to roll, the happier he was. He would lean out of the cab window to watch his drivers and when he got her going so fast that the side rods looked solid, he would grin all over, happy as a boy with his first pair of red boots." The way he rustled over the road made the dispatchers happy, too, and he was a safe engineer. He had only one serious accident and he was its only fatality.

Engineers in Casey's day had their own locomotives. Casey understood his like a cowboy understands his horse. He knew how to get more miles out of a tank of water than any other roller. (This made the dispatchers happy—fewer waits on the siding.) He knew how to get more miles out of a tender of coal. (This made them less than happy at the roundhouse—they had to keep Casey's equipment in meticulous repair.)

Quilling—the abandoned art of whistle blowing—was another hobby. Casey built himself a six-barreled whistle that could whisper like a woman and howl like a banshee. Every wakened farmer along the right of way knew when Casey Jones was coming through. The ballad tells about the fatal run:

The switchman knew by the engine's moans
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones *

There's a third and final element. There's Casey Jones' death.

Company records tell part of the story. The Illinois Central's Cannonball ran between Chicago and New Orleans. Casey had the toughest run on it—from Canton, Mississippi, to Memphis, Tennessee. He pulled into Memphis the night of April 29, 1900, and learned that the engineer scheduled for the southward run was sick. Casey said he'd double out for him. The Cannonball was late and Casey would have to cut his time by one-third to maintain the schedule. Approaching Vaughn, Mississippi, near the end of his run, Casey was only two minutes late. Two freights were pulling off the main line to let him sew by. An air hose burst and one freight couldn't clear the track.

Records don't tell this part. Casey was signaled . . . or he was not; he obeyed the signal . . . or he did not. It is always easiest to blame the dead engineer and that's what they did; but it never was clear.

One thing was clear. Casey saw the crash coming and yelled, "Jump, Sim!" to the fireman. Sim Webb jumped. Casey crashed. They found him dead with one hand on the whistle and the other on the air brake. ##

*Three Hats and the Hoop on the pitfall opposite: © by Norton and Sellers. © renewed and assigned. By permission of Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc.

"FIREMAN JUMPED OFF, BUT CASEY STAYED ON; HE'S A GOOD

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY FRED

ENGINEER, BUT HE'S DEAD AND GONE..."

LUDEKENS

THE ESQUIRE GIRL

PAINTING BY PETE HAWLEY

Emily Posted

Here's the addition a bride would like most
In the wedding instructions of Emily Post:

Rejected suitors, old and new,
Including suitors borrowed, too,
The gentlemanly thing to do
Is gulp a tragic drink or two
And show the world you're suitors blue.

A PIECE OF WOOD

He could do it, he said; he had a machine that could take all the bombs and the bullets and the armor and turn them to bits of rust

by **RAY BRADBURY**

"SIT down, young man," said the Official. "Thanks." The young man sat.

"I've been hearing rumors about you," the Official said pleasantly. "Oh, nothing much. Your nervousness. Your not getting on so well. Several months now I've heard about you, and I thought I'd call you in. Thought maybe you'd like your job changed. Like to go overseas, work in some other War Area? Desk job killing you off, like to get right in on the old fight?"

"I don't think so," said the young sergeant.

"What *do* you want?"

The sergeant shrugged and looked at his hands. "To live in peace. To learn that during the night, somehow, the guns of the world had rusted, the bacteria had turned sterile in their bomb casings, the tanks had sunk like prehistoric monsters into roads suddenly made for pits. That's what I'd like."

"That's what we'd all like, of course," said the Official. "Now stop all that idealistic chatter and tell me where you'd like to be sent. You have your choice—the Western or the Northern War Zone." The Official tapped a pink map on his desk.

But the sergeant was talking at his hands, turning them over, looking at the fingers. "What would you officers do, what would we men do, what would the *world* do if we all woke tomorrow with the guns in flaking rust?"

The Official saw that he would have to deal carefully with the sergeant. He smiled quietly. "That's an interesting question. I like to talk about such theories, and my answer is that there'd be mass panic. Each nation would think itself the only unarmed nation in the world, and would blame its enemies for the disaster. There'd be waves of suicide, stocks collapsing, a million tragedies."

"But *after* that," the sergeant said. "After they realized it was true, that every nation was disarmed and there was nothing more to fear, if we were all clean to start over fresh and new, what then?"

"They'd rearm as swiftly as possible."

"What if they could be stopped?"

"Then they'd beat each other with their fists. If it got down to that. Huge armies of men with boxing gloves of steel spikes would gather at the national borders. And if you took the gloves away they'd use their fingernails and feet. And if you cut their legs off they'd *spit* on each other. And if you cut off their tongues and stopped their mouths with corks they'd fill the atmosphere so full of hate that mosquitoes would drop to the ground and birds would fall dead from telephone wires."

"Then you don't think it would do any good?" the sergeant said.

"Certainly not. It'd be like ripping the carapace off a turtle. Civilization would gasp and die from the shock."

The young man shook his head. "Or are you lying to yourself and me because you've a nice comfortable job?"

"Let's call it ninety per cent cynicism, ten per cent rationalizing the situation. Go put your Rust away and forget about it."

The sergeant jerked his head up. "How'd you know I *had* it?" he said.

"Had what?"

"The Rust, of course."

"What're you talking about?"

"I can do it, you know. I could start the Rust tonight if I wanted to."

The Official laughed. "You can't be serious."

"I am. I've been meaning to come talk to you. I'm glad you called me in. I've worked on this invention for a long time. It's been a dream of mine. It has to do with the structure of certain atoms. If you study them you find that the arrangement of atoms in steel armor is such-and-such an arrangement. I was looking for an imbalance factor. I majored in physics and metallurgy, you know. It came to me, there's a Rust factor in the air all the time. Water vapor. I had to find a way to give steel a 'nervous breakdown.' Then the water vapor everywhere in the world would take over. Not on all metal, of course. Our civilization is built on steel. I wouldn't want to destroy most buildings. I'd just eliminate guns and shells, tanks, planes, battleships. I can set the machine to work on copper and brass and aluminum, too, if necessary. I'd just walk by all of those weapons and just being near them I'd make them fall away."

The Official was bending over his desk, staring at the sergeant. "May I ask you a question?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever thought you were Christ?"

"I can't say that I have. But I have considered that God was good to me to let me find what I was looking for, if that's what you mean."

The Official reached into his breast pocket and drew out an expensive ball-point pen capped with a rifle shell. He flourished the pen and started filling in a form. "I want you to take this to Dr. Mathews this afternoon, for a complete checkup. Not that I expect anything really bad, understand. But don't you feel you *should* see a doctor?"

"You think I'm lying about my machine," said the sergeant. "I'm not. It's so small it can be hidden in this cigarette package. The effect of it extends for 900 miles. I could tour this country in a few days, with the machine set to a certain type of steel. The other nations couldn't take advantage of us because I'd rust their weapons as they approached us. Then I'd fly to Europe. By this time next month the world would be free of war forever. I don't know how I found this invention. It's impossible. Just as impossible as the atom bomb. I've waited a month now, trying to think it over. I worried about what would happen if I did rip off the carapace, as you say. But now I've just about decided. My talk with you has helped clarify things. Nobody thought an airplane would ever fly, nobody thought an atom would ever explode, and nobody thinks that there can ever be Peace, but there *will* be."

"Take that paper over to Dr. Mathews, will you," said the Official hastily.

The sergeant got up. "You're not going to assign me to any new Zone then?"

"Not right away, no. I've changed my mind. We'll let Mathews decide."

"I've decided then," said the young man. "I'm leaving the Post within the next few minutes. I've a pass. Thank you very much for giving me your valuable time, sir."

"Now look here, Sergeant, don't take things so seriously. You don't have to leave. Nobody's going to hurt you."

"That's right. Because nobody would believe me. Good-by, sir." The sergeant opened the office door and stepped out.

The door (*Continued on page 125*)

"Maxine, you're withholding something"

"People don't walk enough in this modern age"

HORACE ELLISTON'S NEXT BOOK

Elliston's was a peculiar sort of crime, demanding, inevitably, a peculiar punishment

by **OLIVER WELD BAYER**

HARDLY a day goes by that someone doesn't ask me when we're going to publish another book by Horace Elliston. I hear that question from everyone—from readers, writers, critics, from Hollywood, from my own associates here at the office. *When are you going to publish another book by Horace Elliston?* I shrug my shoulders, fake a noncommittal smile and give them all the same answer: "I don't know."

But I do know. I know exactly and definitely and for a fact. The answer is: Never.

Horace Elliston's first book, that fabulous best seller *Candle in the Sun*, was dropped over our transom in the morning mail—one day about five years ago. It was not sponsored by any agent or friend—just another four hundred pages of typescript. The first member of our staff to pick it up finished it overnight and announced in a fever of excitement that we had a masterpiece. When the rest of us had read the story we agreed. It was one of those marvelous strokes of luck that make book publishing such a satisfying business. Another smaller stroke of luck was Elliston himself. Actually it's not important what an author looks like, but if he does resemble a stage idol our promotion and sales department is not unhappy. We were delighted in every respect with our new discovery.

When we came to working on a few revisions in the manuscript, however, I ran into trouble. The book, as you remember, told of the passionate and tragic love affair between a Swiss colonel's wife and a young American airman interned in her village during the war. It was beautifully written, but I felt that the abrupt ending was a flaw. I argued that a final chapter was needed after the avalanche in which Nicole, the wife, was left alone on the mountainside. Elliston wrote several drafts, but none of them seemed right. Finally, he flatly refused to add the chapter. At first I was shocked to learn he had never been in Switzerland and had not served in the Air Force, but my surprise turned to pride in the breadth of his imagination. In the months that followed, my pleasure in him was that of a father for a talented son.

We went all out in promoting the book. The reviews were raves. The sales soared and in a couple of weeks our baby topped the best-seller lists. Then late in the morning on the day after we finished negotiations for the movie sale a woman calling herself Edith Caspar came into my office. She was tall and straw haired, dressed in shabby foreign clothes.

"I am from the Swiss town of Monthlatten," she announced. "I was the wife of Colonel Caspar."

I stared at her.

"Do you not recognize me?" she said, and bent closer. "I am Nicole. *Candle in the Sun* is my story. Do you recognize me now?"

I was sure the creature was mad. True, she was about the same age as Elliston's heroine and had the same unusually fair coloring, but Edith Caspar's face and manner hardly added up to the warm and sensitive woman in the book.

"I have come to tell you," she said, "that Horace Elliston is a plagiarist. You have hoaxed the American public." She read the expression on my face. "No," she added, "I am not crazy."

I smiled. "Then who wrote the novel?"

"My friend Captain Alan Seliger. He was in the story, an aviator who crashed in my country. He was interned in my town—in Monthlatten."

"And where is he now?"

"He is dead. Shot while trying to escape."

"And how did Mr. Elliston obtain his manuscript?"

Her eyes blazed. "I sent it to him myself. Those were Alan's instructions. If anything happened to him I was to send all his writings to his friend in America, Horace Elliston."

I didn't answer. I was trying to work out a way to get rid of her without causing a scene.

"It would be most embarrassing for you if I were to announce the truth to all the world," she said, her lips twisting slyly. "I ask only fifty thousand dollars to keep silent."

"Have you any proof of what you are saying?"

"It is the truth I tell you! You must believe it."

"Don't shout at me—there's a few things I've been wanting to tell you for years!"

"I see. Unfortunately, I do not believe you."

"You refuse to pay me?" She jumped from the chair.

"Why don't you go to Mr. Elliston?" I suggested gravely. "He will be amused at least—if not interested."

After she had swept balefully out of the room I thought of calling Elliston so that we could have a good laugh together. Then I remembered I was due at a big book-club luncheon at the Plaza. Elliston was to be the guest speaker, and I could tell him the story there.

But we sat at opposite ends of a long table during the meal and had no chance to talk. Elliston's address was informal—some rambling and modest comments on how it feels to be the author of a best seller. When he had finished, the chairman announced that the guest would be happy to answer questions if any of his listeners wished to pry further into the secrets of success. He had hardly come to the end of this remark when the first questioner sprang to her feet. It was Edith Caspar, my morning caller. I glanced quickly at Elliston. He stood with his hands in his pockets, a look of courteous attention on his face. It was obvious he had never seen her before.

"Mr. Elliston," she said in a high voice, "your novel is laid in my country. I would like to ask—were you one of the American aviators detained with us during the war?"

Elliston scowled slightly. "No, I was not."

"But the details, the local color, is so extremely accurate. May I ask how this was accomplished?"

"By research," Elliston snapped.

"But how did you do this remarkable research?"

Elliston glanced with irritation at the chairman, who returned his gaze with bright interest.

"Well, I read a lot of books," Elliston jingled the change in his pockets. "I looked at a lot of pictures. I corresponded with friends who were in Switzerland during the war—"

"Ah, so?" The woman pounced. "I am wondering if one of your friends could be a Madame Edith Caspar who lived in the town of Monthlatten?"

"No, indeed," Elliston was shaking his head. "No, I have never heard that name. No—I'm afraid not."

He literally dropped into his chair. All of us at the table could see that he had gone unnaturally white, that the muscles of his face were rigid. In alarm the chairman pronounced the meeting adjourned.

I joined Elliston and we walked down Fifth Avenue together.

"I am a *(Continued on page 140)*

HOME AT MIDNIGHT: The McCrarys, like all good hosts, divvy up the preparations and get the party under way

AN ESQUIRE PARTY BY TEX AND JINX McCRARY

12

SUPPER AT MIDNIGHT

BUFFET STYLE: Elegantly, but informally, host and hostess man the buffet—the best service for the wee hours

A SIX-PAGE PARTY PORTFOLIO FOR THE MIDNIGHT HOST AND HOSTESS

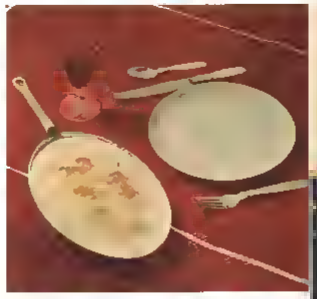
THE cocktail party breaks up for dinner, and the dinner party sends you stumbling over people's knees at the theatre, with the cast glaring down at you from the stage; but the midnight supper knows no such problems. There are no schedules to make you rush off, and the only "next appointment" that you're late for is bed. And the best part of this relaxed entertainment is that you don't have to worry about the rules of party-giving. The midnight supper is too new for rules—you just make them up as you go along.

Come to think of it, though, you might try following one general common-sense rule: keep it quiet. Not everybody starts digging corkscrews into corks after twelve o'clock. A few years ago Josh Logan had a midnight snack for his friends at his apartment in New York's River House, and Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein brought along a sheaf of paper—the words and music to *South Pacific*. They showed the score to Mary Martin that night for the first time.

With Richard Rodgers helping her from the piano, Mary vamped through the songs, building up to a real yell as she sang for the first time, the exploave last line of *I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy!* Right then, the phone rang: the people downstairs were complaining about the noise. The last line Mary sang that night was—very softly to the neighbors—"You'll be *sahrrel!*" And they were too—they had to pay six dollars to hear those songs again and had to wait quite a while before tickets were available at the box office.

The food wasn't important at that midnight supper—when events are popping, the best food is the kind you don't notice. We've also forgotten what Mary served at her post-midnight snack after the London opening of *South Pacific*.

CHAMPAGNE. It's a good wine for christening the festivities, a good wine for supper, as the cork-popping ceremony can come any time. Keep in an ice-packed silver bucket or bowl



OYSTERS IN SHERRY CREAM. This dish makes chowtime what it should be—party's high light

THE CIRCLE. At the party's halfway mark—supper in the living room with a circle for small talk

PORTABLE BAR: Well-stocked, convenient, and capable of meeting almost any demand, the portable bar makes a fine focal point for the party's early stages

WELSH RAREBIT. It's a light, simple dish, good with any drinkable, right on target for the most cautious early a on appetite

SUPPER AT MIDNIGHT

when we all sat around the phonograph in the Halidays' Savoy suite, and Mary played her own records silently mouthing the words. We had the phonograph down low—maybe Mary was remembering the telephoned complaint of Josh Logan's New York neighbors. But toward the end of a hot rendition of *I Got Rhythm*, Mary broke loose with a repeat of the last line, and "I who could ask for anything more?" went echoing over the Thames at two in the morning.

Records provide the entertainment at many midnight suppers, and usually the food is co-ed. The male end of this team will settle for angel cake and vanilla ice cream any time after eight o'clock, but one of us has a few ideas on the subject of food at a midnight supper—and most of the ideas are pretty cheesy. Cheese just seems to fit with the late hours, and the Welsh had a recipe for it: rarebit.

Welsh Rarebit

Melt 1 tablespoon butter in top of chafing dish, over boiling water; stir in 1 pound grated New York State cheese. When the cheese is melted add ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and 1 teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup warm ale or stout and 2 lightly beaten egg yolks. When the mixture is smooth, full of bubbles, serve over triangles of toast, with slices of tomato or the McCrary way—a dollop of chutney on the side.

Cheese, in one form or another, always turns up at a late snack. After a show for G.I.s in Chengtu, China, this cheese lover found a delicious snack in a can of K-ration plain American cheese on a hard cracker, with coffee and doughnuts on the side. On another trip through the CBI, this time with Pat O'Brien's troupe, we had a tense midnight supper of K-ration in Kunming with General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell. Later that night we heard jeeps zooming around and wondered what was going on. In the morning, we found that the general had been ordered home, and that our midnight supper had been his last meal in China. That taught us something: at midnight even a meal can be dramatic.

Speaking of drama, the midnight games that you play ought to have it. The best of the lot is The Game, a glorified type of charades that makes an actor out of everyone. The idea is to act out the name of a book, an advertising slogan, a line of poetry, or any famous phrase without talking. Every town and village has a different slant on the exact rules, but here's how we play The Game in New York.

The group is divided into two opposing teams, men against women. In separate rooms each team prepares a list of subjects for the other team to wrestle with. Each subject—enough of them for every member of the other team to go on stage at least twice—is written on a separate slip of paper, folded, and put in a bowl for the opposition.

Back in the living room, the teams sit facing each other. One at a time, a player rises, picks his subject from his team's bowl, and acts out what he finds written there. The problem is for his team mates to discover the subject—whether it is *Top Banana*, "Imitation is the sincerest form of Flattery," co-axial cable, or *Who Is Sylvia?*—by asking questions of the player. All that the player can do to answer is shake his head, nod it, or look agonized and go on acting. A stop watch is held on each player. The team that has the least amount of guessing time wins.

We've seen some mighty fine actors and actresses put on the performances of a lifetime and yet their team mates, equally able, sit with blank faces trying to guess what it is all about.

Another game we play was introduced by Dorothy Rodgers at a party. It takes a little time to prepare, but it is worth it. Collect a sheaf of old-time photos of people in the news today. Paste each on a separate sheet of paper and number them. The problem for each team is to identify the pictures. All of us were stumped one night when we couldn't recognize a picture of a certain serious, teen-age young man. As it turned out, it was Tom Dewey.

This game can be further complicated if the heads in the photographs are cut out and pasted on another body. When you see the head of young Monty Woolley pasted on the photographic body of present-day Winston Churchill, things can get confusing.

There are many good party games, but the rate of consumption is about one to an evening. Between The Game, which is almost athletic, and the picture game, which is mostly mental, there is 'Rhythm.' It is a word game in which the beat is maintained by clapping hands. A word is suggested any place in the circle. The next player says the first word that comes into his mind. And so on around. Meanwhile each player is keeping time by clapping his hands together twice, then patting his knees twice. The chain is broken when someone in the circle repeats a word that has already been given. Concentration on the beat seems to relax the mind—and the words suggested can be a lot of fun.

To add a little fun to the midnight meal, we recommend testing a brand-new recipe or feeding it to your friends—or enemies. There is real suspense in lifting up a forkful of a weird new dish, especially one that you watched in the kitchen through the process of cooking. Try this shocker for tension—Hot Tamale Pie à la Jinx.

Hot Tamale Pie, a la Jinx

Mix lightly 1 can tamales, 1 can tomatoes, 1 can corn, ½ cup sliced black olives, ½ cup raisins, 1 cup diced leftover roast beef or steak. Season to taste. Put in casserole, cover, and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour and a half. Serve with toasted chunks of French bread.

If you're trying tamales for the first time, you might add to the fun by mixing an authentic Mexican drink to wash it down. This one is

TWELVE NOTES FOR THE HOST AND HOSTESS

Solution to Traffic Problems . . .

1 Traffic pattern for smooth flow around the dining table (above) The chart shows seven steps for getting 'em to, around, and out again with as ample plate Guests enter dining area (1) more or less informally Plates (2 and 3) are on the side of the dining table closest to them Traffic moves around to the right, stopping for napkins (4), silver (5), and service from the host and hostess at the buffet (6) After each has been served, the guests move easily into living room (7) to enjoy the midnight supper 2 Make a sketch of your own living and dining rooms and work out a simple traffic pattern, moving the furniture to allow for easy passing 3 After the show is all gone—the host can bring a tray of coffee, brandy, and cordials to the cocktail table and serve from there At gametime, the furniture, especially the couch, can be swung around to make room for action Have a few cushions for the floor-sitters.

Check List for your Portable Bar . . .

4 The patables stored in your portable bar (or easily accessible in the liquor cabinet) ought to include the following: three bottles of bourbon, three bottles of scotch, three bottles of American blends a bottle of gin, a bottle of rye, one bottle each of sweet vermouth and dry vermouth, a bottle of sherry, a bottle of Cognac, and an assortment of cordials Champagne and beer ought to be on ice elsewhere, and brought in as needed 5 The "mixings" that will cover just about any order include a bottle of orange bitters and a bottle of Angostura bitters, lemons, oranges, olives, cocktail onions, Maraschino cherries, sparkling water ginger ale, quinine water, simple syrup, cola drinks, and plenty of ice—cubed and crushed 6. Make sure beforehand that you have the right bar equipment and ample glassware for each kind of drink and don't forget coasters (disposable or otherwise) and small paper cocktail napkins

Party Prep List—made in advance . . .

7 Long before the party (at least twelve hours) draw up a list of items that are absolutely necessary to insure a smooth operation when you and your guests arrive at midnight 8. Besides restocking the bar, be sure there is a liberal supply of almonds, walnuts, and pecans Order flowers and have them delivered about six p m so that you can arrange them before you leave the house If you are serving Welsh rarebit, better check eggs mustard, Worcestershire sauce, and paprika New York State cheese and chutney, too 9 After the guests arrive is no time to be cutting lemon twists to eliminate that, try this cut lemon across the bottom—it will stand firm and the twists will come off perfectly, the refrigerator will keep them fresh until time for the party 10 In general, it is a good idea to have the kitchen in shape with all mechanical operations essential for the party out of the way by sundown

Notes on gifts and surprises . . .

11 Add to your prep list equipment for the games you are likely to play (pads and pencils, cards, or whatha've-you) and prizes for the winning team Consolation prizes for the losers are fun, too All the prizes should be odd, inexpensive, and imaginative—utility doesn't count Here are a few ideas brand-new newspaper vendor's aprons or a set of six gold plated golf tees for the men who win and nylon hose with money pockets at the top or a good-looking bracelet containing a pop up compact for the winning ladies For the losers, anything from bottomless books to night blinders to shells you picked up on Captiva beaches to old copies of movie magazines will do— 12—And as a gift from the host and hostess to all the guests, a photograph of the party sent a few days later is a fine reminder of ye olde good time of a few nights before Any man, with a camera and flash bulbs, can preserve the goings on for posterity

SUPPER AT MIDNIGHT 12

called a Sangria and it was invented especially to cool off hot tamales

1 glass (4 ounces) claret wine
dash of lemon juice
1 glass (4 ounces) pineapple juice
sugar to taste

Place ingredients in a 12-ounce highball glass with crushed ice and fill with 2 ounces of soda water stir

One small warning: if you're subject to nightmares, better stick to cookies and milk; otherwise you'll be dreaming in Technicolor. We've found that milk is a popular addition to a midnight supper And sometimes the stuff gets even weaker. Whenever Elder Statesman Bernard Baruch has friends to his apartment after dinner a large silver ice bucket is placed on the coffee table Lodged in the ice is a bottle of plain water And when Mr Baruch says something like "Jinx you're a nice girl " that means he'd like you to pour him a glass of water

If there is one characteristic of a midnight supper that is most universal it is *simplicity*. The food is simple the drinks traditional, the games old-fashioned or, at least comprehensible when explained at one in the morning Above all the serving is simple That's why nine out of ten midnight shindigs are buffet style when it comes time for chow

Back from the theatre, a dance, or a party somewhere *else* the host and hostess can run for the kitchen as soon as the guests are settled in the living room Mr Host wheels out the portable bar on which everything but the ice cubes has been placed in advance while Mrs Host puts a fire under the one big hot dish of the night.

The dining-room chairs are moved back to the wall the silver napkins and plates have been arranged on the dining table, the candles are lit and you are ready to go Whether it is Welsh rarebit or some other choice mixture Mr and Mrs ought to serve it as a team When the guests are ready to eat each one makes a circle around the dining table and goes right back to the living room plate in hand

After that the only job left is removing the plates and silver when supper is over As often as not, the guests pitch in at cleanup time If anyone tells you it has to be any more complicated than that, don't believe it The truth is that even the hot dish isn't a necessity every time. Just make sure that your midnight specialty is heavy on quantity as well as quality The size of appetites at that hour is often astonishing

A big platefuf of small sandwiches (ham chicken or roast beef) goes well with a pile of doughnuts or cookies and—always popular—a dishful of hard-boiled eggs (Watch the eggs a little with inexperienced guests We were once at a midnight party with the Godfreys and the Salznicks and we'll never forget the look of alarm that appeared on the face of a distinguished English actor when he casually popped a whole hard-boiled egg into his mouth—and found it was bigger than he'd thought.)

What you serve will depend on the guests you invite If you want to talk, or sing around a piano, then keep the food in the background if you want the crowd in the kitchen work up a weird concoction We saw a perfect choice of food at a recent midnight supper for television directors the hostess with a magnificent straight face served a plain gelatine and warm milk—just the right diet for men with ulcers

On the other hand, one hostess went all out with Oysters in Sherry Cream a dish that requires a digestion Here's how it's done:

Oysters in Sherry Cream

Heat shallow casserole, bring 1 cup heavy cream to a boil add ½ cup sherry pour into casserole Add 1 quart drained oysters spread evenly season with salt and pepper top with ½ cup buttered bread crumbs Run under broiler to brown crumbs heat oysters until they curl at edges Serve on circles of toast

Oysters in Sherry Cream represents the final evolution of the midnight party which started after all, as the midnight snack or raid on the icebox The snack program fell through because the larder never quite held out. When the head of the house tiptoed to the kitchen door slippers in hand he found his spouse and his teen-age kids gobbling the last morsels of solid food and he wound up eating the leftover applesauce. Attempts to organize the raiding led to the more-or-less formal midnight party which was found to be perfect for after a show or a night game or an evening's work And the applesauce element is pretty well gone.

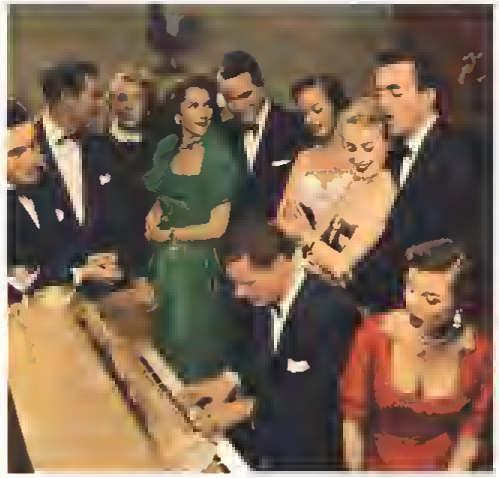
But you might keep some applesauce in the house just in case Recently we saw comedian Morey Amsterdam go up to the hostess at a midnight supper and say, "Your oysters in sherry cream look fine but do you have any applesauce—sort of left over? I'm wild for applesauce." And even if Morey Amsterdam isn't coming to your party you can still get rid of the stuff—a jigger of rum well mixed into an average serving of applesauce makes a dish that will never wind up among the leftovers

And so good night.

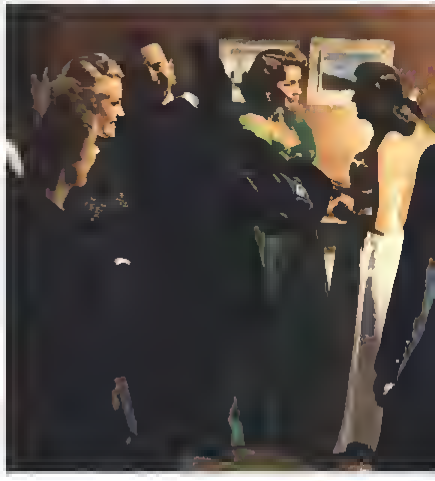
THE GAME: Virtually a tradition these days at late parties, this charade game is dedicated to the principle that everyone wants to act—and can

COFFEE: For the second half of the midnight party —coffee, brandy, and cordials

PIANISSIMO And for a few not-too-loud songs, one of the guests is always a piano player



SO GOOD NIGHT Getting the eight guest into the eight coat and the post mortems add up to another half hour of party at the front door



CREDITS *Piano—The Aeolian Co—silver bowl—Black Starr & Gorham coaster—Downtown Gallery hanging lamp bar cart—Finnish Art Shop glassware china silver accessories—Georg Jensen Inc Carole Stupell fur mitts—Herman Miller Furniture Co—Knoll Associates lamps—Lampland linens—Jas McCutcheon & Co., Mosse Lanels flowers—Max Schling fireplace accessories Stern Bros rugs—Wurtz Carpet Co*

the REBEL

"You'd forget your head," she said, "if it wasn't glued on." From an educated woman like my wife, I didn't have to take that—nossirree! *by* **DAVID PARTRIDGE**

FIRST off I love my wife. But it's true that I forgot to bring home the bicarbonate that evening. My memory had failed me. I was sorry, I said. I'd been busy at the office. In fact, I said, business seemed to be picking up.

She didn't say anything. Just kept on looking at me with that same expression.

Tomorrow, I said. I'll attend to it tomorrow, dear, without fail.

Well, she certainly hoped so, she said. And dinner was about ready now. For me to wash my hands, and not to forget to use some soap.

She always tells Junior that, too—sort of the mother instinct, you might say—and I don't mind it in the least. About the soap, I mean.

So pretty soon we sat down to dinner, my wife and Junior and myself. Roast leg of lamb and peas and candied sweet potatoes, and everything very nice and tasty. Anna seems to be in good health, too. Anna is the maid.

And what I mean to say is this. I was in the doghouse. Those big candles were burning on the table instead of electric light, and my wife had on a sort of grey dress I always liked and that wrist watch I gave her last Christmas, a pretty nice watch, imported, no bigger than a dime—if I say so myself. I've always been a good provider, a little home of our own out in Maplecrest Manor, with brass piping all the way through and an automatic oil burner in the cellar that's almost human, not to mention a 20-inch TV set—and it seemed to me I was in the doghouse. My wife was passing me the salt, and that was about all. She was cutting Junior's meat for him and making him put plenty of butter on his bread, plenty of vitamins. She's a wonderful mother, all right. But as far as I was concerned there wasn't any conversation at all. Not a word.

So later on, when Junior was upstairs in bed, I wanted to change the subject. She was sitting there reading some book. And I wanted to tell her about the air conditioning. Next year, I thought, maybe we could have air conditioning put in. Depending on business, of course. But I thought we could talk it over. As a rule she takes off her glasses and puts down her book when I start saying something.

But she didn't even look up. She just mumbled.

And I was supposed to say, "Oh never mind, dear." I was supposed to go on reading the paper.

But I was beginning to get a little sore. Just a little. And I said, "Listen, Edith"—my wife's name is Edith—"listen." I said. And I told her. Concerning the bicarbonate. As far as I could see, I said, every member of the household seemed to be enjoying good health, the very best of health, as far as I could see, I said.

She kept those glasses on. Not that I mind them—the rims are just about the color of her hair, kind of light brown, a nice natural color, and in fact she doesn't need them at all, except for reading—and, anyway, they don't bother me. But it was the principle of the thing. She was keeping them on to show me, I guess, I ought to know my own wife.

"Yes, indeed," I said, "everybody's looking the picture of health tonight. Especially a certain party in a grey dress." A little good-natured kidding, I thought. Her sense of humor.

It didn't do any good, though. She looked at me over the top of that book again, and then she said she'd heard me the first time and that it wasn't funny.

"O.K.," I said. "It isn't funny. So let's drop it right here. Let's snap out of it."

She put down the book, and she took off her glasses now, and she gave me one of those long, steady looks.

"The peas," she said.

I didn't get it. I didn't know what she was talking about.

"The bicarbonate," she said, "was for the peas. Bicarbonate of soda wasn't used just for medicinal purposes. Didn't I know that? Didn't I know anything about chemistry?"

"The peas were very good this evening," I said. "They were delicious. Everything was very nice and tasty. The whole dinner."

No, they should have been much greener, she said. They would have had a much nicer color, much more tempting and inviting, with just a pinch of bicarbonate in the cooking water.

"Those peas were simply wonderful, Edith," I said. "They were all right. The taste, I mean. I don't remember the color exactly, but the taste, the flavor, was A Number One."

She gave me that look again.

And I told her to cut it out now. Please, I said. And tomorrow I'd remember. Tomorrow evening, without fail.

She laughed a little. I didn't like the way she was laughing.

"Tomorrow?" she said, and she wasn't laughing any more. "Do you know what? I think you'd forget your head. I really do believe you'd forget your head if it wasn't glued on."

I didn't like that at all. For one thing it was disrespectful. An insult, almost. And I didn't like her using such an expression. She's a college graduate, Edith is. And her father is a big dentist out in Findlay, Ohio. I mean to say, her background and so forth, she shouldn't use an expression of that kind. My head glued on. I didn't like it.

So I got up. I went and got my hat and coat in the hall. I thought maybe she'd look up and ask me where I was going or something, but she went right on reading that book.

All right, I thought. Just because I don't go out evenings as a rule, just because I don't run around and leave her sitting there alone, that means she doesn't have to worry. Not about me. She can go right on reading that interesting book, and the chances are I'll take a walk around the block, that's all, or twice around the block if I'm really good and sore. In other words, I'll be back. There's no doubt about that.

For all she knew, though, she'd never lay eyes on me again. You read stories like that every day, in the papers. How a man walks out of his home, and nobody ever sees him again. Maybe he goes far away some place to the South Seas, maybe, and starts life anew, as they say. Or he joins up with the Foreign Legion. Who knows?

Not that I was going to do anything like that, exactly.

But out in Maplecrest Manor there isn't much of anyplace to go, only down to Perkins Street, where they've got the movies and the drugstore and the depot. Sort of Main Street, you might say, but pretty quiet evenings. For a minute I thought I'd take the car and run up along the North Shore, just for the drive. But then I changed my mind.

Nothing like a good brisk walk, I always say. Especially at night. You go along, and you think things over in your mind, and pretty soon you get a real bird's-eye view of the situation. You get to see what's what. Crystal clear.

For instance, I've got a stenographer, a (*Continued on page 137*)

"I shoot in the low seventies except against clients"

"How about making it 40 or nothing, Judge?"

the baker's daughter

Buoyed by an animated face, a saucy hairdo, and a pneumatic bosom, Denise Darcel floats up with the stars *by* **GRADY JOHNSON**

At certain seasons of the year screeching tires, horns and wolf whistles shatter the evening peace outside the stucco colonnade of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City, California. The boys in Casting grin knowingly when they hear the noise. Denise is going home.

Upstairs in Publicity, broad, ticket-selling smiles beam out the windows at Southern California's latest traffic hazard—French actress Denise Darcel waiting for her taxicab, giving distracting curves and soft shoulders to an otherwise smooth, straight boulevard.

Over in Administration, the brass wonders whether to ask the 25-year-old, taffy-haired lady crooner to copy the Misses Turner and Gardner and spend her $2500-a-week earnings on a limousine to swish her out the wrought-iron gates. But they never mention it, they are too pleased by the daily spectacle of a movie actress—a relative newcomer at that—stopping traffic in the face of television.

They know, too, that Mlle. Darcel doesn't mind, will flirt back at the drivers if "zey wheestle like gentlemans." Besides, their chulliest French star—who talks with her hands and elbows and ascillates her shoulders for shading—would be a greater hazard behind the wheel. And she is too valuable to be risked. Her animated face, pneumatic bosom and saucy blonde hair have given Hollywood its greatest publicity bonanza since Jane Russell first posed in a haymow.

Denise has been a showman's dream from her discovery in 1945 by explorers Lester Shurr, a Hollywood agent, and Nick de Margoli, a Paris photographer. Shurr, then an Army corporal, was on assignment looking for talent to entertain G.I.s. de Margoli was along for the ride. They spotted Mlle. Darcel behind a perfume counter in Paris. She had on an off-the-shoulder gown with a plunging neckline," Shurr says. "It made us wonder whether she was wearing her blouse low or her skirt high."

Shurr and his companion retired and revived an idea they had discussed between aperitifs the night before—the idea of a Pygmalion contest to find talent and make copy for the newspapers. Any unknown beautiful girl, they reasoned, could match the social triumphs of George Bernard Shaw's heroine if given the proper promotion. Hollywood did it with variations year after year. Why not Paris?

In due time a "contest" was held. Nineteen-year-old Mlle. Darcel, born Denise Billecard, won in an undulating walk and the papers made a big to-do about it. Via one kind of promotion or another she became "The Most Beautiful Girl in France," "The Most Photographed Girl in France" and "The Rave of the Riviera." She rubbed elbows with the Duchess of Windsor, ambassadors and princes.

"Zey geeve me beautiful clothes and I make ze grand entrance," Mlle. Darcel recalls. "Een them I am gorgeous. I make eyes across ze room to handsome rich mans an' I wear 'kees gloves'—wiz leetle flap door on them—so zey can kees my hand. When sat in finish zey take back ze clothes. I am sad. I die."

Not really. Back in Paris she found further fanfare. She took voice lessons, studied dramatics and wore the most beautiful clothes that publicity could promote. They gave her an apartment and pin money, and most of her needs—even an occasional limousine and liveried chauffeur—were supplied by merchants participating in the stunt. She accepted all contributions but one—a three-hour make-up job by a Parisian expert. She recalls: "Wheen he finish, I die. I am 'ideous. I have green eye shadow and orange lipstick. I wash it all off and am late for reception."

She appeared at G.I. football games as mascot for the Army engineers, and occasionally broke up the play by cheering "so silly game" at the wrong time. Shurr watched entire squads call time out to huddle playfully roll on the turf and bowl before her box; then he put her under contract to the Shurr agency.

"I am not surprise," Mlle. Darcel says today—and makes it sound modest. "Since I am so high I make believe I am film star. I sing, dance and make faces and dream I am in Hollywood. I dream it so much it is real. When they come for me at perfume counter I am expecting them."

Shurr and her press chippings got her singing jobs in little Pigalle bistros where she lavished her personality to bolster her throaty tones, caressing the microphone and she ringside males by turns. French film producers made offers, but she turned them down. "If I become star of ze French film I might nevare go to America, and ze dreams say Hollywood," she explains.

In her free time she went on dates with a young Army captain, Bill Shaw, and they were married in Paris in 1947. Shaw, who also had Hollywood ambitions, helped the dream along; he took her to California when her contract with Shurr expired. Shaw found a few studio jobs, but Denise had no such luck.

In Hollywood "The Rave of the Riviera" and "The Toast of Paris" was just a too-fat, mediocre singer. She had sex appeal, and people smiled back at her when she smiled, but film makers weren't looking for those qualities in overfed French girls with incomprehensible English. Hard up for cash, Denise took singing jobs on the "B" circuit in no-cover-charge night clubs from San Diego to Santa Barbara. "I sing at Chi Chi Club in San Diego for only hundred dollars a week," she recalls. "Ze sailor boys wheestle like Army in Paris."

Between jobs she came back to Hollywood and visited the little supper clubs where the right people go to dodge the wrong people. She charmed masters of ceremonies into letting her sing without pay, and finally one of the right people heard her. Leo Guild, a Warner Brothers publicist, saw her take the microphone and sing—half in French, half in English—a suggestive parody of an American popular tune. Guild made a date for her to meet Jerry Wald, who was looking for a cabaret singer to play a small part in *To the Victor*. She got the job but Wald released her when it was finished, feeling she was too fat for a permanent place in pictures. "In San Diego zey like my curves," she protested. "I am healthy girl, not fat girl."

Nevertheless, she shaved her weight 23 pounds, got down to 115 and a shape that won her a small role in *Thunder In the Pines* and an interview with William A. Wellman, who was preparing Dore Schary's *Battleground*. Wellman, a man's director who is usually tough on women, succumbed to what he called her "earthy barefoot qualities." He had looked at clips of her previous efforts and seen that her vibrant personality came through on film so mixed with sex that a mere man wouldn't know for sure which weapon she was using. He cast her as the only woman in the picture.

Most of the studio personnel came out to meet the 101st Airborne troops from Ft. Bragg—and the newsreel cameramen—when the boys reported for work in the film. The reception committee hadn't met Mlle. Darcel, knew her only as a name in the cast. They intercepted her at the gate because they were afraid she might show up in jeans or slacks as an off-duty actress will. But they had reckoned without her Paris experience. "She was wearing an off-the-shoulder gown cut to here," the receptionist reported.

"Ozzer girls," began Mlle. Darcel, "have beautiful legs and show them. So . . ."

Nevertheless, she was shepherded over to Wardrobe, where her costume was Americanized, so to speak, with stole and sturdy brooch. Even so, discipline went to pot in the 101st. As one soldier put it, "How can you help watching? She's on your left. The drill sergeant says, 'Eyes right!' Your head just won't turn."

In tattered sweater and skirt and little make-up, Mlle. Darcel did a brief scene opposite Van Johnson in *Battleground*; then she was released to shift for herself. Billed as a film actress, she worked night clubs all over the country and appeared for eight months in Olsen and Johnson's *Pardon Our French*.

Meantime, returns were coming in to Metro from *Battleground*; the public was enticing her "earthy qualities." Director Wellman heard the news while preparing *Westward the Women* for Schary. He wanted Ava Gardner or Eleanor Parker for the lead, but he couldn't get them. Darcel? Could she act? He tested her for two days. The tests confirmed his hopes, and the script was rewritten to account for her accent. She played a French- (*Continued on page 135*)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

A HORSE OF PARTS

Dan had an arched back, long ears, and a pell like a haired-over grapefruit; and he knew, somehow, that he was not like other horses

by GEORGE McCARTEN

According to Dr Walter Smith Brownley, who was probably the only veterinarian ever to psychoanalyze a horse, the antisocial attitude of Happy Dan, an aged gelding in our stable, stemmed directly from a deep-seated inferiority complex induced by the realization, instinctive perhaps, that he was not like other horses. "Such cases," the doctor observed sagely, "are extremely rare among horses—a horse's brain being what it is—and they call for careful therapy. Among other things, loving kindness and understanding, particularly during the formative years, are of vital importance if we are to subordinate the misanthrope tendencies of such creatures to an awakened love of mankind that lies dormant, even in the worst of them. However," he added, pointing to Dan, who glared balefully at him from behind the bars of his box stall, "that brute's beyond redemption. If he were mine, I'd shoot him."

With the doctor's diagnosis of Dan's difficulty I was inclined to agree, but not with his recommendation. As horses go, Dan was remarkably intelligent. It seemed very possible that he was bright enough to detect and resent both the social ostracism into which he'd been banished by the other horses and the derisive sneers of the stable hands for whom he harbored a passionate hatred. It seemed possible, too, that Dan knew he had a somewhat odd conformation. When viewed from a certain angle—about six feet in front and a little to the side—he didn't look like a horse at all. His ears, very long and fat, stuck out horizontally like the handles of a kiddie car, and his poll, that area at the very top of a horse's head, was overdeveloped and misshapen and resembled a precariously balanced haired-over grapefruit. In the hollows over his eyes a carryecomb could be hidden, and one of his eyes was opalescent. Keeping a saddle in place on Dan required ingenuity, for he had no withers and he was shad-bellied. Unlike other horses, Dan had an arched back. It rose in a gentle parabola from a point directly behind the area where his withers would have been if he'd had any, and fell slowly in a graceful curve right on down to the tip of his almost hairless tail. He had an unusual stance, too. When at rest he crossed his forelegs. It gave him a jaunty, debonair look which, like his name, belied his brooding malevolence. It was this habit that got him his name, for he reminded me of "Happy Dan" Gleason, a trainer who used to cross his legs in the same fashion when hurling diatribes against the Roosevelt Administration from the spot reserved for that purpose at the Turf Club Bar. I could never figure Happy Dan's age. He was a strawberry roan and the patches of grey interspersed through the chestnut, probably made him look older than he was. I liked to think so, at any rate, and when the depth of his tooth cups was pointed out to me, I preferred not to argue. Whether he was two years old or thirty meant nothing to me. I knew he could jump. That was all that mattered.

Happy Dan boasted a longer line of former owners than any other horse in the county. Nobody kept Dan long, and nobody ever forgot him. Wherever he stayed he made a lasting impression, usually in the form of fractured arms and legs and deep flesh grooves from his teeth.

I first saw Dan (who was then called "that round-headed bastard") in the neighboring stable of Mr Gallagher, who'd owned him about two months. It took me over an hour to see Dan in his entirety, for at the time of my visit he was caught fast in the bend of a narrow, wooden-walled staircase up which he'd dashed in angry pursuit of Gallagher's mascot, a long-haired goat named Beatrice. On reaching the sanctuary of the hayloft above, Beatrice had uttered a single, feeble, plaintive bleat and toppled over dead. Fright, it was said. The stable hands, with crowbars, were removing strip by strip the tongue-and-groove sheathing that formed the outside wall of the staircase. Each strip they ripped away revealed a little more of Dan. When the last board clattered to the ground, I had my first full and unobstructed view of him. It was not pleasing. He was still wedged tightly between the two-by-four studs of the staircase, his malformed body bent, of necessity, in an almost perfect right angle. His hind feet were firmly planted on the lower step, his belly rested on the landing where the stairs turned sharply right, and his forelegs stretched out straight and upward with the rise of the stairs, as if in fervent supplication for one more go at Beatrice above. But despite the awkwardness of his position, and his inability to do anything about it, Dan held his head high. In his off-side opalescent eye there blazed a blinding light of maniacal fury. His nostrils quivered, and his bald tail spun like a propeller, a curious trick which Dan often used to show displeasure.

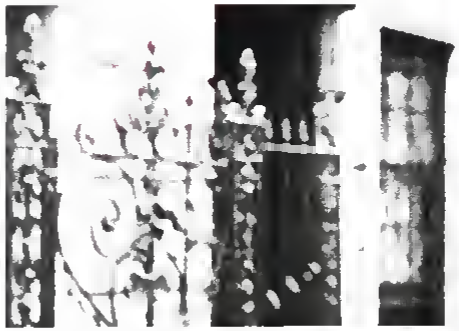
Before removing the last stud, the stable hands looped around Dan's neck a slip noose at the end of a long, stout lead. One of the boys took a double turn around a convenient upright with the free end of the line, then gave the go-ahead signal to the hands with the crowbars. A moment later the stud gave way. Dan scrambled to his feet and jumped down from the staircase. Although his tether was short, it was not short enough. As soon as his feet touched the plank floor, he lunged at the stable hand who'd done most to release him and sank his teeth into the boy's shoulder. Intense pain and outraged anger were mingled in the boy's yell as he jumped from the danger zone. But he bounded right back, brandishing a crowbar, and there was no mistaking his aim. Only the soft voice of Mr Gallagher prevented the immediate dispatch of Dan's soul. "Not now, lad, not now," he said. "The A.S.P.C.A., you know. Later on, perhaps, and elsewhere, but not here and not now."

It was at this juncture that I decided I liked Happy Dan. I thought I saw in his behavior an elusive mag- (*Continued on page 123*)

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY McKAY

"Would you mind putting on the lights a minute, dear? I can't find the knife and fork"

esquire's Breezeaway fashions

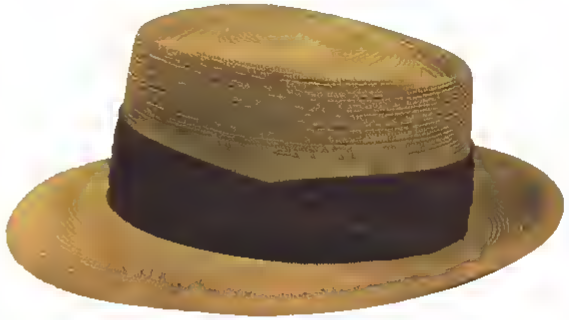


Ready to wrestle with summer heat? Get into these new fabrics and you'll walk away with top honors in the lightweight division

If you've any complaints about feeling too cool this summer, toss your brickbats at science and the silkworm. Actually, you ought to send them bouquets, because they're making hot weather bearable with brand-new fabrics, fibers and fashions. Crisp, cool silk shantung spearheads a whole new movement to beat the heat. So do chemical concoctions like acetate, nylon and dacron. These are woven in with worsteds and cottons, and take the warmth and weight out of what you wear. You'll see cool colors, lots of stripes, and this fellow lost no time joining the refrigerated-clothing campaign. His striped summer suit tailors as handsomely as his heavy ones. Lightweight baku hat, mesh shirt and flyweight shoes were picked with one purpose in mind, to make sure there'll be no sweltering this summer.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERNARD GOLDBERG

This tan Milan heralds the lightweight approach in hats. Telescope crown is festooned with a shantung puggree.



That's the Leghorn you're looking at, the light and airy hat that's making quite a name for itself these days.

esquire's Breezeaway fashions

the Shantung story

About the Blue . . .

The lowly silkworm larva has started something, all right. He set off a chain reaction that's changing the outlook on your summer wardrobe. In Blue, for instance, silk shantung has a dignity, a quiet authority that's difficult to duplicate in any other fabric. Its irregular texture and crisp coolness has influenced the look of acetates and tropicals—but you can't blame them for trying.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN SOBRAC

And the Grey . . .

Get a good look at yourself in the new Smoke Grey and you'll be sold on shantung for life. It's a relaxing, flattering color, ideal for easy days and warm evenings. Good point here is to add a touch of color in your shirt or tie—and if you're getting tanned, you can take it. So which will it be, the Blue or the Grey? Never knew a little thing like a larva could make a choice so tough, did you?

Ties are narrower and multi-colored and the dark blue nylon mesh shoe is a new idea in cool summer footwear.

Mesh in summer shoes is a practical idea, and when it's made of nylon in slip-on style, it's a good idea, too.

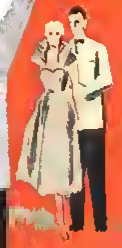
for the bride

You've got to give her something she'll remember you by. Pearls, a bracelet or a compact are fine. Or throw caution to the winds and get a jewelled pin or a diamond watch.

for your attendants

The best man and ushers come in for some remembrances, so don't forget you're the fellow who foots the bill for the chips, cuff links, lighters, wallets, belts and silver buckles, pens and pencils.

Marriage is a Family Affair



Formal Day Wedding

Marriages may be made in heaven, but they like to be attended by scores of people on earth. So show up for a formal show in a cutaway coat, striped grey trousers, grey waistcoat, wing collar and black shoes. Your Ascot tie should have small checks, the bride's father will choose a different pattern. Don't forget your silk hat.

Summer Evening Wedding

There's a lot less formality, a lot more gaiety about the goings on at night. You'll do all right in a white dinner jacket (shawl collar, single breasted), with dress trousers, dark blue bow tie and patent leather evening shoes. And, day or evening, keep this in mind: she's the star attraction, you're there because you asked for it.

Informal Day Wedding

If you've had your way (for a change) and the wedding will be less hectic than usual, you'll want to wear something you'll feel at ease in and still maintain your dignity. Choose a lightweight grey suit, single breasted, with notched lapels. White shirt, black shoes, and blue-and-white tie. Don't forget a white carnation boutonniere.

Another Informal Version

Why not wear white? It's smart, cool, good-looking. A tropical or linen suit, with a white shirt, white shoes and powder blue and white polka dot tie makes any man look more handsome than he is. The small fry also wears a white suit. If you are leaving right after the ceremony, better make provisions for changing into something better suited for travel.

For an up-to-date "guide" and "keepsake" self-addressed envelope to Lion's Fashion Staff, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNSTON

ALL I NEED IS A BREAK

I got the stuff—a good set of pipes, I hoof, do dialect, impersonations—all of it. One good club spot would set me up—but that don't mean I'll work for Joey Marchetti *by* **LIONEL STANDER**

I was laying off. I hadn't worked, not even a club date, in over two months. My agent, Joe McBayne, was giving me the brush whenever I dropped into the Bond Building where he had his office.

The last time I was in to see Joe all he had for me was a week-end job at the Jamaica Theatre as m.c. The job was strictly a break-in date, guts worked for half pay and lass just to be seen by the theatre bookers. Besides, the job only paid fifty fish and with the agent getting ten per cent and the hocker five, and transportation, etc., I'd be lucky if I wound up with maybe thirty-eight bucks for the ten shows. I turned it down cold.

"I'm not ready for theatres," I told him. "I got strictly a night-club act. Get me a booking here in New York in a good spot. I'll murder the people." And I wasn't kidding. I got a sock delivery and a cauliflower heart.

You got to have a cauliflower heart to play them saloons and night clubs. If you take it serious like a legit actor with the Theatre Guild, you go nuts.

You're a smash hit at the supper show, you lay an egg at the midnight show, and wow them at the late show one night, and next night the whole thing is reversed. You're never sure how you'll go over. You got to have a lot of brass and know inside that you're good, no matter how the audience takes it. For a comic, talk don't mean nothing no more at a club. Specially smart talk. Only blue material gets over. Take away the dirty jokes and you're dead. You got to sing or dance or you got to do impersonations, take-offs.

I'm lucky. I'm an all-round entertainer. I got a good set of pipes. I hoof enough to get by, do great dialect stories and *Variety*, when I was last reviewed, said, "Jimmy Geary's novel motion-picture personality impersonations are sock, the highpoint of his act. Had to beg off at show caught."

"Look, Joe," I says, "you gat Harry Fain a guest spot at that Celebrity Night at Leon & Eddie's." (Harry's got a stale act. I could top him any time anywhere. He just got better breaks than me. We worked the Borsht Circuit together once.)

"Yeah," Joe answers. "I got him that spot. But it's for celebrities."

"I'm not bah?"

"No. You're not." Joe says.

"Since when's Harry Fain a celebrity?"

"Since he played the Paramount, that's when. He's got a theatre act. Besides, Leon & Eddie's don't pay nothing for Celebrity Night."

"It'll pay off for me," I said, "in publicity. I got to get known in New York. I can't be working those neighborhood saloons you book me in forever. Get me something in New York in a decent joint where somebody important can catch me."

I knew I had to smarten up my act a little to play the Cops or the other class spots. I figured maybe I could pick up some club dates and get enough in my kick to pay Eli Bass or some other really hot writer to work with me and whip up some new, dynamite, special material.

The only reason I ain't playing the top spots is I ain't been caught by the right bookers. Milton Berle, Henny Youngman, Danny Thomas and a lot of other older top comics have complimented my delivery when they've accidentally fallen into one of the upholstered sewers my agent booked me in. I got to admit, I got talent. All I need is a break! But I wasn't getting any. Joe wasn't coming up with nothing.

I was down to my last hundred bucks and feeling plenty low. It was about two o'clock in the morning. I'd just left Hanson's Drug Store and bought me a *News* and *Mirror* from Goofie Eddie on the corner when a sheik new Caddy pulls up alongside me and a guy yells, "Hey, Jimmy!"

It was Nick Reilly, whose real name is Nick Rollosamo, which everybody knows since he was mentioned on TV in the Kefauver hearings. But Nicky was still okay in my book. A big man. He was in the rackets. But he'd never done any time to my knowledge and the two weeks I worked his joint on the Island was a very pleasant engagement. He'd been a good boss. Besides, most club owners are ex-bootleggers and in the rackets. Even some who operate the swank east-side spots.

Nicky didn't deduct my liquor and food tabs, and he let me get away with only two shows a night when the AGVA contract called for three. Nicky was definitely a legit guy in my book.

I just shot the breeze with Nicky, standing beside his Caddy. He had a couple of his phoneys with him. But, come to think of it, I never saw Nicky alone. He asked me to grab some spareribs with him but I told him I just ate.

He asked me how I was doing and I leveled. I told him I had the shorts. He tried to slip me two C-notes as we said good by, but I said, "Thanks, I appreciate it, but I couldn't take it."

The next afternoon Joe McBayne calls me and says, "Kid, how dja like to pick up a couple bucks tonight?"

"Are you kiddin'?" I said. "A club date?"

"Nah, no lousy charity organization. This is a legitimate date—a night club."

"In the city?"

"Nah, just outside."

"Oh," I said. "What's it pay?"

"Two bills for the night. Only two shows. Okay?"

"Are you kidding?" I said. Hell, I was willing to do club dates for seventy-five, and some of them are murder to play. Besides, even though I was disappointed not getting a city spot, a night club is my meat. There ain't a group of saloonatics alive I can't kill. As long as there's people out there, I like it. Hecklers particularly. I paralyze them. I figure I get maybe a thousand solid squelch lines. I sometimes even plant a pal as a heckler in the audience because there's nothing that gets an audience on your side faster than a good squelch.

"What joint is it?" I asked.

"You've played it. The Fantasy Room on the Island."

"The Fantasy Room? They ain't had a show policy there for six months. It's strictly a gin mill now."

"Tomorrow night they're inaugurating the old policy back again."

"Okay," I said.

"They'll send a car to pick you up at eight. Save you transitation," McBayne says, and he hangs up.

It was a while before I got it. The Fantasy Room was Reilly's joint. Nicky'd had shows with the line of girls—a band,

(Continued on page 131)

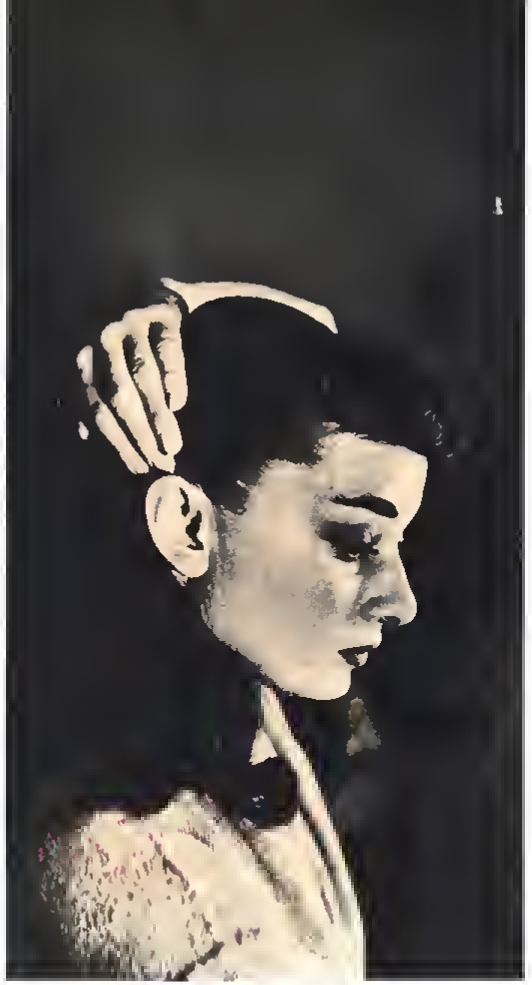
"Oh, stop dragging your hand in the water and try to act a bit more serious!"

"Not before you wash the dishes, you don't!"

Schooled to be SCANDALOUS

until she shocks her teachers, and jolts the theatre

It was the incomparable French novelist Colette who found Audrey in Monte Carlo and asked her to take the title role in *Gigi*, her own growing brain child



She plays the almost-grown-up part with affection and a sure-footed, free-swinging style

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FRIED—PIX

THE magic of Broadway is often difficult to isolate in the glare of its neon signs, its hot-dog stands and papaya gushers, its junk shops loaded with glittering dross to catch the eye of the bumpkin out for an easy bargain. The huge movie palaces with their dragoon-doormen overshadow the little side-street entrances to the "legitimate" theatres where names like Shubert, Barrymore, Molnar, and Drew hover in the air. But there are a few perennial promises that no field marshal's epaulets or cavorting jumping beans can ever outdraw, and these are the secret life of Broadway. There is no moment like that breathless moment before the curtain goes up on a real, live play. There is no thrill like the human emotions a great actress can stir in your heart; no crisis like the call for "understudy" when the star suddenly falls ill, and no triumph like that of the understudy who carries it off.

And among these magic moments is the almost unattainable one when a fresh, newborn personality captures all Broadway by her charm and talent—then the lifeblood of the old White Way pumps more furiously, and even the greats of the stage grow misty-eyed as they join the audience in homage to the sparkling new little deity.

Latest and most meteoric of these small miracles is a half-Dutch, half-Irish little whirlwind named Audrey Hepburn, who has captivated her Broadway world in *Gigi*.

Miss Hepburn, at twenty-three, is able to seem sixteen. Gracefully, she creates adolescent clumsiness. She shouts, slams doors, and runs deftly around the furniture. In sure-footed confusion, she never knocks over a lamp—doesn't even rock one. She is able to put on an athletic show that would shame a track meet, then she leaves the set looking untouched.

Off stage, Miss Hepburn is a joy to stare at. Smoothly wholesome-looking, she has an untrammeled expression and a long stride. She looks like a kid who has been fed on milk and vegetables and never allowed to cross a street alone. But she got to look like this in spite of a tough growing up in German-occupied Holland.

When this young actress talks, you can't keep her identified with the naïve Gigi for long. She would be surprising, indeed, if she did not have some precise notions about what one does next and how.

What Audrey Hepburn does next is her first American movie. She has had experience in European films: musicals and night clubs. But she likes *Gigi* best. ##

Gigi is Audrey Hepburn and Audrey Hepburn is Gigi—all ye know and all ye need to know at Fulton Theatre

She takes off the long hair but retains the soft bangs, adds earrings and slacks, and Gigi is gone

In her part as the naïve sex pawn of grandmother and aunt, Audrey checks their schemes, wins a mate

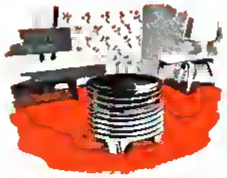
"This must be a very well-paying bank you're a teller in"

Plant a tree to the sooward and let it serve as a parasol over the chateau, or shade the walls with vines

Cover sunny windows with louvered metal screens that deflect the sun, take the place of regular screening

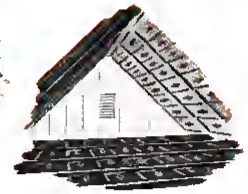
Big awnings over big windows, they keep grandma's house cool and cheerful-looking. They'll help you, too

Get more air with window jalousies—adjustable louvers keep out sun rain, and open full window to the air



Use an air circulator, or a hassock-type fan, to blow the cooler air next to the floor up towards the ceiling

Paint your roof white, or any light color to keep the house and attic cooler by reflecting the solar heat



Insulate the floor of the attic with reflective or fill types of insulation. Add louvers in gables to ventilate

Install double paned insulating glass. The air or between panes curbs the heat transfer, winter and summer

Drill holes through the siding into the stud spaces and insert special metal louvers to vent and cool the walls

Open the fireplace damper to stimulate flow of air from chimney. Screen the flue to keep out insects, squirrels

Build in new fan that scoops heated air and smoke from the hood above the range and discharges it outdoors

Draw window shades or blinds during the peak heat of the day. Light-colored shades make the best reflectors

Beat the Heat at Home

Why flirt with death or sickness from summer heat when you can make your home a truly cool refuge with the dozen simple devices portrayed above?

Our medical lecture for today is devoted to the subject of how to keep cool when the thermometer does handstands on the high wire. Keeping cool is serious business. Every year heat-stroke trundles hundreds of victims off to their Maker, and incapacitates tens of thousands. If you think that most of these cases occur outdoors under the sun, you're mistaken. The majority take place in the shaded safety of the home.

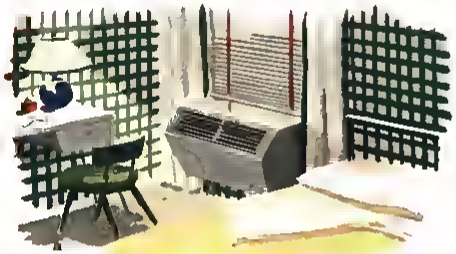
So Dr. Esquire's advice to you—for health's sake—is to keep a cooler house this summer. Above, we show a dozen cheap and easy expedients. If you want to indulge in more positive coolers, such as air conditioners and attic fans, we've arrayed a parade of them on the following two pages. And should you be planning to build a new home, consider two additional summer-comfort aids: thick walls and high-low ventilation.

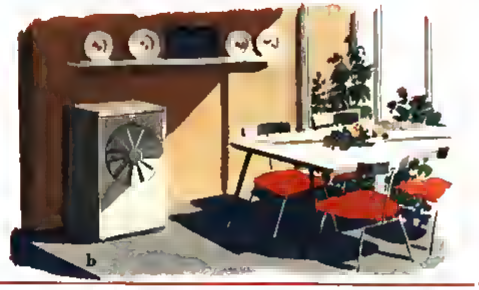
Thick walls are older than Methuselah. They're based on the sensible principle that if walls are thick enough sun heat can't fight its way through. At night, they become reservoirs of coolness for daytime consumption.

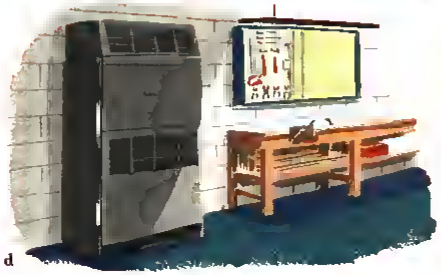
Our second heat saver—high-low windows—is used in many modern homes. Floor-level windows are placed on the side facing prevailing breezes. On the opposite wall, ventilators are placed up near the ceiling. Cool air, thus enters at floor, becomes heated, and passes out through high windows in a flueline action.

BUILD AN AIR-COOLED HOUSE THIS SUMMER

Summer air conditioners—room-size to house-size







a Window model room air conditioner is inexpensive, can be plugged in to near-by outlet. Units come in ½- and ¾-horsepower sizes. Use a ½-h.p. model for 10'x15' room, a ¾-h.p. unit for 10'x20' room.

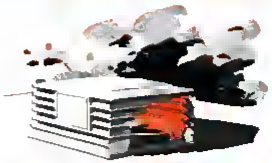
b Evaporative air cooler is perfect for the Southwest's dry summer nights. Its operation is simple, cheap: fan draws large volume of air through water-moistened pad to lower the air temperature by 15°-20°.

c Console room air conditioner will cool and dehumidify good-size room or living areas up to 900 sq. ft. Some models may also be used for winter heating. Place the unit in central location for best results.

d House-size air conditioner takes but little floor space. Tuck it into centrally placed closet or unused corner. Can be used with ducts to deliver cool air to any part of house. Made in from 3- to 5-ton sizes.

e Forced warm-air heating plant can be made into combination heating and cooling system by adding an air-conditioning unit. During the summer months, the furnace blower and ducts distribute cooled air.

Where to install an attic fan



f Local climates influence attic fan choice. Cool mountain and northern areas and the Pacific coast need fewer air changes than southern and great-plains areas.

g With suction chamber. If the attic is not airtight, set the unit vertically over the ceiling grille. The chamber can be made of fan crate and insulating board.

h Where the roof is low, fan may be set in flat position above ceiling grille. The fan discharges into attic, thence outdoors through windows or special louvers.

i If there is sufficient height, and attic does not have other openings that would short-circuit the flow of air, the fan may be built into a gable wall or a dormer.

j In houses with flat roofs, it may be necessary to house the fan in a special cupola with a watertight roof and louvered sides as a protection against the weather.

k Attic fan in hipped roof may need a new dormer to vent air. If the cornice overhangs, however, a number of holes may be cut in its underside to serve as vents.

l A metal awning, attached to the upper half of a double-hung window, contains a built-in fan. Easy to install, it's good where an attic-fan installation is difficult.

m Attic fan in basement stairwell will help cool the house and dry out the basement.

JULE R. VON STERNBERG, ARCHITECT. RENDERINGS BY GEORGE COOPER RUDOLPH ASSOCIATES

If you want day-round summer coolness with no ifs, ands, or buts, the answer is air conditioning. Air conditioning entered the American home via the bedroom. The compact cool-box that sets on a window sill, no larger and no more expensive than a table television set, turned the trick. It took the swelter out of summer nights and made it possible for many hay-fever sufferers to breathe with comfort. Because windows could be kept closed, the noise of near-by traffic was silenced.

This window model we speak of is a complex gadget. It not only cools the air, but wrings a lot of water and dirt out of it, too. During the winter, it can be used as an air circulator and filter. Some models will also exhaust stale air and odors. (Watch them chew up the smoke generated by a hot poker session.)

To get trouble-free service out of your cooler, however, it must be bought and used with care. Get a good make—one that's locally serviced. And be sure you buy a model large enough to handle your space efficiently. Then see that it's properly installed. Avoid placing it in a sunny window; let it pull in shady air. Don't block it with furniture or draperies. Don't leave doors and windows open so that it tries to cool the whole township. And don't neglect an occasional service checkup: even the smallest unit moves ten tons of air a day—a volume that can quickly choke up the air filter.

If your house is heated with a forced warm-air system, you might consider adding a house-size air conditioner in the basement. Several makes are on the market, they can use existing ducts to distribute their precious coolth. Cost of such a unit runs about $1200 to $1500—not cheap unless you place a good price on the extra years of comfortable living it may give you.

Cheapest way to cool a house is with an attic fan, a big-bladed circulator which will change the air in the house as often as once a minute. Purpose of an attic fan is twofold. One, it produces a sensation of coolness. You'll see curtains puff, and feel the flow of cool night air across the bed. But two, and perhaps more important, it removes the heat that piles up all day long in walls, floors and furniture. For example, though the outside daytime temperature may be only 88°, the temperature inside walls and attic may be 110° or higher. Long after the sun has set, and the temperature has dropped its customary 10°-20°, these overheated parts of the house continue to throw off heat. (The ceiling above your bed may be heating you by radiation all night long!) Chief job of an attic fan, then, is to drain heat from house and furnishings by drawing cooler night air across them. By morning, they will have become reservoirs of coolness, able to keep the house several degrees cooler than outdoors.

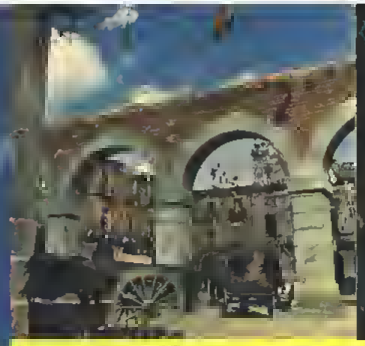
To determine the size fan to install, tally the cubage (length x width x height) of all rooms in the house. Let us assume that this totals 11 000 cu. ft. If you live in the South (where one change per minute is recommended) you will need a fan that will exhaust 11 000 cu. ft./min. If you live farther north (see map above), buy a fan with a capacity of 11 000 x 2/3, or 7500 cu. ft./min. This will produce a complete air change each minute and a half.

Cost of a complete fan unit runs about $125 for a 24" diameter fan, to $150 for a 36" fan. In addition, electrical wiring may cost $35; carpentry, from $75 to $150. If you're a handy man at heart, you should be able to handle the simple woodworking yourself, following the manufacturer's directions. ■

SPAIN *fables in technicolor*

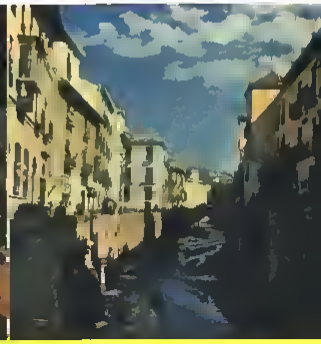
There's excitement everywhere, from the Pyrenees peaks to swirling Madrid to the sun-baked, Moorish south *A Travel Article by* **RICHARD JOSEPH**

Palma, capital of the island of Majorca—a medieval city flourishing in a medieval setting



Ávila, a suburb of cosmopolitan Madrid, turns out in force to pay honor to Saint Teresa on her feast day

Gypsies live and dance in the whitewashed caves cut into a hillside opposite the Alhambra in Granada

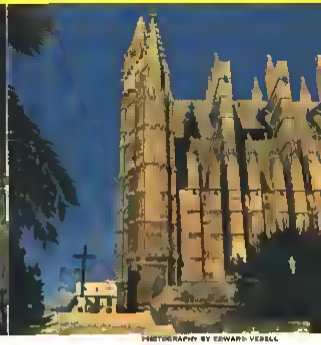


Ancient bridges and ancient homes along a stream in Granada, once a center of Moorish civilization

Bañalbufar, perched on the hills of Majorca! you get there by car, and the car gets there by way of a goat path

Overlooking the sea, the great hall in the barrel-vaulted Majorcan castle of King James II of Aragon

Cathedral of Majorca, in Palma, begun in 1230 after the conquest of the Moors, finished in 1601



PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDWARD VEBELL

IN THE WRITING ROOM OF THE PALACE HOTEL, MADRID! Madrid today is one of the most exciting cities in the world. There's a tremendous swirl and drive and movement about the place, a feeling of pounding vitality, that makes it difficult for the visitor to sit down quietly for a while and sort things out in his mind.

It's the kind of a town where your phone starts ringing almost as soon as you check into your hotel room. People want to show you around, or buy you a drink, or introduce you to the best restaurant in town—it's that sort of a city.

Streets like the Avenida de José Antonio and Calle de Alcalá are so jammed with people that you feel you should stick your hand out when you turn to stop and look in a shop window—when you're walking, I mean—not driving a car.

At the Plaza de España, a twenty-six-story skyscraper, the second-tallest in Europe, is going up, and you'd imagine they'd be changing the name of the Plaza de la Cibeles to Plaza Decibels, what with all the traffic and other noises going on. Spain is still very much the land of drowsy mañana—but you'd never believe it to judge from Madrid.

However the quiet of the Spanish countryside and the excitement and intoxication of the capital combine beautifully to make up a perfect vacation package. No matter who you are, or what you want out of a trip abroad, you're sure to find it in Spain. As a man traveling alone you can have yourself a time which will make you rub your chin and smile inside yourself gleefully for years afterward. For a couple it's one of the best places in the world for a second honeymoon. And if the kids are along they'll be getting themselves educated and learning Spanish so quickly you'll soon have to take them everywhere with you as your interpreters.

You'd better bestir yourself, though, if you want to have the satisfaction of "discovering" Spain. Only 25 000 Americans visited Spain in 1950, but about 40 000 came in 1951, and this year there may be twice that number. Spain has an extremely efficient and professional State Tourist Department (Dirección General del Turismo). You'll find its good works everywhere from the uncurling of much of the red tape that formerly hamstrung movement into and about Spain, the operation of the *paradores* and *albergues*—extremely attractive inns away from the towns and cities—and its participation in ATESA, Spain's new tourist bus system, through to the magic of the word "Turismo" in smoothing the way for all your travel arrangements.

WHAT TO SEE AND WHAT TO DO. The most important thing to see in Spain is Spain itself—all of it from the Basque country on the snowy slopes of the Cantabrian and Pyrenees mountains in the north to sun- *(Continued on page 139)*

HOW FAST CAN YOU SEE

More than 20,000,000 American motorists have dangerously faulty vision—

and 3,000,000 of them don't even know it *by* **PAUL W. KEARNEY**

IN one eastern state a motorist smashed up to the backs of nine cars in one recent year. Each collision cost more than fifty dollars in damages or caused personal injury. The motorist was a sober, right-living individual—but a physical examination showed that he had a defect in visual depth perception. He was unable to judge distance and space relationships so he often found himself too close to the car ahead.

Another driver in the same state killed a man only two years after he finished serving a sentence for vehicular manslaughter. An eye test showed him to be a bad case of "tunnel vision"—the inability to see sideways while looking ahead. And both accidents had occurred because something came at him from the side.

These two instances, out of many hundreds, tell the story of our most serious traffic safety problem: faulty vision. The Better Vision Institute estimates that there are at least 20,000,000 motorists with below-average eyesight. Moreover, 15 per cent of them don't even know it.

Even those who do know it, and wear glasses, aren't necessarily safe drivers. Ordinary glasses correct only for faulty visual acuity—or the ability to see sharply at various distances. Three equally important factors—glare blindness, tunnel vision and faulty depth perception—are only rarely corrected by lenses.

Nearly half of our current motorists have never had an eye test because they received their original permits before laws requiring visual examination went into effect in their states. Today, with 45 states testing visual acuity, many of the examinations are perfunctory—in one state the examiners don't even have eye charts. Standards of acceptable vision also vary considerably—from 20/20 to as low as 20/70 in Maryland, Massachusetts and Virginia.

Only eleven states check on tunnel vision, only nine examine for faulty depth perception and only two test for glare blindness. In contrast, 37 states test for color blindness, which almost never causes an accident.

Police and safety officials believe that periodic re-examination of all drivers is necessary to cut the accident rate, but they get little support from the state legislatures, possibly because drivers are voters and examinations look like just another nuisance. The public would support such laws if the need were clear, but the standard accident-report forms put the blame on factors—Excessive Speed, Improper Passing, On Wrong Side of Road, Cutting In, etc.—which confuse the situation by hiding the basic causes. Speed alone doesn't cause accidents; it only makes each mistake that much more dangerous. Safety authorities have to know why this driver rode over the line—why that one cut in—why a man tried to pass two cars and a truck when it was obvious that he couldn't make it.

The answers come when they check on the accident repeaters—the 20 per cent of our motorists who cause 80 per cent of our accidents. New York re-examined several hundred drivers with four accidents a piece, and found that 58 per cent of them had tunnel vision—and 74 per cent of their mishaps had been sideswipes. California found 321 repeaters who rated dangerously low in night vision—and 75 per cent of their accidents had occurred after dark. And most of these drivers ceased to be accident-prone after they discovered their weaknesses and learned how to compensate for them.

Speed becomes a problem when the driver cannot see keenly at a distance. Many accidents at sixty miles an hour would never have happened at 35; the car speed had passed the driver's "eye speed." A man with normal 20/20 vision can read the five-inch letters on a warning sign at 280 feet; with 20/50 vision he sees them at 90 feet. The second driver, going at sixty miles an hour, would be 227 feet beyond the sign before he could stop. The obvious answer is corrective glasses—but there are still fifteen states which permit a man to drive with 20/50 vision, or worse, without glasses.

And many men with normal daytime acuity may have subnormal night vision—low acuity in the dark or glare blindness. The average driver is practically blind for seven seconds after he passes a pair of bright headlights, and substandard eyes may be useless for much longer. At fifty miles an hour, seven seconds means a distance of 73 feet.

The National Safety Council reports that 55 per cent of all traffic fatalities occur after dark, when only one-third of the day's driving is done. Last year we had 2600 deaths between six and seven in the evening, when it is dark a good part of the year, and only 880 deaths between eight and nine in the morning when substantially the same volume of traffic moves over the same roads—in daylight.

The obvious remedy for a low nightime acuity is to drive more slowly and to know just how far your headlights throw their beams. Many motorists "overdrive the headlights"—go so fast that objects still hidden in the dark are closer to them than the nearest point at which they can stop.

The surest way to determine how far your headlights work is to stop at the side of an unlighted road, have somebody in dark clothing walk away from you until he disappears from view, then pace off the distance. You should never drive so fast that you can't easily stop within that space. To calculate a safe stopping range, square the speed in miles per hour, then divide by ten for dry pavement. At 30 miles per hour, 30x30 is 900, divided by 10 gives 90 feet. On packed snow divide by five; on ice divide by two.

Glare blindness is a more difficult problem, and it becomes more serious with age. Glare resistance is best between the ages of 20 and 29, but even here one person in seven is below average. In the 30-39 range, one in three is substandard—after 50 only one in ten has normal resistance.

The remedy for glare is still to come. Polarized lamps and windshields are in the dim, distant future, because they would have to be introduced on all cars at the same time. At night, colored glasses and visors are as dangerous as the disease because they lessen visual acuity, but anyone with a tendency to glare blindness can help himself a little by cleaning his windshield before he starts—specks and grime scatter the oncoming beams and make them even more confusing. A 30-foot separation between op- (Continued on page 133)

"I want these printed up formal: Mr. and Mrs. Charles (The Torch) Fabretti request the presence . . ."

"Carey, you're fired!"

ACCIDENT AT COOPER'S BAY

If he's married to a redheaded showgirl a man would be wise to watch his step, everywhere he goes

by STUART CLOETE

They watched her as she walked along the shore, singing, with the sea and sky, the gulls and cormorants behind her

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAYTON UNDERHILL

COOPER'S BAY was a small community of retired people, few of whom liked it much. They had built there because it was beautiful and healthy. You got a fine view of the rollers coming in from the Antarctic and often saw whales blowing; a seal fishing or a school of porpoises playing in the blue and silver sea. The rock fishing was good, too, and it was only a hundred miles from Cape Town. People who had never been to the south of France said it was like the Riviera. But whatever they said gave you the feeling that they were making the best of a bad job, and putting a brave face on an unhappy circumstance. Several of the women did their own housework because they said the boys were so bad—but the truth of the matter was that they were unaccustomed to servants, and when they got them, did not pay them enough, or treat them well. Cheap servants like cheap everything else are bad. The others—who had servants felt superior and showed it. They gave little eleven o'clock tea parties, and afternoon tea parties, and sometimes asked each other in to dinner. They talked about food, servants or the lack of them, their married children, and the merits of their various lighting plants and hot-water systems. Some of the houses had only outside toilets, but this was rationalized by the occupants, who said that they were really only camping and were quick to describe the convenience that they had had in town before they retired.

That was the crux of the business. They had retired and were bored. They had come to Cooper's Bay because it was cheap, and it was cheap because there was nothing to do or spend money on. There were two retired dentists, there was an ex-schoolteacher and an inspector of schools. There was a small group of retired shopkeepers from surrounding country towns, who kept making visits to their shops (now run by their sons) and bringing back provisions which they sold at so-called wholesale prices to their neighbors. And there were the Smiths—the dark horses, we called them—a young man of no known antecedents who spent all his time fishing, and a girl who was a real beauty and as out of place in this mediocre community as a chestnut race horse on a hearse.

Their coming had been a godsend to everyone. They formed the conversational backbone of every function and no two people could meet in the sandy roads without airing some new tidbit about them. They'd seen her in a sun suit. Of course everyone wore play suits, but there were play suits and play suits. She painted her nails black and even green. Her toes, too. She had been heard singing in the house. Yes, she sang beautifully, but very loud. And him. The fish he caught! Why, the man was like a professional. He got more fish than he could carry home sometimes and just gave them away to people on the rocks. Of course their husbands went fishing, too—but they seldom caught anything, not anything much that is. But Smith got ten and twenty galjoen in a day, and big mussels—crackers, and red Romans, and I don't know what all. And the mail they got! From America, from England, from France, and papers from everywhere. There was something very fishy about these two, and they didn't mean Mr. Smith. In fact if there'd been a war on they'd have reported them to the authorities. Some of them wondered if they shouldn't even now. Communist spies, that's what they were establishing themselves. Mrs. Johnstone said some of the songs Maizie Smith sang were Russian. She was sure they were Russian. She'd tried hard and couldn't understand a word the girl sang. They said they were Americans, but, if so, why had they no accent? That was one thing you couldn't fool people about now—because the films had made everyone familiar with the American accent. Then the way they carried on was a scandal. They (*Continued on the next page*)

behaved like engaged people walking hand in hand, he'd even been seen kissing her on the dunes. It was evident from this kind of behavior that they were living in sin, which made the Russian story even more probable because Russia was the country of free love and companionate marriage. They said they were on their honeymoon to begin with. And that would have been better—at least it would have explained the way they went on—but later Mamie told Mrs Dorian that they'd been married six years.

"I thought you were on your honeymoon," Mrs Dorian said.

"We are," Mamie said, "our life's one long honeymoon." Which, if it was true, was disgusting, but most probably was just another lie.

The only woman who had a good word to say for them was Mrs. van Reenan. She ran the post office and was honest enough to say that she liked reading their telegrams and examining the postmarks on their mail. She nodded mysteriously when people questioned her, and said she couldn't say anything because it was against the regulations, but she for one would certainly miss them if they left.

The men of course all envied Jack Smith. To have a wife like that, and to be such a good fisherman as well, must be wonderful. In their secret hearts they all wished they were Mr Smith, but they never said so to their wives or even to each other. They were all over fifty, and had only moderate means, which made the pursuit of any pretty woman, even if she had been unmarried, or unhappily married, not absurd (because absurdity never stops a man) but impossible. But they had their dreams, and in their dreams they put themselves into Mr Smith's shoes. Their attitude was apparent in their behavior, their odd silences, the way they looked, when they thought they were unobserved, at both Mr and Mrs Smith. And if the women were catty the men were remarkably charitable about the couple of exotics who, like strange, brilliantly colored migratory birds, had come to rest in their drab midst. I say migratory, for it was obvious they had not come to stay as the others had, which also accounted for their pleasure in the place. They were not doomed to it like the others, and could therefore enjoy it all—the sun, the views, the fishing, and the wild life which made every day a new enchantment to the lover of nature.

When I say the men were charitable—which is to understate their approach—I must qualify it with one exception. Mr Querling detested them both, particularly Maizie. He called her a scarlet woman, a daughter of the horseleech and worse. She was, he said, an affront to an otherwise decent and God-fearing community. Curiously enough, though, his wife Mary was quite friendly with them both and kept trying to quiet him when he talked about them. Mary Querling was a motherly woman with the shape of a fat partridge who ran hurdy about on short fat legs. They were both, like the others, about fifty, and he had been in the real-estate business, which was one reason he was sore—he felt he had got stuck with the property he had bought at Cooper's Bay. He had thought the place was going ahead, but it hadn't gone. About thirty-odd houses and bungalows had been built, and then it had burg fire. He felt he had made a fool of himself, and that his realtor friends were laughing at him behind his back. He was, however, a devoted husband and one of the most respected men in the community.

Maizie Smith had one open admirer, a young man called Jungler. Percy Jungler. He was a queer character—a painter who lived alone in a tiny cottage about a mile from any other house. He took care of himself and sometimes we went several days without seeing him. He was fond of bird watching and had done some rather exceptional pictures of sea birds—gulls, cormorants, oyster catchers, and the like, with a background of sea and sky. Jungler saw quite a lot of the Smiths and made a joke of his passion for Maizie by declaring it and saying to Jack, "If anything should happen to you I'm going to marry Maizie, aren't I, Maizie?" and she'd say, "Of course you are, darling," and smile at him. "Why," she'd say, "who knows what would have happened if I'd met you first." This kind of badinage infuriated Querling. Loose talk, he called it. But I never saw any harm in it, because the boy could not have helped falling in love with her. No young man could have, and it was better this way. Better to keep it in the open as a joke than to let it fester underground. But Jungler was not an ordinary man. He was like a cat that walked alone.

My position at Cooper's Bay was intermediate between the Smiths and the other residents. If the Smiths were migrants from more brilliant tropic lands, I was what the bird books describe as a *rare visitor* and *occasional breeder*, one of those birds you are always looking for and never see (though someone else has seen them) like an interior warbler in the north of France or a golden oriole in parts of England. I had had a breakdown in New York and, subletting my penthouse on Forty-fifth Street, had bought a house—it was very cheap—at Cooper's Bay to rest and work on a novel that had been in my mind for some time. The only way to deal with something like that is to write it and get over it, which is what I was doing. My intention was to sell the house, if necessary a little more cheaply than I had bought it, when the book was finished and I had had a good rest. In my spare time—I saw to it that I had plenty of spare time—I studied my neighbors, for a writer is, of necessity, a people watcher. He is interested in character in relation to circumstance, to the play of individual upon individual in what are called love affairs—as if that explained them—among human beings, but which can be reduced to almost calculable sexual manifestations and watched, through their various phases, as one watches the courtship of birds. Young Jungler, for instance, displayed himself for Maizie Smith like a giant bittern or a peacock—opening the brilliant fan of his mind and his art for her delectation or trailing the stiff wings of his compliments to gain her attention. The old birds just strutted ineffectually about her. But they strutted and clucked and scratched up the dirt for her.

The hotel was a general meeting place for us. We dropped in there for tea or a drink of sherry in the evenings and passed the time of day swapping gossip about the people who weren't there—and in general conversation. Some of the conversation was extremely interesting, because, although the majority of the people were dull, they had most of them been to strange places and done odd things. Grace, one of the colonels, had shot man-eating tigers and leopards in India. He loved India and said he would have stayed there after he retired if it hadn't been for his liver. Brown, an ex-jeweler, talked about stones of various kinds, their origins and values, and one night the conversation centered itself around precious stones, and how there were few big jewels in the world which had not a pedigree of crime behind them. Even the new ones that had just been mined and cut were filled with latent crime. "It is there," Brown said, "mirrored in every facet." The jewels led naturally enough to murder, and I remember saying that the best way to cover up a murder was to make it appear to be an accident.

"A gun accident, for instance," I said. "Or here, one could commit a lovely murder. This is in a sense." I went on, "an ideal place for a murder, provided the victim is a fisherman. All you have to do is to hop him on the head with a round, water-worn rock and let him fall into the waves that lash themselves against the cliffs. The sea here is very wild, and the galgoen a fish that loves the white seething water. Even if you just pushed a man in," I said, "he would at the most have a fifty-fifty chance of getting out alive. But it would be best to hop him to make certain. The damage to his head would be assumed to have been done when he fell, and it is probable that he would give a gasp or two before he died, which would bring the water into his lungs and in the event of an autopsy—an unlikely event—prove that he died by drowning. The blunt instrument—and nothing could be blunter than a round, water-worn stone—would be lost among the others that are continually being rolled about at the foot of the cliffs and quite untraceable." I was rather pleased with this idea and thought one day it might make the basis of a story.

Querling, who was there, asked me how I got my plots. And I said I wished I knew. They just come like this idea. A subject comes up, a phrase or a situation rings a bell, and there you are. Querling was vaguely interested in writing and was always pumping me about it. He had shown me some of his stuff and he felt that it made a bond between us. He and his wife had joined us at dinner because they happened to be there, and it was impossible not to ask them. They left early because her heart was bothering her again. She had a very weak heart, but was quite unable to relax, being that busy kind of woman who has to do something all the time, and their house was one of the few I have ever seen where had you wanted to you really could have eaten your dinner off the floor.

The Smiths were not there—as I said they kept mostly to themselves—and naturally the talk turned to them several times. To their money, to what they did with themselves all the time, and the way she kept house. "Why," Mrs French said, "she even sends her laundry to town instead of getting a girl in." This habit, it appeared, was the height of extravagance and the cause of much talk among the women, but my own feeling was that they wanted to see her underclothes on the line in order to be able to value them. Cooper's Bay was a great place for values. The inhabitants, being for a great extent retired shopkeepers, were always telling each other what things cost and working out overheads as if they were still in business. One woman had even worked out that it cost fourpence every time she had a bath. I remember asking her if she allowed that to deter her and she was very annoyed. I sometimes thought of her lying in her bath—she was a fat woman—and counting the pennies and fractions of pennies as they ran out of the hot-water faucet. It would have spoilt my pleasure, but when I said so she said she did not bathe for pleasure. "I take a bath to get clean, Mr. Cleete," she said, which really put me in my place. Later in the evening I did come back to it in an indirect way by talking about psychology, and saying that many psychiatrists believed that people who bathed a great deal, particularly women, were mentally impure—but this was beyond her. She thought psychiatrists and chiropractors were much the same thing, and went on to talk about a man who had once worked on her back. "He pressed on it and it cracked," she said. "I was so surprised." So was I. She was so fat that it was hard to believe anyone, even a chiropractor, could get a click out of her.

Jungler, who was among those present, looked angry when the Smiths' name came up but did not say anything, and he was one of the first to leave after dinner. He left soon after I had given the company my recipe for a successful murder and said just before he went away that he wished there were someone he wanted to bump off and that it almost seemed waste not to. Nobody wanted to play bridge, which was a relief, because bridge at Cooper's Bay, with everyone revoking and forgetting what were trumps and talking about servants, was something of an ordeal. Mrs. Querling's attack had upset them, because, as I said before, most of them were suffering from something or thought they were, which amounted to much the same thing. And after having talked about their symptoms and said the local doctor was no good because he couldn't do anything for them, the party broke up and the diners drifted home, their flashlights waving this way and that, because only yesterday someone had seen a snake near the hotel, and Colonel Grace and I were left alone, which was very much to my taste. We got to talking about the Smiths again.

Grace began it by saying, "What do you think of them? Between ourselves, I mean."

"Of whom?" I said.

"The Smiths," he said.

"Nice couple," I said.

"I think so, too," Grace said. And then he asked, "Are they really Americans?"

Of course they are," I said. "Philadelphia people. I know friends of theirs and he's a member of the Rittenhouse Club."

"I thought they were," Grace said, "but then everyone says they have no accent."

I said, "Lots of Americans have no accent. Especially if they've lived abroad a lot. I gather they spent a lot of time on the Riviera and in Italy, Switzerland for the winter sports, shooting in Scotland, fishing in Norway, and all that sort of thing. Hawaii, Nassau." I ended vaguely, "and I imagine they've just been overdoing things and are here for

(*Continued on page 100*)

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Accident at Cooper's Bay

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a rest. He's a playboy with a taste for sport."

"And her?" he said.

"Mazie? Mazie's a show girl, I think. Copacabana or something like that. Theatre, anyway. I'd say from her looks and some of her conversation." Some of the things she'd said to me were straight *Variety* which naturally made her unintelligible to the local housewives.

"A lovely thing," Grace said, "but a flirt."

The word amused me. It was years since I'd heard it. Like flapper. Just one lap ahead of the Gibson girl.

"Is she?" I said.

"Yes," Grace said. "She even tried it with me."

"What happened?" I asked.

"I did," he said.

I laughed. "You're a very good-looking man," I said, "and she's bored in a way. Happy enough. I should think, but a girl like that can't live without admiration, without being stared at." Grace was a good-looking man: grizzled, with a tall slim cavalry figure and that stoop of the shoulders that comes only from years spent in the saddle. He would be a new type to her, and women are interested in collecting types. Like to see them tick and know what to do to make them.

"I came to tell you that I don't think I can wait for you, Lefty."

"Well, it's safe enough with me," he said, "though it mightn't have been once. But she does it with everyone. Leads them on, and I think it's a pity about young Jangler."

Everybody called him young Jangler. Not that he was so young—about thirty, I'd say—but he had a boyish look about him. His hair was always ruffled, and he was eager like a dog pulling at his leash. It was very attractive. And I've never met a more honest painter. He felt things intensely and tried to put onto his canvas not only what he saw, but what he felt. His birds really flew as if they loved flying. But you couldn't get at him. There was a barrier between him and the rest of the world. It even entered my head that he might have been shut up at some time in an asylum.

I didn't say anything and Grace said, "Well, what do you make of him—them, I mean?"

"Percy Jangler and Mazie?" I said. "Nothing at all. Just a seaside romance. There are no girls here and he's a young man. Young men want girls. It's just nature. And he likes Mazie as a person. The Smiths are very kind to him and he's at their place a lot."

"I know," Grace said, "but she teases him. It's dangerous for a beautiful woman to tease a man."

"She can't help that, either," I said. "It's nature and this is a very natural sort of place—which is one reason I like it. In a small social group you can study people. In a big city you can't see the trees for the wood.

"You like to study people, don't you?" he said.

I said, "Yes, it's my business."

"It was my business too," he said. "Though most people don't realize it, a soldier has to know a lot about people, not only his own men but the enemy. He's got to know the kind of man his enemy is and what he'll do next.

"People," I said, somewhat sententiously, "are not just men, they are men and women together. That's what interests me, and that's why I like to gossip. Men, I sort on, are really greater gossips than women. They are merely more charitable because on the whole they're more objective."

"I think you're right, though I hadn't thought of it before."

"No time. You were too busy."

"Yes," he said. "I was." Then he talked about his regiment—Lancers. I forget the number. Twenty-third or Twenty-fifth. I think—about horses and about women. I had been wrong in thinking he knew nothing about them. It had been stupid of me, because men who are interested in horses are generally interested in women too. They seem to go together. He talked about the chestnut squadron in his regiment and how temperamental they were. How you'd get them all fit and then suddenly the whole lot would go off, come out in a quick sweat and fall to pieces for no apparent reason. We discussed redheaded women we had known. Mazie was a redhead, a genuine one, though the women were always a bit doubtful about the matter. Her hair was a dark red, what would have been liver chestnut in a horse. And we reached the conclusion that red hair had some effect on character both in women and horses. There was some obscure relationship between the pigmentation and the endocrine glands which made them hotter-tempered and less reliable than the ordinary run.

We stayed on talking for a long time and the moon came up out of the sea, which for a change was calm, and it was a remarkably beautiful sight. We watched it for a while as it painted a silver streak across the bay and then after a final highball we said good night. It had been a most enjoyable evening, and not till much later on did I realize that it had had more significance than that.

Until I told Grace that night I had never said that I knew anything about the Smiths. As it happened I had written home about them to friends and had my earlier suspicion confirmed. I was sure from the beginning that I had seen Mazie before but I have met so many people.

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Accident at Cooper's Bay

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and women are so capable not only of changing their appearance by means of new clothes and a hairdo but actually of changing their personalities that I was by no means sure of my hunch. However, the letter I got back confirmed my idea. I had seen her before. She had been a night-club entertainer. A strip-teaser, not in the Gypsy Rose Lee or Margie Hart class, but still fairly well-known, and she sang too. "A bit of a canary," Fred had written. Now I could place her and remember that she'd got a lot of publicity once because she painted her fingernails and toenails green and wore a real fig leaf on her G-string. It had made a lot of talk and some trouble for the place where she worked. The fig leaves were genuine, and came by air from Florida or California. They were brought in by a bellhop during her act, and some rather doubtful patter was exchanged between Pearl Blossom, as she had been called then, the maître d', and the bellhop.

Then she'd married Smith. He came of a well-known Philadelphia family and there had been quite a scandal about the marriage so much of a scandal that his parents had asked him to drop the prefix of Caledon—Caledon-Smith was their name—until the talk quieted down. He was a fine type of young American, a Princeton man and he'd a fine war record in the Air Force. If there was any criticism to be made about him it was that he did nothing. But there is really no harm in doing nothing, in fact it's better than doing a lot of things. At least he did no harm and was a very pleasant person to talk to. He dressed well—a shade too well perhaps. As for her, she was a really beautiful creature. Tall, slim, willowy, with beautiful legs, large brown eyes, and a mass of dark-red naturally wavy hair which she wore long. She had a trick of moving her eyes instead of her whole head when she answered a question and her mouth was lovely. She followed its natural contour with lipstick. Nobody could have improved on it. It curved like a Cupid's bow, and her smile was the sweetest thing imaginable. It gave the impression of great gentleness so much so that seeing her one wondered why she had not had a child, and pictured her smiling down at an infant cradled in her arms. Madonnaish, I suppose, would have described her. She dressed very well and sometimes changed her costume three or four times a day. The Smiths belonged to the class who, when they speak of a fur coat mean a mink. At Palm Beach or Nassau they would have been almost commonplace—just another good-looking couple. In Cooper's Bay they stood out like a sore thumb.

For some reason I saw a lot of the Smiths in the month that followed the dinner at the hotel and grew to like them more and more, which was why I was so upset when the tragedy occurred. Every year there are fishing accidents on this coast—some man is swept off the rocks by a big wave coming up behind him. But somehow these things never happen to anyone one knows, and when Grace came almost running to the house to tell me that Jack Smith was missing and they thought he was drowned, I felt as if I had lost a son. Somehow I couldn't quite believe in Jack's having an accident. He was too experienced a fisherman, and my murder plot came back to me. If he'd been killed, Jungler had done it. And yet I couldn't believe it of him.

I joined the party that was scouring the coast. We clambered down the steep sides of precipices to where the waves were breaking. I got caught by one and was soaked to the skin. We climbed up to the highest rocks and examined the sea with field glasses, we searched the sandy coves that indented the coast. The sea was deceptively calm which no doubt accounted for the tragedy—the waves were strong rollers but they broke evenly and could be ganged easily except that every now and then for no apparent reason, a giant would rear up out of the ocean and fling itself headlong at the rocks. One of these must have caught Jack when he was playing a fish—trying to work it round a headland to a beach where he could land it.

Long ago we had given up hope of finding Jack alive. We were looking for his body now. Jungler was the man who should have been with us—he knew the coast inside out—but his house was locked up and he was off somewhere. Somehow his absence seemed odd, though he went off alone often enough. And he would have been the best man to convince Maizie since he knew her better than anyone else and to take her the news when the body was found and see her through the ordeal of bringing it in. But it often happens that when you want a man most he isn't there. Jungler was out painting and bird watching somewhere and I'd be the one that would have to deal with Maizie and also tell Jungler that his friend Jack was dead. It would not be easy to tell Jungler because there was little doubt in my mind that if he was in love with Maizie he was also much attached to Jack. In fact that was, in my opinion, the reason things had not gone further than they had between the two of them.

We hunted till dark and then gave up. Maizie was completely distraught and seemed to blame herself. "If only I'd been with him," she said. "He wanted me to go." She often did go with him and sat on a cushion on the rocks while he fished. When they were together she used to help him with the gaff, which saved him a lot of fish that would otherwise have been lost while he tried to get them to a suitable landing place. Jack fished with very light tackle and one of those glass rods.

I spent the night with Maizie, talking, making coffee for her, giving her aspirins and highballs, doing all the things that one does on those occasions, offering comfort and hope, where we both knew there was neither comfort nor hope. Jack was certainly dead and, what worried me most, would be in a terrible mess when they brought him in. As soon as it was light we all met to continue the search. There were about thirty men—people from Cooper's Bay and fishermen from a near-by fishing village who knew every rock and current and after a search of about five hours we found him. He was knocked to pieces. Just what I was afraid of, I thought. There was hardly a stitch on him and hardly a piece of whole skin. His head was smashed, one arm pulverized—almost torn off. He must have got it caught in a cleft in the rocks, and to make it worse part of his face had been eaten away by crawfish. We put him on a door, covered him with a blanket and took him into the nearest garage where mounting the door on some crates we left him with a fisherman to watch him.

I got Maizie to promise not to look at him. One last look, she said.

"No, honey," I said, patting her arm, "don't do it. Remember him as he was. A splendid-looking man, like a Greek god. What we brought in isn't your Jack. If you saw him now you'd remember him like that and it isn't what he'd like."

It was all very harrowing. The only time I'd been in a similar predicament was when poor Fellows—Johnnie Fellows, one of my best friends—was killed hunting in Leicestershire. I'd got stuck with the same job then, but he'd looked all right. In fact it was hard to believe he was dead once we'd straightened his neck out and folded his hands on the breast of his pink coat. And Gloria had been a different type of girl—restrained and able to control herself, which Maizie was not.

The police came a couple of hours later from Villersdorp, the local headquarters, we all gave evidence and the doctor had just about certified him dead when a reporter arrived from Cape Town to get details of the accident. I dealt with him and that was that. All that remained was to have the body embalmed and prepared for shipment back to the States. I wrote to his people for Maizie—she was no hand at writing—and a letter of my own giving full details. These post mortems took up several days and it was only when they were over that I thought of young Jungler again. It was odd his being away so long.

Nothing had been seen of him since the day of the accident, and if he had met anyone we would have heard of it. He'd often go off for days at a time sleeping out with just a blanket and watching birds and animals. But now there was something queer about his absence and though I don't think I realized it at the time I was in some way suspicious about him. Someone, I forget who, had said, "Well, he'll have a clear field with the girl now." But somehow I didn't think so. I didn't think he was Maizie's cup of tea, as they say here. She liked money and people—a gay life—and Jungler was a moody chap. He'd interested her, excited her even, in a little place like this. But she wasn't made for the simple life that Jungler loved. He hated people and the social side of things. Besides, as I said, he was poor. He wouldn't paint portraits and that's where the money is for an artist. An artist's got to paint women who are going off and make them look better than they did when they were debutantes and bankers, and make them look beneficent and all he did was to paint birds and seascapes. On the other hand, she'd have a lot of money now and he wouldn't be the first artist to marry money in the hope of finding freedom to work in peace.

Anyway I needed a walk and I went over to his shack on the cliffs. A miserable little place it was and it amused me to think that anyone could imagine Maizie living like that. If he married her, one of them would have to change—and it wouldn't be Maizie. I thought again about the money she'd come into with her husband's death—I knew he was worth quite a lot. And I wondered if Jungler would marry her and find himself leading a social

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Accident at Cooper's Bay

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life on his wife's money—a cross between an impresario and a sponger—gigolo after all. He wasn't the type. But one never could tell. The interest they had in each other and they had no interest was—to put it brutally—biological... or had been. What happened when finance was added to biology? It had been one of those interests which burn up like a flame and then die like one and leave nothing not even the ashes of a memory. But Jack's death might change the story.

I had no reason to suppose Jungler would be in—quite the contrary, in fact, because generally when he'd been away he'd come to the hotel looking like a hobo, have a drink or two, and then go to the store for fresh supplies. But somehow I had the feeling he was there. A hunch, as it were, and besides as I say I needed the walk.

And I was worried. It was all too simple. It all fitted together too neatly. I had been suspicious of Jungler till Querling had accused him of the crime. Querling said, "It's my opinion that Jack Smith was murdered by Jungler." Although as I say I was doubtful about him, I had at once sprung to his defense. And now I was going to find out for myself. It was funny, no one having gone to see if he was back before. I thought. But then he kept himself to himself, and apart from the Smiths I was really the only person who knew him well.

Well, as it turned out, I was right, though there was no answer when I knocked on the door. But when I tried the latch it opened. Careless of him to go away and leave it unlocked. I thought as I pushed it back, but it was like him in a way. He was that kind of chap. But he was in all right, lying on his camp bed and looking frightful.

At first he didn't seem able to speak. I said, "What's up?" And he didn't answer. He just looked at me as if he'd seen a ghost.

"I was praying you would come," he said.

It struck me as a funny remark till I wondered why. I had come. Something had made me. It was his prayer, perhaps, or mental telepathy, he must have been thinking about me, and I had come.

"What's up?" I said again, and went over to the bed.

"Look out!" he shouted. "Look out for the camera!" His Rolleiflex was on the floor by the bed. I knew he valued it, but there was an almost hysterical note in his voice. I am a careful man and seldom break or drop anything, so his camera was perfectly safe.

It entered my head that he might not have heard of Jack's death, so without any further preamble I said, "There's been a terrible accident. Jack Smith was drowned. Did you know about it?"

"Accident," he said. "That wasn't no accident. He was murdered!"

"That's funny, I thought. How did he know?" "You hurt yourself," I said.

"Yes, I fell," Jungler said. "Slipped, strained my leg and knocked my head." He had a nasty cut over his ear. I could see it now as he struggled to sit up. "My God," he said, "I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't come."

"Had anything to eat?" I said.

"No, not since I got in. I just made it," he said. "Crawled in, dragging myself by my hands. Get me some water, will you?" He drank three glasses.

"I'll fix you something to eat," I said. "Not much. You mustn't have much if you've been without food for so long, and then I'll get the doctor."

"Wait," he said. "I must tell you about Jack's murder."

I thought I must humor him, and sat on a camp chair beside the bed. "Go ahead," I said. "Who done it? Did you?" As soon as I'd said it I regretted it. He might have, and if he had it would put him on his guard. After all, he was the only person at Cooper's Bay with a motive.

"Don't joke," he said. "It was ghastly. A terrible thing to see."

"Yes," I said.

"He hit him with a rock."

"Who did?" I said.

"Querling. The man's a maniac."

"I can't believe it," I said. "Why should Querling kill him?"

"You must," he said. "It was terrible."

Frankly, I didn't believe him. But I didn't show that I thought he was lying. "Why did he do it?" I asked.

"Because of Maizie," he said. "He's crazy about her. He's a Peeping Tom. I caught him one night watching their bedroom window."

Well, I thought, if you watched the Smiths' window you might see anything. They were an unconventional couple, very free and easy and not modest in the middle-class sense. Seldom pulled their curtains or anything like that.

"I can't believe it," I said.

"Well, it's true, and what's more I've got to sit tight and say nothing or take the chance of being accused of having done it. You see, he went on, "it's either an accident, the way they think it is now, or murder. And if it's murder, what's the motive? Sex," he said. "Well, everyone knows I was mad about Maizie. But I don't like making love to a married woman, besides I liked Jack and he'd promised to help me to get an exhibit in New York. He was going to stake me. But I've no evidence to prove it, and my character—an artist, you know, very loose-living type—when it's compared with Querling's, who's a model of rectitude, would make a poor show."

"Quite," I said. "I was beginning to get the hang of the thing. If he'd done it, this was a double bluff. "Go on," I said.

"Well," he said, "that's why I was afraid you'd hurt the camera. He looked at it again. The only other evidence is the rock. I've got the rock."

"The rock?" I said. His reference to the camera made no sense.

"Yes," he said. "I've got it. At least I hope I have. That's how I hurt myself—I slipped. I was trying to climb out of the Devil's Hole with one hand. I had it wrapped in my handkerchief in the other. When I slipped I lost it."

"What did you want it for?" I asked.

"My God," he said, "can't you grasp it at all?"

And he was right. I couldn't. Jack murdered. A sex murder in this absurd little community and me talking casually to the potential murderer. "No," I said. "I still don't really see it."

"And you're supposed to be a writer. Fingerprints," he said. "That's why I wrapped it up. That is if these fools of police here understand fingerprints. And that's all the evidence I have. A rock that's lost, and an undeveloped negative in my camera. I got three pictures," he said. "It amazes me to think of it. How I did it. But there it was in the ground glass, and I went on taking. Habit," he said, "like f do with birds, and the black oyster catchers were in the background."

I lit a cigarette and got him another glass of water. Got a touch of concussion, I thought. I could have done with a drink but Jungler didn't keep any drink. "Dangerous," he said, "when a chap's alone. Might get the habit of it." I saw what he was doing now—the double bluff of pretending he ought be suspected and saying his only evidence against Querling was an undeveloped negative. He could easily have spoiled the negative—let light into it or something. And a rock that was probably lost and might even be nonexistent. The idea of Querling's doing it was unthinkable. The man was a Milquetoast and even if he was a Peeping Tom there was a big difference between looking in at a woman's window and murdering her husband. But then Jungler's doing it was unthinkable, too. I couldn't believe it of him, and yet inside I suspected him. He alone had an obvious motive. I'd better let him tell his story, I thought.

I settled myself and said, "Now you'd better begin at the beginning."

"All right," he said. "I was out getting some photographs of sea birds. I get a seal fishing town—that I'd always wanted, and then on the way back thought I'd climb down the Devil's Hole."

The Devil's Hole was a blowhole eaten into the limestone the sea came into it through a tunnel. Generally it was dry, but in a storm the water came in and exploded with a terrible noise and the spray shot up out of it like a geyser in Yellowstone. Old Faithful. I called it, but the local name was the Devil's Blowhole.

"I've often been there before," Jungler said. "And I wanted to get a picture of a pair of black oyster catchers that sometimes sit on the big rock outside it." This rock was a highish promontory known to fishermen as Castle Rock, and it was a good place for redfish, they came to feed inside the reef that runs near it. "I wanted," he went on, "to get the oyster catchers against the sky with the rock in the foreground. So I took the light—it was 400—set my camera, and focused it on the ledge where they generally sit and waited. Waiting never bothers me," he said. "You've got to be able to wait if you want nature pictures. And then Jack came along. That dished it, I thought, no birds now, and I nearly shouted at him. But I didn't. Funny to think that if I had I might have saved his life, isn't it? Anyway, I didn't. I just sat there and thought I might get a nice unsolicitous picture of him catching a fish that I'd enlarge and make him a present of. It was nice and cool in the cave and I was tired. That's why I didn't shout, I think. I didn't feel like talking. I wanted to think about what I'd seen on my hike. The wild flowers, the seal fishing. I got him with a small telephoto in his mouth. He was within ten yards of me. He had to shake it like a terrier shakes a rat to get it loose. It had fastened two of its tentacles onto his lip before he could swallow it. So I just sat there on the loose stones watching Jack and thinking, when suddenly I saw the oyster catchers. They were going to come down. They resented fishermen, you know, very tame, and I thought I might get my picture after all. Then one of them screamed, the way they do when they're frightened and shot upwards. Something had scared them. It was Querling. He'd come up behind Jack. And the next thing I knew he'd raised a big stone in both hands and bashed him. I saw all this in the ground glass," Jungler said, "and I took the pictures. I wonder if my hand was steady," he said.

"So that's why you were afraid I'd damage the camera," I said.

"Of course it was," he said and went on. "The next thing I knew

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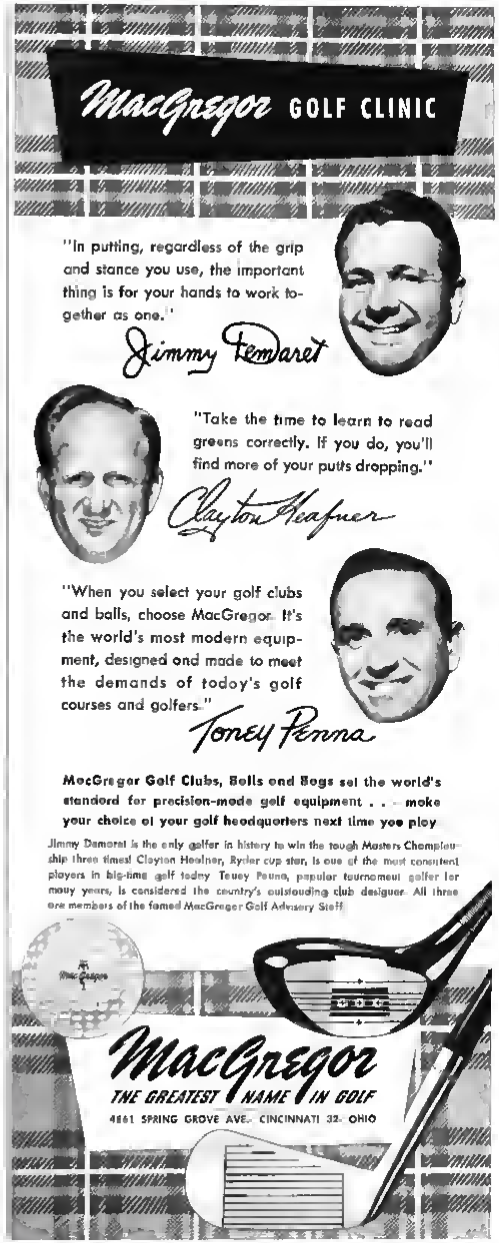
"What's the big idea letting him go through a red light?"



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Accident at Cooper's Bay

Continued from page 105

was that a big rock hit the wall of the cave ricochetted off it and landed nearly at my feet. That's the rock," he said. "It was covered with blood and bits of Jack's hair. I hadn't realized how blood he was till I saw it stuck on the stone. When I looked up Querling had gone."

"My God!" I said. It was a good story. But why had he told it? The only reason I could think was that he was trying to make himself safer—too safe. And then he loathed Querling.

"I threw up," he said. "And nearly fainted. Then I pulled myself together and put the rock in my handkerchief and began to climb out. That's when I fell."

"I see," I said. "I suppose I'd better get the police."

"The first thing you've got to do is to get that rock," he said. "Suppose there's a storm or an extra-big wave or something and it gets washed clean and mixed up with the others? It's a round rock, water-worn like a great big pale-grey egg with a white vein running through it. And my handkerchief's red cotton. It's one I got in Portuguese East," he added as if that would help.

It was unlikely that a storm would get up in the two hours or so it would take the police to get here after I called them, but if the stone did get wet his evidence would be gone—fingerprints, blood, everything, even the stone, if there was a stone, because all the stones along the shore are grey and egg-shaped and most of them are veined with quartz.

"It's the fingerprints that matter," Jungler said. "Blood and hair won't help. If I'd done it there'd been blood and hair. And they might think I was just trying to pin it on Querling."

"If you'd done it you'd say nothing," I said.

"I know," he said, "but on the other hand murderers do queer things, trying to make a crime foolproof."

That's clever, I thought, and said, "All right, I'll go." Another job not to my taste. But my curiosity was aroused and though I don't like climbing and I'm not as young as I once was the challenge was too great.

The actual climb was worse than I had thought it would be. I had looked down the Devil's Hole only vaguely before, so when Jungler had spoken of climbing up and down it regularly, I'd imagined that there was some sort of path or rough stair that I had not seen. That was stupid of me, there was nothing there but a few tufts of grass and straggly bushes at the top and some pegs on the rock face that had been driven into the wall by young Jungler or some other climbing enthusiast. But I managed it all right and only tore my trousers. At the bottom there was a short tunnel that led into the deep-water cove. There were stories that the place had once been a smugglers' cave, but there are always stories like that about every cave on every coast. Looking through the tunnel I saw the base of Castle Rock coming up out of the narrow channel of blue sea that separated it from the entrance to the cave. It was extraordinary to think that a murder had been committed in these surroundings, and I found it hard to believe that I was really here searching for a murder weapon—a blunt instrument—my own words came back to me. I stopped looking at the sea because if I wanted to find the handkerchief I had to get my eyes used to the dark. At first I could see nothing but scarcely defined loose stones and long strips of dried kelp which here they call sea bamboo. Then my eyes got used to the gloom and I began to search.

I looked up at the wooden pegs and thought he must have dropped it here somewhere below them. I also thought it might be easier to climb down than it would be to get up again. And if anything went wrong no one but young Jungler knew where I was, and he was helpless, or I thought he was. Suppose he was only acting a part. Suppose he thought I suspected him. He might roll a rock down onto me. Singular lack of imagination on my own part. I thought, not foreseeing these possibilities before I embarked on the scheme. Anyway here I was, so I might as well look. As luck would have it, I did not have to look far. I found the red handkerchief almost at once and opened it to look at the stone. It was covered with blood all right, it was black with it and even in the gloom I could see fragments of Jack Smith's hair still stuck to it. So far Jungler's story was true, but he could still have done it and, having thrown the actual stone away, hopped Jack again with another rock that he'd wrapped in a handkerchief so that it would have no fingerprints. He had made me take a small rucksack to bring the stone back in, so putting it in carefully and tying the string at the top I slung it on my shoulders and started the climb back. The distance was only about forty feet, but I was glad to get to the top. I felt shaky. The whole thing had been a strain, the news of the murder finding Jungler hurt and suspecting him of the crime, the climb, and the curious experience of actually carrying on my back a stone with which murder had been done. I sat down to rest and after a cigarette felt better and went back to Jungler's cottage.

"Did you get it?" he asked.

"I've got it," I said.

Then he fainted. I administered first aid. Pushed his head down and put cold water on his forehead and shoved some of it between his lips and he recovered in a few minutes. Then I fixed up some tea and some soup on the primus. He felt better after that and so did I. Now there was nothing to do except to send for the doctor and the police.

When they came the police were somewhat excited. It was their first real murder case and they all tried to remember what they had learned about murders when they were training. The sergeant quoted his police manual. But it was only with the greatest difficulty that we stopped them from handling the stone. At last we got them to leave everything till the C.I.D. people came from Cape Town, which took about five hours. During that time they sat around acting as if they had discovered the crime, and trying to find the motive, which was really once one knew the facts self-evident. The local police, however, were not psychologically competent to understand a somewhat involved sex murder, or the behavior patterns that pointed it up.

If Jungler had done it—and I really thought he had with one part of me, the part we so loosely called the mind, the logical process that puts two and two together and weaves the circumstantial net of cause and effect—Maizie and I were the actual creators of his crime. Maizie through her teasings, her titillations, her coming forward and drawing back again, and I through my talent for invention which had accurately detailed a foolproof method of killing a man under these somewhat special circumstances. The mistake he had made was allowing his hatred of Querling to run away with him—I thought back to the expression on his face that night when we had talked about the crime and Querling had made those remarks about Maizie practically saying she was no more than a harlot. Though Jungler had said nothing, his gentle face had been transformed by a look of hatred.

This drama of love, hate and death—this pattern of sex and murder—of vanity and desire of cupidity—almost bewildered me. A story was one thing—and it would have made a good story—and fact was another. Especially considering the condition I was in at the time. This business was undoing most of the good my rest cure had done me and proving a severe interruption to my work. I could not think about my novel. I kept going back to the triangle—to Jungler and Maizie and Jack, to the mistake Jungler had made in trying to pin it onto Querling of all men. The man was a prig, a man without either vice or charity, a bigoted witch hunter. He was the kind of man who had sat on the tribunal and condemned young children to death as witches at Salem. If anything ran in his veins it was a mixture of sawdust and ice water, and sexually the man was I should have said about as inflammable as asbestos. Why, I thought, he wouldn't burn if you poured kerosene over him, and it was remarkable that a man of Jungler's imagination and talent should have allowed his hatred to carry him away. What he should have done was to have sat tight and said nothing. And all the while I was thinking this in the other part of me, the part that sentimentalists call the heart, I knew that Jungler could not have done it. So there I was, torn in two. I knew in my mind Jungler had done it and I knew in my heart that he hadn't. I really think I was almost as anxious as Jungler when the C.I.D. came and the rock was rushed to Cape Town with the camera.

The fingerprints were photographed and the negatives developed. Jungler's hand had been steady and there—large as life—was Querling with the stone raised in both hands above Jack's head. A second picture showed him bringing it down, and a third showed Jack falling headfirst into the sea. They were like movie stills, the detail sharp and beautiful. As pictures I should say they were unique. The prints on the stone were Querling's. He was charged with murder and arrested. When all this took place I was numb with surprise and shock. But I remember saying to myself that since the pictures had come out I needn't have done the climb into the Devil's Hole and torn my trousers. It was a defense mechanism to save my vanity.

The case made quite a stir partly because of the dramatic aspect of the crime, and partly because of the strange names of the principals. Querling, the accused, and Jungler, the chief witness for the Crown. Maizie recovered from her sorrow with amazing rapidity, the excitement of being the center of a sex murder, the cause of it, going completely to her head. Besides that, Jack had been even better off than any of us had imagined. And her soul's was as sweet, as Madonnalike as ever when she said good-by to us all. She looked wonderful in black and knew it.

I was called as a witness and all in all the whole business wasted about three months of my time. I had a sense of guilt too because I was in a way responsible for it. It was I with my plot sense that had put the idea into Querling's head at that dinner party. Some queer things came out at the trial. Querling tried to implicate Maizie by saying she had led him on and had promised

Continued on page 108

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Accident at Cooper's Bay

Continued from page 107

to marry him if anything happened to Jack. Of course no one believed it, but I think there was some truth at the back of it. It appeared that she had flirted to put it mildly and to use Grace's words with all the men. But Querling, under examination, turned out a man who could not be believed. There had been a couple of incidents in his past that were far from savory, and Jungler's story of his being a Peeping Tom was confirmed. My own explanation was that the man was suffering from severe repression and that meeting a girl like Maizie had been too much for him. He just went off the deep end. The ratchet that had controlled the malaspring of his life, weakened by years of strain, had snapped, and his libido, loosed like a mad dog that has been chained up in a yard, had sprung out and taken its revenge. Querling had not understood that the forces of life cannot be checked, that nature cannot be mocked. His virtue was unreal, his sepulchre a whitewashed crypt. And Maizie, poor beautiful fool, a natural animal, a peasant in principle depraved of her natural functions of work and motherhood by the looks that had made her a success in the brittle night-club world of one great cities, could not help expressing her charms in a futile subconscious effort to achieve her natural ends, those purposes which nature had intended to be her destiny. Both Querling and Maizie had been devil-driven, for thwarted nature becomes a devil. And seeing the full picture now, I found the design and pattern completely clear. I should have seen it at once. I was shocked at my own lack of perspicacity and ashamed of my suspicions, which had been more than suspicions of young Jungler. It amazed me to remember that I had thought he might kill me when I was in the Devil's Hole.

One of the most interesting aspects of the story, to my mind, was the way Jungler had gone on taking those pictures on a trained photographer's reflex, working coolly and calmly with a steady hand while with his eyes and mind he was watching a murder.

Querling was found to be in possession of a small quantity of arsenic which he said he'd bought to kill rats in his house. But Mrs. Querling said there were no rats, and my personal view is that having killed Jack Smith he planned to poison his wife. Her heart was so bad that it was unlikely the local authorities would demand a post mortem; the doctor who was always visiting her would have made no difficulties about a death certificate. Percy Jungler was put clean off Maizie by what came out, but I did manage to get him an exhibit in New York and he has since then become quite well-known in America as a marine artist and bird painter.

And what did I do? When it was all over I sold my house. I got a good price for it, too, because the murder brought many people to Cooper's Bay who otherwise wouldn't have seen the place. Then I went back to New York.

But I had learned a lot, among other things, that the heart is often a more reliable organ than the brain. Standing by the parapet of my little roof garden I can see the crowds crossing Forty-fifth Street as they go along Broadway. The lights are bright. This is the Great White Way, the amusement center of the greatest city in the world. Maizie must often have crossed the street here, must often have met friends at the Astor, and there was a bloody thread of murder that led from here to Cooper's Bay in Africa, to the rocks perpetually lashed by the savage sea, to the jail in Pretoria where Querling was hanged two years ago. His plea of insanity having been overridden.

One other thing I learned: that there's no peace to be found in a quiet place—though Percy Jungler and I often argue about it. Of course, he really prefers birds to people. But you can't get a love story out of a romance between a pair of roseate terns. And love stories—the stories of the strange and beautiful, and sometimes terrible, interplay of human passion—are my main interest in life, and writing them my means of making a living. Male and female created the them. And as male and female moving in the magnetic fields of mutual attraction, romance, tragedy, heroism and self-sacrifice all play their part, and are great to the writer's mill. ■

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"I'll wait another ten minutes—and if he doesn't show up I'm filling him!"

Dr. Romeo & Juliet

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the American Society of Psychoanalysts that was involved.

"She has anemia," Dr. Brownplate said understandingly.

"Oats herself," Mr. Wacker answered. "I'm quoting Dr. Alper. She has a need for disaster and is able to generate a certain magnetism that induces inanimate objects to attack and endanger her. What I mean to say is she can't act because the minute she starts the whole damn set begins flying at her head."

"I don't believe in poltergeists," said Dr. Brownplate coldly. "If Miss Ballard is being attacked by objects I am quite certain they are being thrown at her," he added, remembering his own mood at *The Hidden River*.

"We have a dozen eyewitness recordings including a filming of all the phenomena," Mr. Wacker answered tensely. "Dr. Brownplate, this is the biggest neurosis that ever hit Hollywood. I want you to undertake its cure."

Romeo Brownplate sighed inwardly. It seemed obvious that Mr. Wacker and possibly everybody else in the studio was ambulatorily, and he felt an impulse to flee. Reminding himself however that the lure of madness was his elected vocation, Dr. Brownplate remained in his chair.

"What are the phenomena to which you refer?" he inquired, thus making his debut as a Hollywood psychoanalyst.

"They start the minute the cameras turn," Mr. Wacker answered in a low voice. "The lamps fall over. The cable fuses blow. Light bulbs explode. It's like a sinister Fourth of July. In *All or Nothing* a ball of fire two feet in diameter floated across the stage and set fire to her hoop skirt. We barely got her out alive. The Confederate officer who was embracing her escaped untouched."

"Always some form of fire?" Dr. Brownplate observed. "Or objects associated with fire."

"My God, I hadn't thought of that!" Mr. Wacker whispered. "Will you take the case?"

"If Miss Ballard will come to my office," Dr. Brownplate began.

"No—impossible. She's terribly negative toward analysis. She's refused even to talk to Alper or Carl Monahan or Siegfried Siegel when they came to see. But she'll talk to you. You and Juliet have too much in common for her to refuse." He tapped Dr. Brownplate's letter. "She also hated *The Hidden River*. She called it *The Hidden Hogwash*. And she hated her part. 'She hates Alper and,' he added triumphantly, 'she hates me.'"

Then, remembering his last three dopes made without Juliet, he sighed. "She's a sweet, wonderful girl. I can't bear the thought of her great career being wrecked by this kind of witchcraft."

Dr. Brownplate approached his first Hollywood swimming pool with no surprise. He had seen pools of this sort often in the movies—green, peaceful and sybaritic. A butler had told him and Mr. Wacker that Miss Ballard was at the pool and they had walked through the sort of house Dr. Brownplate had also seen in the movies—and come on this bright blue oval of water with a mountain at one end. But Miss Ballard was not visible. Instead a red-faced man with a red flabby body covered only by a pair of Hawaiian swimming trunks stood up from a wide sunning couch and staggered to meet them.

"You dismal pansies," said the red face addressing Mr. Wacker. "What the hell brings you here?"

"Where's Juliet?" Mr. Wacker asked quickly.

"None of your foul business." The red face glared. "Who is your spooky friend?"

"Mr. Tom Fogarty," Dr. Brownplate.

"Another blue-plate Viennese special," Mr. Fogarty said leering. "Say no more. I knew the minute he snowshoed into camera. Let me tell you, Professor Blueplate, what I think of psychoanalysts. A rabble of bewildered flycatchers! I wouldn't hire one of them to mend an umbrella. Foul-minded, double-talking fancy pinchers—they ought to be run out of the country—back to Vienna."

Dr. Brownplate listened coolly to this obviously drunken outburst.

"Pipe down, Tim," Mr. Wacker said frowning. "You're drunk."

"I've been drunk for three years—foully, wallowingly drunk—," the red face leered at the tall analyst—"every single day including Mother's Day. Haven't drawn a sober breath since the Saks Fifth Avenue Clearance Sale in 1949. What do you make of that, Professor Horsefeathers? Sex, eh? Upstairs in the subconscious. Go on, let's hear some of that Vienna voodoo talk."

Dr. Brownplate watched a slim tanned figure emerge from the Japanese bathhouse at the end of the pool and come toward them. The young woman exuded such wholesomeness and moral with such grace that Dr. Brownplate failed to observe that she was almost nude in her skimpy bathing suit.

"Miss Juliet Ballard," Dr. Brownplate.

A giddiness floated all thought out of Dr. Brownplate's mind; he attributed it to the sun that had been beating down on his head and possibly the alcohol fumes drifting out of Mr. Fogarty. It was not until an hour later after a swim, a shower and lunch that Romeo Brownplate identified the true cause. He had fallen in love with Miss Ballard as unexpectedly but definitely as one might fall off a roof. He sat listening to her as she laughed musically over the

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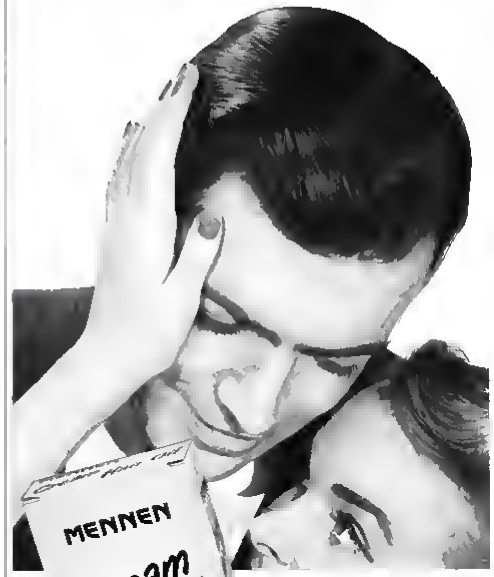

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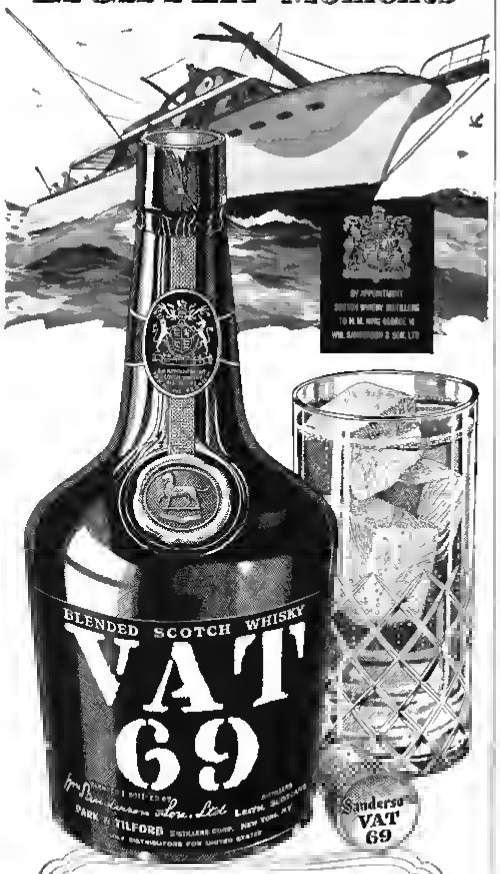

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Dr. Romeo & Juliet

Continued from page 109

letter he had sent Mr Wacker; he was vaguely conscious that Mr Fogarty also roared with joy during the reading. He heard Miss Ballard speak, Mr Wacker and Mr Fogarty joining the talk occasionally, but there was only a filmy reality to the sun-blazing pool and the umbrella-covered lunch table at its side Dr Brownplate's lonely heart had stepped (or fallen) into a wild strange world consisting only of a woman's beauty, grace and mystery It seemed impossible that this gentle, unspoiled young woman—childishly unconscious of her near nudity, polite modest and withal radiant as some forest nymph—was related to the Juliet Ballard he had seen as the undulant and repulsive psychoanalyst of *The Hidden River* Several times he looked savagely at Mr Wacker, the man responsible for that black magic.

As for the lovely Miss Ballard being a poltergeist that seemed only natural to the dizzied analyst Although rare in psychiatry poltergeist phenomena existed as the hidden hysterical protest of an individual against environment. And what could be more natural than a human being as sweet and dear as Miss Ballard protesting even manifestally—against the monstrosities of the movie world?

At the end of the second hour Romeo Brownplate sat alone in the studio car that was rolling him voluptuously back to his rooming house, a successful psychoanalyst with two top-drawer patients for daily sessions at fifty dollars a visit But there was no thought of this windfall in Dr Brownplate's mind He did not even wonder at the magic by which he had won as patients an alcoholic who despised analysts and an alleged poltergeist victim who had previously refused to speak to any of his famous colleagues With head reeling heart thumping and bosom threatening to explode he wondered only how he would manage to keep alive until eleven o'clock Monday morning at which time he would again set eyes on Juliet Ballard

During the first month of his new existence Dr. Brownplate tried not to reveal in any manner the handicap under which he staggered as Juliet Ballard's analyst Sitting behind her as she lay on the couch talking softly of her past Dr Brownplate was too deeply in love for any scientific reaction He was miserably aware that this unethical situation was one of the things he had most despised in *The Hidden River*—in which a lady analyst had sat swooning, not a tittle less than himself at a patient's side.

Dr Brownplate however, did not part his lips or flap his eyelashes. Whatever turmoil was in him his face remained ethical He allowed himself not even a handshake for greeting or good-by And despite the flood of fortune now his hair grew paler and ate less than in his recent poverty

At night writing down a résumé of Miss Ballard's confidences, he could only marvel unscientifically at the purity of her soul Her reminiscences were concerned almost entirely with movie plots in which she had played

"Played Baby Millie in *Love's Crossroads* aged four Loved part. Recalls vividly the scene in which she persuaded her erring father to return to his home and wife in time for her birthday party beautifully directed by Tim Fogarty... Still dreams about the cameraman bursting into tears during her big scene

"Kidnaped by pirates from island home where she was governor's only daughter Aged five Perfect recall of her life on shipboard particularly of touching scene in which she persuaded fierce pirates to give up their criminal practices and join the U S Navy Believes this picture *Wild Gold* one of Fogarty's best directorial achievements Obvious however it was a Juliet Ballard triumph Patient related dream of sitting in crow's-nest with Black Dorando pirate chief

Continued on page 113

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Dr. Romeo & Juliet

Continued from page 110

played by Wallace Beery. A beautiful scene.'

Other critics recounted Juliet's performance as the little ragged thief aged six in *Pagan of the Pavements*, her eight-year-old role as the tain-regular coquettenne in *Circus Madness*, her emergence at ten as a comedienne in *The Devil and Miss O'Houlihan*, her powerful role as Yvette, the tiny war-orphan head of the Paris underground in *Corpses of Diplomacy*.

'At sixteen,' said the notes, 'she played her first kissing role. Kissed Robert Taylor twice. Perfect recall of love scene with R.T. Patient stated: It was only adolescent infatuation. I was really only in love with love and I just felt I couldn't live without R.T. He was so wonderful. In Reel Seven I decided to poison him after he had brought me a doll for Christmas. I tiptoed into his bedroom with a bottle of some sort of acid I had stolen from my daddy's laboratory and I found my sister Joan Crawford in his arms. The realization came to me that her happiness was more important than mine because I really loved J.C. more than R.T. So I gave him up to her without making a sound, just standing behind the curtains with tears running down my face. And finally I tiptoed back to my own bed. Tim Fogarty put in a touch that really made the picture a sensation. He had me fall asleep clinging to the doll R.T. had brought me as if I were still a little girl. Patient went slightly pale when recalling this picture *Hurricane Warning*. Recalled wearing Adrian gown. Patient reported dream: I was lying in bed holding a lovely doll and weeping and at the same time feeling very happy.' R.T. not in dream.'

Studying his notes for the month, Dr. Brownplate felt of two minds toward Miss Ballard's revelations on his analytic couch. He was disturbed as an analyst, and entranced as a lover.

'Patient seemingly lacking in any tension that might produce hysterical phenomena noted on movie set,' he wrote. 'Patient amused by poltergeist adventure.' Admits it is her fault. 'I can feel it coming on. I get sleepy and feel awfly floaty—and then the fireworks start. But it's only something that happens on the set. I'm terribly normal everywhere else.' Asked patient if she felt depressed by inability to continue career. 'Not particularly,' she said. 'I love loafing like this.' Loafing—living—is there any connection in patient's mind?

'Patient's parents died when she was three. Has no recollection of them or of any other relatives. Is able to remember no early frustrations. Understandable since patient became a movie star at four. Patient innocent of all sex experience. Can remember no love affairs of any sort—except as part of movie plots. Has never kissed anyone except before cameras.'

Dr. Brownplate sighed. 'If only she were not a poltergeist, how perfect she would be.'

Tim Fogarty usually took a thirty-minute nap when he hit Dr. Brownplate's analytic couch at five in the afternoon. Opening his eyes at 5:30 partially sobered, Fogarty would resume the gaudy tale of his life as movie director, Casanova and all-around genius.

'I like you, Doc,' Fogarty said, grinning from the couch. 'The reason you're a lame duck with a name name—also you operate in a smelly rooming house. And Juliet likes you too, for the same reasons. Success in Hollywood makes people subhuman or phony. If you want an honest man, go find a lame duck. Besides, you're the only psychoanalyst I've ever seen who hasn't got a face like a Skye terrier. That's a big help for me and Juliet. We like our lame ducks to be pretty.'

Dr. Brownplate listened eagerly to Fogarty's account of his discovery of little Juliet Ballard. The great director had come upon an orphanage picnic while flying cross-country from his second wife.

'I was drunk at the time or I would never have noticed she was a genius,' Fogarty said. 'I've got tremendous powers when I'm drunk.'

He had adopted her immediately and turned her into a movie star a year later. Thereafter he had directed her in twenty-seven box-office masterpieces.

On the subject of his drinking Fogarty revealed that he had begun as a boy sailor on the Mediterranean Freight Line. He had continued his drinking because as he put it, he felt happy and inspired when he was drunk. Realizing this great truth, the patient had logically increased his drinking as he grew older and smarter.

'I can take my liquor or it,' Fogarty said, beaming drunkenly from the couch. 'That I'm the only sane and happy man in Christendom. I'm rich, famous, adored by one and all—especially women.'

But Dr. Brownplate was not deceived by his patient's drunken pretenses either to sanity or happiness. His notes revealed that he considered Fogarty a suppressed homosexual, a psychopathic liar and in serious danger of becoming a suicide.

Patient's aggressions are so violent,' Dr. Brownplate wrote, 'that he must paralyze killer impulses with liquor. Basic problem of patient is a loathing of sex. Consult Dr. Schnurer's chapter on "Cannibalism In Marriage."'

Unaware of his analyst's interrogatory convictions, Fogarty continued to confide in him the secrets of a hundred romantic entanglements—any one of which, he held, would have destroyed a lesser man. Gleefully Fogarty discussed the scores of his sexual 'love bugs' who had shot at him, tried to stab him, rob him and swindle him out of his freedom. They had all ended up rolling wantonly at his feet, threatening to kill themselves if he abandoned them.

'Tears,' said Fogarty, with an unexpected gesture of pain. 'I'm the only casualty of my love life.'

In the seventh week of his analysis, Fogarty dropped a bombshell.

'I'm glad to say my life is now simplified,' the patient announced from the couch. 'The only trouble I've got is Juliet Ballard.'

Summoning all his medical detachment, Dr. Brownplate asked in a tense, thin voice: 'In what way is Miss Ballard disturbing you?'

'Same old way,' Fogarty answered. 'Bombarding me with *Indian Love Call*—after it's over.'

Dr. Brownplate shook for a few moments with a queer unmedical terror. Then he assured himself, was the break in the case.

'What's over?' he asked, after a pause.

Fogarty's answer froze the analyst's heart and lit flames in his head.

'Our affair,' the patient answered bitterly, 'our foolish one-sided fandango. I told her last month I didn't love her any more. The result—Pauline's Fireworks.'

'When did this affair with Miss Ballard begin?' Dr. Brownplate inquired hoarsely.

'On her eighteenth birthday,' Fogarty answered dutifully. 'I told her she was too young. Just a kid. But she said she already had a string of lovers. So what could I do? I was trapped.'

Fogarty sighed and dozed off. Dr. Brownplate sat studying his patient, his own soul in a knot.

In the two weeks that followed, Renton Brownplate grew thinner, paler and less scientific. Vainly he tried to assure himself that Fogarty was a fantasy-ridden neurotic and a boomeing psychotic liar. But his jealous, wounded mind answered miserably that a young woman did not become a poltergeist without reason and that it was possible Juliet Ballard was the psychotic liar in the case. The possibility sickened Dr. Brownplate as an analyst and flattened him out as a lover.

'You don't seem interested any more in my stories,' Juliet said ruefully in the ninth week of her analysis.

'You were talking about reshooting the ending of *The Bride of Darkness*,' said Dr. Brownplate. 'Please continue. I'm very interested.'

'No,' said Juliet. 'I can tell when I'm not going over. Maybe you'll like me to talk about something else?'

'Tim Fogarty,' Dr. Brownplate's tortured heart blurted it out. 'How do you feel about Mr. Fogarty?'

'Tim?' Juliet laughed. 'Oh, he's wonderful. I thought I'd told you. He's sort of my father, mother, and uncles and aunts. He taught me everything I know—including walking and breathing, I guess. I hope you can cure him, Doctor. He should have directed *The Hudson River*, you know. He started in late, he got getting so drunk he couldn't find the set. So they took him off and he's been living with me ever since. Because nobody else can stand him. They think he's a drunken monster. But he isn't. He's terribly sweet.'

'Laying with you,' Dr. Brownplate repeated the searing words. 'I don't quite understand what you mean by that.'

'Oh, not living with me like John Wayne in *The Prince of Tomorrow*. Did you see me in that?'

'No,' said Dr. Brownplate.

'Did you see me in *Lady of the Jungle*?' Juliet asked modestly.

'No,' Dr. Brownplate repeated.

'I'm sorry,' Juliet said, because that was something like Tim and me. It was about a drunken rubber-plantation owner who lived in my native rajah for a whole year and never even tried to kiss me. He committed suicide finally and left me the most wonderful note. I'll never forget it—'So long, baby—see you again some time.'

Dr. Brownplate remained motionless in his chair after Juliet left. He

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Dr. Romeo & Juliet

Continued from page 118

was unable to go out for lunch Instead he sat reading Professor Schneiz *The Problem of The Id's Depersonalization* He found no solace in it He was still reading, pale and motionless when Fogarty arrived an hour early, lay down on the couch and fell into a noisy alcoholic sleep At five o'clock Fogarty opened his eyes and groaned at the white-faced doctor who was watching him

"The first rest I've had in twenty-four hours Doc," he sighed. "It's getting worse."

"What's getting worse?" Dr. Brownplate breathed with difficulty

"That Juliet business" Fogarty groaned "I tried locking all the doors of my bedroom last night but she came climbing in through the window—nude mind you—and yipping about love and heartbreak So I said to her Begone Juliet It's not love—it's just vulgar animal desire' Well Doc I tried to fight her off for an hour and—"

Dr Brownplate reached forward and seized his patient's coat collar

"Get to your feet!" the analyst ordered

"What for?" Fogarty demanded "I'm tired I was up all night with that baby-faced hanshoo Juliet"

Dr Brownplate pulled the patient to his feet and simultaneously hit him on the nose

"You're nuts!" Fogarty cried "I always knew all you Vienna strudels were nuts!"

Fogarty missed a right hook but closed quickly with his analyst Despite his years and his chronic alcoholism Fogarty was the superior battler both in experience and power Romeo Brownplate making his debut as a man of violence found himself battered about as a pair of confusing fists knocked against the wall and tumbled onto his analyst's couch But the rage and pain in Romeo Brownplate sustained him against Fogarty's superior skill Twice he rose from knockdowns and the third time Fogarty was forced to cry out "Stay down, you lousy bum plate or I'll have to beat your brains out!"

A wild blow to his mouth sealed Fogarty A second smash at his nose left him swaying With the fifth blow—a barn-gate swing to the point of his chin—Fogarty went to the floor

The emergence of a new genius in Hollywood is rarely a matter of long burgeoning and eleventh-hour blooming Genius in the cinema capital arrives in a single leap—and sometimes vanishes with equal speed Overnight the dinner tables gossip columns and studio powwows are smitten with awe of a new artistic or intellectual earthshaker, and another Cinderella is crowned

Dr Robert Browning nee Romeo Brownplate in his freshly decorated Beverly Hills offices, was Hollywood's newest keepingly arrived genius William Walker, Tim Fogarty and Juliet Ballard poked voices in movieland had broadcast him into fame with the tale of his psychoanalytic miracles

Hollywood which is almost as devoted to the mysteries of psychoanalysis as to those of art, thrilled to the tale of how Dr. Browning had cured Tim Fogarty of his chronic alcoholism by applying the crudest form of shock therapy A single beating had not only put an end to Fogarty's drinking and his long habit of telling foul lies about everybody, particularly women—it had also solved the problem of Juliet Ballard's guilt complex.

"You see," Mr Walker explained "the whole thing lies in the Fogarty-Juliet relationship She was his Trilby Dr Browning recognized tightly through figure of her poltergeist phenomena Fogarty had been fired out of pictures because of his drunken mess Juliet's subconscious could bear the thought of remaining in the movies with her creator Tim out of them So she started fixing herself by subconsciously acting out the word 'fire' in a literal fashion She started making everything explode around her and almost burn her up Tim analyst's problem of course was to return Fogarty to his career by curing his alcoholism. Some doctors would have taken a couple of years for that but Browning's genius tried a short cut He applied the oldest form of shock therapy to Tim and physically jogged and lifted neurosis out of his subconscious Tim trying to persuade him to write a paper on his revolutionary method of beating normality into patients under analysis but he's too modest He insists he's a scientist and not a pugilist"

Dr Browning no longer Romeo by name sat listening to his lively Juliet in their honeymoon suite in Montrey

"Darling" she said tenderly, "*The Woman Then Garst* is going to be a smash That's direction is really wonderful Wait till you see how we did the scene where I'm trapped by the gangsters in their hideaway and persuade them to give up their criminal practices and join the United States Army It's really very terrific"

"I love you" said Dr Browning "Do you love me?"

"Oh Brownie" Juliet sighed, "enough to give up everything—to run away with you to the end of the world—and live in poverty all my life I love you more even than in *The Vanishing Savage*"

Dr Browning—nee Romeo sighed understandingly as he took his beautiful bride in his arms

"Let's not talk" he said "Let's just sit and look at the sea and pretend there are no movies"

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From Leo to Lamb

Continued from page 51

MacPhail was shocked Everybody yelled but Leo—Chandler, as part of the sentence had ordered him to shut up

Durocher had never shut up before, but he did it now He went to his wife's home in Santa Monica, played golf and enjoyed a genteel social life with Hollywood's upper crust He worked off his rage in the back yard with an ax and a brush hook, clearing six acres of dense woodland A year later when he came back to baseball, he wasn't mad at anybody, and nobody was mad at him

"That suspension was the biggest stroke of luck Leo ever had," one of his friends said recently. It was so unreasonable that even his worst enemies came over to his side For the first time in his life he had the whole crowd with him so he didn't have to fight He could drop his guard and relax Another friend recalling Leo's agonies at his separation from the game takes a different view "If good breaks gotta be that tough," he says "gimme the bad breaks"

Whatever the psychological effect of the suspension, it rid Leo of the troubling ghost that had been haunting him. His next brush with Chandler came in 1949 when a heckling fan named Fred Boysen followed him across the Polo Grounds after a game and tried to snatch his cap Leo pushed him away Boysen fell and in the crowd somebody kicked him He showed up at a hospital with some bruises and charged Durocher with assault

Chandler suspended Leo but the fans wouldn't have it A hundred witnesses swore that Leo was innocent angry phone calls jammed the switchboards at Giant headquarters and New York newspaper offices Five days after the incident Chandler discovered that the crowd was booing him not Leo and lifted the suspension When Leo returned to uniform and walked out on the Polo Grounds he got a roaring ovation, and the Giants knocked off the Pirates for him, 11-4

Leo's career as a tough egg started early in his childhood in West Springfield Massachusetts. His mother recalls that he was loud and forceful with his voice from the moment he could form words At the dinner table he consistently took the conversation away from his parents and three older brothers At school he was generally invisible he played hooky so often that he got to know the truant officer very well Years later the officer came to a ball game and Leo gave him a big and sincere hello

All the Durocher kids played ball and it bothered Leo that he was too small to make his brothers' team Aside from baseball his most serious interest was dancing and he still has a number of silver cups that he won in waltz competitions at Springfield's Butterfly Ballroom High school had no such appeal Although he has let it be known that he won varsity letters in football basketball and baseball the West Springfield High School has no record that he finished even the first year

During that first year he abandoned his amateur standing by playing semipro ball for the Merrick athletic association He stayed semipro until he was 19 when the Hartford club of the Eastern League gave him a two-week preseason tryout at shortstop He flunked it but a week later the Hartford manager came by his tenement home and picked him up for good the regular shortstop had broken a leg

On the advice of scout Paul Krichell the Yanks bought him from Hartford that summer and brought him up to pinch-hit at the tail end of the 1925 season (he got no hits in one official At Bat) He spent the next season in Atlanta where he helped set a minor-league record of 213 double plays, and two years later, in 1928, he came to the Yankees and stuck with Ruth and Gehrig and the greatest team in baseball He was at the top, but he had only begun to fight

One day early in spring training Manager Miller Huggins ordered him into batting practice and he barged right in with the first team ignoring the law that rookies wait respectfully until the regulars have finished He was promptly thrown out Then Huggins tagged him "I told you to bat," he said sternly "Why didn't you do it?" Durocher shoved right into the line and dared anybody to shove him out. Nobody did

In the first exhibition game of the season, against the Philadelphia Athletics he picked a fight with Ty Cobb the meanest and toughest of ballplayers As Leo recalls it, Cobb tried to go from first to third on a single and Durocher got in his way, breaking his stride so he was thrown out easily at third Cobb who regarded rookies as a species of insect walked back to second and put his nose in Leo's face warned in some handy epithets and said "If you ever do that again I'll cut your legs out from under you"

The argument of Leo's reply unscrambled from the four-letter words was that Cobb smelled like the wrong end of a polecat Babe Ruth slammed up to protect him from the murderous Cobb's otherwise Leo the Lip would have become Leo the Corpse

Huggins liked his spirit He praised Leo for sandling Cobb, and after that the rookie insulted everybody within earshot He won games by enraging the opposition but he was warned not to try it on George Moriarty, the Detroit manager an Irishman who smashed you in the face first and held the discussion afterwards

Warnings never stopped Leo

Continued on page 116

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From Leo to Lamb

Continued from page 115

Detroit had three men on base in an early season game with husky Bob Fothergill coming to bat, when Leo lit the fuse. He ran in from shortstop screaming to the umpire that Fothergill was batting out of turn. "Call him out," he ordered.

Mortarty came raging from the dugout, but Durocher's flame-throwing tongue stopped him dead. By the time somebody produced an official batting list the entire Detroit team was blistering. The list proved that Fothergill was in turn, and Leo turned and walked calmly back to his position. "Let's see if that fat slob can get a hit *now*," he muttered. Fothergill fanned.

Leo quickly ran through the opposition, then he turned on his fellow Yankees. Every error drew some of Leo's lip and finally the boys decided they didn't like him. They knew he was a great ball-player—Huggins said Leo was the greatest fielding shortstop he had ever seen—but they wanted nothing to do with him. Nobody would room with him or eat with him.

And then inevitably he pulled one too many. Third-baseman Joe Dugan went for a ball hit down the third-base line, and missed. Leo, backing Dugan from shortstop, ran three times as far as Dugan, scooped up the ball and threw the runner out at first. It was a beautiful play. But when it was over Durocher gave Dugan a loud and public raspberry. That was not to be endured, and the Yanks made plans to throw Durocher off the team.

They did it literally. They tossed him the ball just beyond his reach, or pulled him out of position to make a play. They spread vicious rumors that he was a petty thief and made sure Huggins heard them. Durocher never complained and Huggins stuck by him. But when Huggins died, Durocher knew he was through as a Yankee.

As a matter of fact, he was through in the American League. Waived out by all eight clubs, he went to Cincinnati in 1930. His batting average, which had reached a respectable if not triumphant .270 with the Yankees, fell to .243 his first year with the Reds, .227 the second, and .217 the third. Cincinnati thereupon traded him to the St. Louis Cardinals, where he found a home away from home.

Playing with St. Louis' rough and rapid Gashouse Gang in 1934, he pulled his batting average back to .260 and handled 760 fielding chances with only 33 errors. The Cards, under manager Frank Frisch, won 95 games and sailed into the World Series against Detroit. Durocher's great moment came in the sixth game with the Tigers leading, three games to two.

Detroit's pitcher was the spectacular Schoolboy Rowe, who had won 24 games in the regular season. Rowe had submitted to a radio interview on the eve of the series, and during the interview he had addressed an unfortunate question to his wife, who was listening at home—"How'm I doin', Edna?" Every time Durocher saw Rowe during the series he gave a fine, panny-waist imitation of Rowe's uncorrupted manner. Coming to bat in the sixth game, he tapped his rump on the plate, looked up at the big pitcher and sneered again. "How'm I doin', Edna?" he yelled.

Rowe blew up, and Durocher, who had amassed a grand total of two hits in the first five games, pasted him for a double and two singles. The Cards won, 4 to 3, and went on to take the Series the next day.

Someone once asked Durocher if such tactics were good sportsmanship. "Sportsmanship?... That's a funny kind of word," he said. "What are we out for except to win? This is professional, not amateur. Look, I'm playing third base. My mother's on second. The ball's hit and she goes by me on the way to third. I accidentally trip her up. I'll help her up, brush her off, tell her I'm sorry. But she doesn't get to third."

Durocher's willingness to kill the opposition, if necessary, put him into the All Star Game in 1936 and 1938, and made the Dodgers give up four players to get him from the Cards after the 1937 season, his worst year in the majors, when he hit a birdlike .203. The Dodgers finished seventh in 1938, and Larry MacPhail, who was in the process of spending $450,000 to bring major-league ballplayers to Brooklyn, picked Leo to manage his club in 1939.

With MacPhail's money paying for talented help, Leo pulled the Dodgers to third in 1939, second in 1940, and the championship in 1941. In seven of his eight years as full-time manager, Brooklyn finished third or better. When he returned to the pale in 1948 he was greeted by the Dodgers with gobs of salary and a team that couldn't win for losing.

In the Polo Grounds, meanwhile, Horace Stoneham and his manager, Mel Ott, had agreed it was time for Mel to leave the Giants. Stoneham sent an emissary to Burt Shotten, coach of the Dodgers, to see if he would be available for the job. Shotten said he would take it, but only if he got the go sign from Branch Rickey, the Dodgers' Great White Father. When Rickey heard what was up he sent Durocher to Montreal on a scouting trip, got behind his cigar and made like the Oracle of Delphi. And when the smoke had cleared Stoneham was nibbling for Durocher.

Leo was attractive bait. He had been beating the Giants consistently. He was expressive, but he was one of the smartest managers in the National League.

Two days later, in one of baseball's best-kept secrets, the deal was arranged. Stoneham went to Leo's apartment to negotiate the details and found Laraine alone listening to the Brooklyn-Cincinnati game. "Leo starts managing the Giants tomorrow," Stoneham told her.

Mrs. Durocher snapped off the radio. "Then why should I listen to the Dodgers?" she said brightly.

Leo's love life has followed—or mirrored—the course of his career: he started in stormy winters and battled the elements until he found himself in calm seas. His first marriage, to Ruby Hartley in 1930, produced a daughter, but it didn't take, and Leo won't discuss it—he says tried to pretend that it had never happened. That marriage ended with a complicated divorce in the Spring of 1934, and six months later Leo was married again to dress-designer Grace Dozier.

Mrs. Dozier was a Cardinal fan, and Leo proposed to her through baseball. The Cards were three games behind, with only five games left to play, and he promised her that if she married him the Cards would take the pennant. She did and they did, and the marriage steadied Leo considerably.

From his first experience with large-denomination green money Durocher has had expensive tastes. As a young Yankee he earned $5000 a year and picked up substantial side money backing his phenomenal ability as a pool player. It wasn't enough to pay the bills, and when the Yanks waived him out of the league he owed more than twice his Cincinnati salary of $6500 a year. By the time he married Mrs. Dozier his debts had reached $20,000 and to avoid his creditors he was sneaking out to the ball park in the early morning and sitting in the stands until gametime. Mrs. Dozier cleared up his debts and managed his income; she even handled his $10-a-week payment to his former wife for the support of their daughter. Her management was so efficient that when they separated by mutual consent in 1943 and she divided their joint accounts into equal shares, Durocher—who had never saved a cent—discovered he was well off.

He met his present wife, the lovely Miss Day, on a plane to California shortly after the end of the 1946 season. Within three weeks they were thinking of marriage, which came as a great surprise to Laraine's husband and her three children. It was almost as great a surprise to Leo. "My God!" he said to reporters after the wedding. "I come west to play golf and I end up with a wife and three kids!"

Despite its exuberant beginnings Durocher's third marriage has been an extremely happy one, and he credits Laraine with starting the play that changed him from Leo the Lion to Leo the Lamb. The old Durocher never kept an appointment, acknowledged a fan letter, answered a message or did anything that wasn't precisely convenient for Leo Durocher. The new Durocher is punctual and courteous as a diplomat.

"Laraine likes things done certain ways," he explains. "If somebody calls and leaves a message to call back, she calls back. Not tomorrow, but right now. In the beginning when she gave me the messages I'd say, 'Sure, honey, sometime later.' She'd just stand there and say, 'Let's do it now.' So it was easier to do it now, and after a while I got in the habit. So now I call everybody. I carry around lists of errands and memos. If somebody writes me a letter he gets an answer." During the last World Series Leo received 2700 fan letters. In the old days he would have dumped them into the nearest ash can; in 1951 he dumped them into the bank of his car and when he drove home to Santa Monica he spent two hours a day dictating answers until they were all cleared up.

Leo gives another assist to the change in baseball over the years. "We get a different type player now than we did when I broke in twenty-five years ago," he says. "These boys are high-school and college boys and they're sensitive kids. You interview their parents. You get a feeling of personal responsibility toward them. Naturally you're going to develop a softer heart."

Still a third assist must go to prosperity. Before the war Leo could get about $200 for an occasional radio appearance. The season before his suspension Leo hit $1500 for a single guest spot and took in $8000 for the year. Last season, when he refused all radio and TV dates to give him full attention to the Giants, he turned down offers worth $50,000—as much as he makes from an entire season in baseball. He has a three-year contract with a hustling ball club, a wardrobe full of expensively tailored clothes, a famous and attractive wife, a mansion in California, a Park Avenue apartment, and two youngsters he can watch grow up. His health is excellent, though he hasn't appeared in a box score since 1945 he is as thin and as tough as he was in his thirties. And he is one of the most popular men in New York.

Leo gives himself little credit for this new and overwhelming popularity. "There's nothing in that," he said recently. "When you win everybody thinks you're a nice guy."

One of his listeners reminded him of a comment he had made five years before: "I don't want nice guys on my ball club. Nice guys finish last."

The reminder brought back a flash of the old Durocher. The famous lip quivered, the calluses hard clenched. Then he leaned back and grinned. "Aw," he said, "to hell with that. Forget it." #

Continued from page 51

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Freedom Calling

Continued from page 56

bright yellow to make life easy for the patrol boats of the secret police. Hungarians were given facts on the mass deportations eastward of certain groups, and on the orders covering separation from their parents of children, particularly those who had not yet reached school age, so that they could be brought up in pioneer camps and schools which would kill the longing for freedom and develop a contempt for religion. The people of Poland were alerted against fake priests-graduates of the ten schools and two "seminaries" run by the Russian Organization. These spies the Poles learned are equipped with forged Church documents and are under orders to violate the secrecy of the confessional, arrange protests against bishops and denounce the Vatican.

Psychological explosives of this nature are lobbed behind the Iron Curtain by short-wave transmitters located near Frankfort, Germany, and Lisbon, Portugal. There is also a giant medium-wave station in Munich which beams programs at Czechoslovakia on a signal almost fifteen times as powerful as WNBC, New York. The Frankfort and Lisbon stations are supplied, either by air mail or short-waves, with programs taped at the home office in New York, but most of the eleven-and-one-half hours of programs broadcast from Munich are produced on the spot.

Radio Free Europe adds important decibels to the free world's squeaking answer to the Big Lie of Radio Moscow. It broadcasts 800 hours a week, and of course all of its messages are beamed to the captive countries. The Voice of America broadcasts 700 hours a week, and Russia sends out 1000 hours both of them beamed to the whole world and not exclusively to Europe as captive countries. We never have more than two stations broadcasting around the clock at one time while most of Radio Moscow's transmitters operate twenty-four hours a day, in every important world language with the lying vitriolic tongue of a drunken prostitute. The State Department estimates that Radio Moscow's gutter rhetoric has convinced more than one-third of the world's population that we started the Korean War.

In 1950 the American people invested in this grim battle for man's minds almost as much money as they spent in advertising lipsticks and nail polish. Russia probably spent more just on the one thousand transmitters she has built to jam our broadcasts.

RFE has fewer employees than the Russians have transmitters. It operates on contributions from the public and donations from wealthy individuals and foundations whose names cannot be revealed because they wish to remain anonymous. Some of its expenses are paid by Crusade for Freedom, which holds an annual drive to raise money for the fight against Communism.

The network may not be able to match Russia's physical plant but it is rapidly learning to match the Soviet in low level knee-in-the-groin propaganda—without resorting to Russia's contemptuous disregard for the truth. The Voice of America and the Overseas Section of the British Broadcasting Company, as government agencies are inhibited in their broadcasts by factors of policy and diplomatic punctilio. As a private enterprise RFE can be, when necessary, impudent, insulting, virulent or vulgar.

RFE's greatest strength lies in its personnel. Although the directors are Americans the network is in practice a mouthpiece for exiled democratic people, some of them formerly leaders of the captive countries. Direct responsibility for programming falls on desks staffed by men selected from the ranks of qualified exiled writers and radio experts who are then carefully trained in the techniques of addressing a mass audience. Most of them would like to bombard the Soviet overlords of their countries with explosives, as it is they do what they can with words.

The head of the Bulgarian Desk is Dimiter Matzankieff formerly of the Bulgarian Parliament and the Executive Board of the Peasant Party. He was sent to a concentration camp in 1938 for opposing the dictatorial rule of King Boris. When he was released a year later, he showed his contempt for the oppressor by circulating to the Bulgarian people a printed letter detonating the dictatorship. He went back to prison and was released again in late 1940. Then he learned that Boris had made a deal with Hitler to let the Gestapo police Bulgaria and he left the country in a hurry under an assumed name and with papers loaned him by "a friendly power." Since the Gestapo was after him he had to follow a devious escape route that led through Salonika, Istanbul, Jerusalem, Cairo, and across Central Africa to a coastal airport at Ligos, Nigeria. There he got a plane to London, where he worked with the BBC until he came to this country in the Summer of 1950 to take his present position with RFE.

His staff consists largely of young students who were out of Bulgaria at the time of the invasion and worked their way to this country. Dr. Matzankieff thinks they are doing a good job because "Radio Sofia is very angry with us."

The men on the Polish Desk must all remain anonymous as they still have families in Poland. (When a newspaper carelessly published the information that one exile had become connected with RFE his whole family behind the Iron Curtain abruptly disappeared.) These men are journalists, scholars, and experienced radio personnel. Many were active in the historic Warsaw uprising, and the majority had to escape Poland by underground channels. The head of the staff is a seasoned man who, not too many years ago made headlines in the world's press before he disappeared from public sight.

Mihai Farcasanu directs the programs beamed to Rumania. A tall handsome man, Farcasanu formerly led the progressive wing of his country's Liberal Party and served as editor-in-chief of the liberal newspaper *Viitorul*. When the Communists gained power they attempted to throttle *Viitorul* by refusing to supply the paper with newsprint. Farcasanu got around this obstacle by buying paper from the bosses of the Communist newspapers at black-market prices—an experience which explains in part his contempt for Soviet morality.

In February 1945 the presses were stopped at two in the morning by a telephone call from the Soviet legation to the *Viitorul* offices. Farcasanu went at once to the legation and was shown a copy of his paper which carried the story of a cocktail party given at the British legation for a visiting British commission. After the names of the guests (their honors were listed in the usual fashion: OBE, VC, FRGS, etc.) The Russian diplomat pointed to the initials—which stand for Order of the British Empire, Victoria Cross and Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society—and said with a straight face: "Your paper is obviously carrying messages in code. This we cannot permit."

Farcasanu had wits enough to realize that the accusation was as dangerous as it was absurd. He walked out of the legation building into the underground. And he stayed underground while the courts sentenced him in absentia to hard labor for life, until an afternoon in 1946 when a young Rumanian army pilot flew a government plane into the Bucharest airport for "overhaul." As the plane taxied to the far end of a runway opposite a heavy woods the engine died. It took the pilot as much time to get his motor started as it took Farcasanu and his wife to run from the cover of the woods and climb aboard. The trio escaped to Italy and the Farcasanus came here in 1948.

The Rumanian Desk at RFE is staffed with journalists, writers, actors and a former aide to King Michael of Rumania. This former courtier, who escaped with his whole large family, worked on a farm for a year before joining RFE. And since RFE cannot pay large salaries and he has many mouths to feed, he still does manual labor occasionally on week-ends.

Three journalists, a poet, a career diplomat and a former foreign correspondent—all men who must remain anonymous—are on the staff of the Hungarian Desk. The head of the desk, a former leader of the underground, is a young man who was in Turkey when the Communists took over Hungary and therefore didn't have an escape problem.

Ferdinand Peroutka, in charge of the Czech Desk, is a tall, kindly man with a sad, seamed face and gentle blue eyes. He hasn't much cause to look happy. Peroutka was his country's leading playwright and journalist, with a talent for excoriating Nazis which led them to arrest him on the day they entered Prague. He was immediately sent to Dachau. Four years later, in 1943, the Germans brought him back to a Prague jail and spent 18 months trying to "persuade" him to write for them. When their persuasion failed he was sent to Buchenwald in August 1944 with papers reading *Rückkehr unerwünscht*—returned undesired—which meant that he was to be exterminated. Two days after his arrival an American bomb aimed at a nearby factory accidentally hit the Buchenwald administration building, and the papers were burned. The accident saved his life.

When the Russians seized Czechoslovakia, Peroutka's plays were banned and his money expropriated. He learned by secret means that he was scheduled for deportation to Siberia, and he

Continued on page 120

"Now, more than ever, Mrs. Feeney, we should have harmony on the home front"

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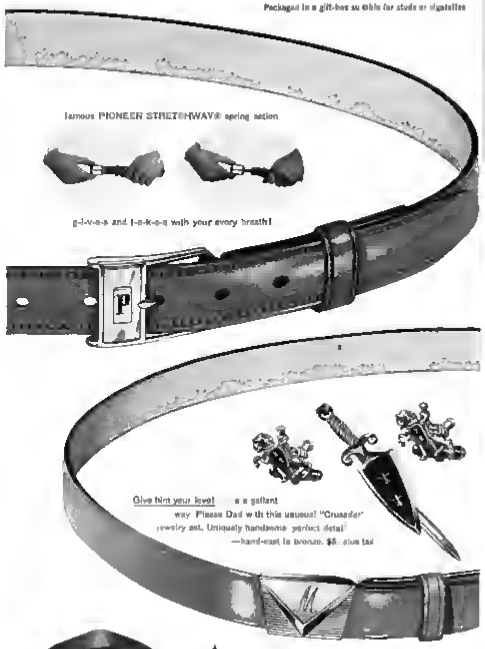

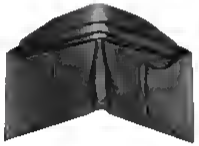

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Freedom Calling

Continued from page 115

arranged to be smuggled out of Prague in an old wardrobe, on a furniture van and led across the border on foot into the American Zone of Germany. His three guides were captured on the return trip and sentenced to ten years at hard labor. He worked for the BBC until the National Council for Czechoslovakia, of which he is a member, asked him to come here in April 1950 to work for RFE. He is pleased that the Communist-controlled Czech press and radio find frequent cause to refer to him as "Traitor Peroutka."

Among Peroutka's assistants are two journalists and a legal authority with a combined record of thirteen years in concentration camps, a former underground leader who was captured by the Nazis and saved from execution only by the arrival of the Allied Armies, and one of the heroes of the Slovak uprising of 1944. Peroutka has a staff of twenty-three in New York, and a hundred and eighty Czechs and Slovaks work under his general supervision at the giant medium-wave station in Munich.

Each of the national desks has its own pipe line into its own country—and that is all the desk heads will say on the subject. But RFE has many unofficial sources of information. It often manages to raise up with news which the Soviet has tried desperately to conceal from the world.

A rule of thumb in intelligence work is that ninety per cent of the information you want can be found in the newspapers, periodicals and books published by the enemy—if you know how to read. RFE has been able to locate and employ men specially trained in reading between the lines of published material. It is just a question of matching an item in last April's newspaper with an item in last October's trade journal with an item in last month's technical journal. One of the experts said recently: "Put them together and they may tell you—well, say that the Czech armament works has just delivered 2200 ZH2-type machine guns to Indonesian rebels via Hong Kong, on the tramp steamer *Bratislava*."

Press analysis of this nature, which some consider an esoteric art, enabled RFE to expose a Hungarian Peace Loan as fraudulent. Experts in New York proved that the 1 032 000 000 forints (a forint is approximately 10¢), which had been coerced from peasants and workers for "peace" was actually to be spent on retooling Hungarian factories for armament production. RFE also used published material to tell hungry residents of Budapest that Communist members of the Turf National Corporation were importing special grain and fodder to feed race horses. Equally hungry Rumanian workers, who were receiving mostly gristle and bone for their meat-ration tickets, were charmed to learn that a steady stream of cattle transports and refrigerated trains loaded with meat and butter was flowing into the Soviet Union at the border point of Unghani. And the Hungarian government found its national blood-donation campaign at a standstill after RFE produced evidence that the blood of Mrs. Lajos Fianovics, of 40 Kelenföldi ut 50, Budapest, and thousands like her had gone to the USSR and had not been blood-banked for Hungarian use, as claimed.

In the past three years more than 300,000 people have escaped from Communist countries to the West, and the number increases at the rate of 500 to 1000 a week; even though these refugees must cross the most perilous frontiers in the world. (It is estimated that eighty per cent of those attempting to escape across the Bulgarian border into Turkey are shot down.) RFE relies heavily on these escapees. From strategically located news bureaus the Information Section sends out interrogation teams skilled in extracting material that can be used as ammunition against the Communist regimes. These teams cover all the DP camps and refugee centers and keep an eye on cafés and coffeehouses. An intelligence officer recently said that a trained man could learn as much today in the cafés of Vienna, Rome, Istanbul, Stockholm, and Athens as he can pick up as a spy behind the Curtain.

Listening posts abroad monitor the Soviet-controlled radio for RFE, and workers keep in close touch with organizations in the field.

A major source of information is the Free European Press Service, an organization of exiled journalists which was founded in May 1950 and immediately received a commission from RFE. The Service has nine offices on the perimeter of the Curtain and fifty men on its full-time pay roll. The individual bureaus, according to Zygmunt Nagorski, head of the New York office, have "tentacles" reaching into captive countries to draw out the "unpublished" news. Agents keep on friendly terms with satellite ship crews, black marketeers, deserters and other human bits of flotsam and jetsam. The following excerpts from a letter written by a field man in . . . throw light on the operations of the Free European Press Service:

I am with great care keeping secret that I am a correspondent of FEPS but fly the flag and register everywhere as [here he names his cover-job]. *This only a few people know and these are considered to be too many by one or two . . . Yesterday Minister A* [name withheld for security reasons] *held a conference and a Hungarian attache I am told asked carefully what I do and for whom. The checking is constant.*

I dare not subscribe to the Communist newspapers as I do not want that they shall run a my address and keep me on record. I arrange with a newsstand in town that they buy these papers for me and I fetch them there. Also I do not like to leave any material at home as I do not know what the chambermaid is doing while I am away.

When I call for appointments the telephone makes click and I know the Russian censorship has turned its tape on. If I am in good temper and speak with a friend who knows about it we tell a long story what is going to happen in Germany when the occupation of . . . is terminated. The most refined methods of the Spanish Inquisition are tried out. Anyhow nothing can be told and something like this must be said "We meet where we met yesterday."

Transways must be chosen at random in this way that they do not enter the Russian Zone but remain always in the French, British, American or International Zones. This is very difficult.

Now I get a report someone I must are meeting by train. The terrain at is in the Russian Zone and when I go there I have always the bad feeling I will be seen by a (deleted) political police agent, because there are some of them in . . . and then I may turn out to be a prisoner in stead of a reporter for FEPS.

Yesterday a young lady told me she will phone me in the evening and arrange that I meet my acquaintance from a very interesting man from behind the Iron Curtain. She rang me at 8 o'clock and told me to come to a coffee-house in the Russian Zone. Hah! I just stepped in a telephone from operating. Why? I met the young lady again I will rescue myself and my I do not know what happened in my telephone but I could not understand what she said. Perhaps you would have received a good report. More likely you would have received one about your reporter. And I do not like to be the subject neither of reports nor of diplomatic notes.

With all the varied material available to them the six national desks produce a wide variety of programs to expose, ridicule, satirize and refute the Russian Big Lie. They also produce programs featuring folklore and folk songs that have been banned, dramas with ideological overtones, political satires, educational material and commentaries on the news behind the Curtain.

Occasionally the news broadcasts create news. Such programs are planned by a committee of highly qualified experts on psychological warfare. Recently one of the committee noticed that Anna Pauker, famed Rumanian stooge of the Kremlin, had been missing for a long time from public events at which she might have been expected to show her ugly face. So he beamed to Rumania a news story which said there were strong "rumors" to the effect that Anna was in disgrace with the Kremlin and had been relieved of her power and placed in custody. Three weeks later Anna double-crossed him by appearing at a Cominform Conference in Prague. This development didn't disturb the committee too greatly. They merely broadcast another story announcing that the Russians were so concerned over the news leak of Anna's fall from grace that they had made special arrangements for her appearance in Prague in a feeble effort to scotch the rumors.

RFE tries to keep its programs on a mass level, making no particular effort to reach the intellectuals. It abjures harangues and editorial abstractions and makes no attempt to sell the American way to the captive countries. RFE recognizes that there are people who prefer their own way of life to ours—and cashes in on their great distaste for the Russian way of life. But RFE's programs don't attack the Russian people, as a national group. They only attack the Kremlin and what it stands for.

The network's programs are performed by a mixed collection of radio artists. A broker who has had a seat on the New York Stock Exchange for twenty years, and who had to relearn his native tongue to work for RFE, neglects his business to make broadcasts. A Methodist minister, knowing several languages, comes in from Brooklyn to play the role of a Fascist thug; a refugee general from the Bulgarian navy, which has no admirals, is available at all times, and so is an actress who was the Helen Hayes of Poland. An unemployed clothing salesman, a naturalized Bulgarian, stepped in off the streets and volunteered his services—and turned out to be a talented performer. Labour Viehgoniev gets up early the morning after his performances with the Metropolitan Opera and hurries to the studio to do a show.

Behind the program production lies the American administrative staff. President of the National Committee for a Free Europe since March 1952 is Rear Admiral Harold Miller, who served as Navy public relations chief during World War II and later was public relations head of the American Petroleum Institute.

Until the Fall of 1952 the executive head of Radio Free Europe was Frank Altschul, a former international banker. Altschul has now stepped up to an advisory position, but it is generally agreed that his determination, persuasive talents and administrative abilities made the organization possible.

The network's director is Robert Lang, a large, forthright, driving young man with the strength of his convictions and a vast knowledge of radio. Lang, who once handled public relations and radio for Fred Waring and spent five years in the communications branch of OSS, was Advertising and Sales Manager of General Foods when he took a leave of absence to join RFE.

In the Winter of 1949 Lang was sent abroad with the original idea for RFE, which was to rent time on foreign broadcasting stations for exiled democratic leaders to speak to their people behind the Curtain. "The idea fell flat on its face," Lang says. "In four of the countries I went to—it would probably be undiplomatic to name them—they were just damn well afraid of the idea."

Continued on page 123

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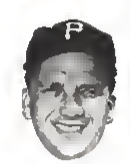

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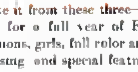

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Freedom Calling

Continued from page 121

boldness seems to decrease in direct ratio to the number of miles between you and Moscow. In the fifth country they thought American propaganda was so lousy it would do more harm than good. We got a letter from an American communications expert in that country, which explains why they turned me down.

The letter began:

I wonder if you've considered the reason for the refusal you've received? These people are pretty well fed up with well-meaning well-fed high-living good samaritans, principally Americans, who are attempting to run affairs out here and are making very many stupid mistakes in the doing. In reality these people like being their own way, even if it is outmoded by American standards. They just want to be free in their own country in their own way. They don't want rules talks from us.

When Lang's mission fell through, the directors quickly shifted their plans. The shift was made possible by the unexpected gift from an unrevealed source of a short-wave transmitter which was set up in a forest in the American Zone of Germany. Production offices were opened in New York and the staff went to work to keep the captive people in contact with their exiled leaders. But the original dry runs and test programs turned out to be nothing but speeches, speeches; they sounded like a multilingual elocution school on the air.

The American administrative staff objected to this monotonous spate of words and Lang was told by one national leader: "You may know radio and propaganda technique, but I know my people. Let me speak to them for fifteen minutes and I will give them enough spiritual sustenance to last them for two years." Lang gave him a coarse answer, and then he and Altschul proceeded to wangle the National Councils into staffing their desks with communications men rather than demagogues.

A crying need for radio technicians had been proclaimed by the first sound effect written into a script by an exile: "Silent footsteps of a ghost on water." So Lang gathered around him a cadre of American radio and propaganda experts.

RFE's station manager is a man who was head of the U.S. Army's radio station in Frankfort for three years. The heads of the program, production and script departments are all radio veterans with many years of network experience. The planning department is run by a reserve lieutenant colonel trained in psychological warfare. Men who were formerly in military intelligence direct the Information and Research sections. These men net primarily, in an advisory capacity and try to avoid imposing their will on the national desks. Occasionally a desk man mutters: "They never impose their will on us unless they want to—" but, everything considered, RFE has surprisingly few arguments.

Initial plans to put RFE on the air in March 1950, were delayed four months by the need for building a functional program department. The department finally jelled with a hard core of the best available exile talent surrounded by a ring of American experts and RFE made its opening broadcast on July 4, 1950.

The opening program set the pattern for the future. It exposed a vicious Communist conspiracy in Czechoslovakia, warning the Czechs to beware of several high-ranking officers who had just been dismissed from the army with much fanfare about their alleged disloyalty to the Communist regime. These officers, RFE reported, were *agents provocateurs* who had been deliberately cashiered in an effort to make them appear as loyal Czechs. They were actually working for State Security Minister Kopriva, and their assigned mission was to penetrate into the Czech underground movement, foment an anti-communist uprising and expose its leaders to the State Security Police. Neither the captive press nor the Prague radio ever offered any rebuttal to this broadcast—and the uprising did not take place.

Lang refuses to assess the effectiveness of RFE. He says: "Some of our stuff probably stinks. Some of it is getting across pretty well, so've reason to believe. We're encouraged by their press and radio attacks on us. And they've even imitated a couple of our programs in an attempt to counteract them. But the whole operation is emerging from the experimental stage. We're feeling our way. After all, nothing quite like this has ever been tried before. And we'd damn well better make it work in short order. This sort of broadcasting is for keeps, not bo-tops. It's time some of us, besides Portia, started facing life."

After a moment's thought he added: "Today we're probably like a bee—buzzing, buzzing, buzzing. But remember the bee's buzzing is more than just an annoyance. It's the warning of the sting to come."

Rude Pravo, official Communist newspaper in Prague, recently said of RFE: "These traitors can be met only by the increased contempt of our people, contempt for them and their masters—and one day all of them will end up on the same garbage dump!" So it's fairly obvious that the Soviet finds the bee's buzzing damned annoying.

And the sting—when it comes—could be fatal. #

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A Horse of Parts

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influence that his better-bred cousins seemed to lack. Even the most spirited of the tonier thoroughbreds could by same device be bent to their master's will but not Dan. He had the heart of a true rebel. I offered to take him off Mr. Gallagher's hands. It would save him the trouble of destroying Dan. I pointed out, and besides I pleaded he ought to be given a chance. With patience and proper handling, he might mend his ways. The method had worked with other horses; why not try it on Dan? Mr. Gallagher was impressed by my arguments but seemed reluctant to endanger his friendship with my Uncle Frank, in whose stable I planned to keep the horse. He agreed finally to hold Dan until the following day and to turn him over to me then if I had my uncle's permission to stable him. He also promised at my insistence that he'd keep his stable hands from molesting Dan.

Getting Uncle Frank to sanction the transfer wasn't difficult. I explained that the horse was a trifle headstrong. I did not disclose what I'd seen of his behavior that afternoon. The single obstacle that my uncle raised was quickly overcome. His stable hands, he said, were already overworked, and he didn't think it fair to burden them with a new and difficult charge. I agreed then to look after the feeding, bedding, grooming and exercising of Happy Dan myself. That clinched the deal.

Dan was in his new home less than an hour when all hell broke loose. Coming over from Gallagher's, he'd given me no trouble at all. I'd taken along a pocketful of loaf sugar and between it and a running murmur of soft, affectionate cooing sounds, we'd got along fine. Toward the end of our trip I thought I detected a warmth in his eyes I hadn't seen before and his head-shyness, so apparent at the start of our journey, seemed to have vanished. He entered the stable quietly and offered no resistance when I led him into the open-end stall I had prepared for him. Standing knee-deep in clean, fresh straw, with plenty of sweet-smelling timothy and oats, he seemed to be as happy and contented as Black Beauty in his salad days. Securing his halter shank to the ring, I stroked his neck and left the stall. He was docile as a faun.

The trouble started when Froggy, the senior hand, returned to the stable and saw Dan. He said later that he couldn't believe Dan was a horse and that he'd entered the stall for a closer look at the animal. Froggy, a short, squat, elderly Negro, who looked and talked like a frog, had a way with horses. He seemed to know instinctively whether a horse would respond to gentle coddling, or whether stronger measures should be employed. Of both techniques he was a master and his advice was sought and heeded, not only by my uncle, but by neighboring owners as well. Unfortunately, Dan didn't give Froggy time to determine, instinctively or otherwise, which of the two methods ought to be used on him. When Froggy was abeam of his rump, Dan suddenly leaned his full weight on him, pinning his shoulders against the heavy pole timbers of the stall. It was obvious that Dan was an old hand at the game and that he played it in earnest. Though Froggy yelled and screamed and brought his knees hard up into Dan's belly, it did him no good. With quiet deliberation, Dan neatly braced all four of his feet against the opposite wall and with slow, rhythmic heaves kept thumping away. Froggy's shouts carried into the tack room where Uncle Frank and I were getting together the special gear that would be needed to keep a saddle on Dan. We dropped the gear and made for the stalls. Halfway there I turned about and dashed back to the tack room. I'd sensed what was wrong. Snatching a twitch from its peg, I once more ran toward the stalls. Happy Dan was still playing his game, but this time with Uncle Frank as a partner. Froggy was lying half-buried in straw, gasping for breath. I pulled him to safety and crouching low re-entered the stall and reached Dan's head. It wasn't necessary to apply the twitch. At my order to straighten up Dan did just that, releasing Uncle Frank who moved out fast. I slipped Dan some sugar. I had still to get out of the stall and I'd seen how he'd treated Froggy and my uncle. I got out safely.

Happy Dan was now thoroughly unpopular and matters weren't helped any by the information that Froggy had got four broken ribs from the encounter and would need an extended leave from the stable. Only by prolonged pleading could I persuade Uncle Frank to give the horse another chance. It was finally agreed that I would move Dan into a box stall, post the stall with danger signs, and keep myself available to look after him. Nobody else was to go near him. I also promised to take over whatever I could handle of Froggy's work until he returned to his job. The new arrangement worked out satisfactorily for all.

It was quite by accident that I learned of Happy Dan's jumping prowess. A few weeks after the open-stall incident, I was riding him home from the blacksmith's. Our route took us through a small public park that was a popular meeting place of the nursemaids from the near-by homes. Sitting on benches along the edge of a cement walk running roughly parallel to the bridle path, they would sun themselves and their charges while exchanging professional gossip.

Continued on page 124

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A Horse of Parts

Continued from page 123

up with their colleagues. Dan was going along at an easy canter. He had a comfortable gait and the saddle, by now, fitted both of us perfectly. Behind the cantle of a hunting saddle I'd riveted a brass footman's loop, and through it had run a turnback strap leading to a croupier that rested securely below Dan's tail. It proved an effective brake to keep the saddle from sliding downward along the forward slope of Dan's back. I'd fashioned a breast collar from the breeching of a heavy dray harness and run the cinch through its free ends, thus preventing the cinch from slipping backward toward the narrower part of Dan's belly. Such a rig if worn by an animal of greater awareness would cause violent frustration and eventual madness; for with every stride Dan took, his chest tugged at his tail. But if he was puzzled at all he didn't show it and although when saddled he looked like a mountain pack animal going downhill backwards, he seemed to be supremely happy. We'd already passed two or three groups of baby carriages and nursemaids when Dan, without warning, left the path at a gallop and headed obliquely for the next group beyond. His sudden change of pace and direction nearly unseated me. Before I could bring him under control he leaped from the ground and sailed over the heads of the two seated nursemaids. Looking down from my perch I could see their pale faces turned upward and hear their hysterical screams. As if mistaking their cries as a call for an encore, Dan wheeled about and jumped them again. I prevented a third demonstration only by tugging on the nearside rein until Dan's nose reached my knee. Meanwhile all of the maids had fled in a panic, bumping their perambulators before them over the lumpy terrain to the safety of a near-by clump of trees. From behind the trees, like frightened, hunted animals, they peered at Dan and me. But with the dispersal of his audience, Dan seemed to lose interest. He quieted down and during the remainder of our trip was nicely behaved.

The pattern of Dan's future career was now definitely shaped. Each morning at dawn, in the training ring adjoining the stable, I worked him over the hurdles. I think it was the happiest hour of his day. Except for a commendable eagerness to take the jumps too fast, his form was perfect. He needed no guidance in getting off to the proper lead. In taking fence rails he showed the same fine, smooth, unhesitating action he displayed over three and when he faulted, which was seldom, it was only because of his haste. On such occasions, when a rail went down and I dismounted to replace it, his head drooped to his knees and his eyes looked sad and not a little moist. But a few words of encouragement at once cheered him up and he seemed to face the remainder of the hour with the added determination that only a setback can foster. Getting him to slow down was the problem and in a few weeks with the aid of a new straight bit the problem was solved. Dan was now ready for his debut. I entered him in the annual horse show.

Outside the massive doors of the armory, holding Dan by the bridle, I had a grand vision. Dan and I would circle the ring twice without a single fault. Amid deafening applause we'd canter slowly to the judges' stand to receive the trophy, a high silver urn surmounted by the figure of a horse and its rider. I'd say a few brief words of thanks; suddenly wheel Dan about and, with the trophy under my arm, take four jumps fast—a sort of bonus for the spectators—and disappear through the door where we'd entered. It didn't work out quite that way.

When my name was called I mounted quickly and trotted into the ring. I remember seeing the packed bunting-draped balconies, the newly whitened guide fences winging out from the jumps and, down at the first turn, separated from Dan and me by the first four jumps on our agenda, a red-coated brass band in a temporary stand, blaring away lustily at *Home of the Brave*. I didn't have time to notice much more. Things happened too quickly. Dan hinged toward the first jump. His speed was terrifying. I couldn't slow him down. He soared over the first four jumps so fast and so high that he seemed like Pegasus going through a workout. I leaned to the right at the first turn expecting Dan to follow the course. He didn't though, and I flew from the saddle. I rolled in the tanbark and came to rest sitting up. The music had stopped. Red-coated musicians in tall black shakos were tumbling from the bandstand in terror. Dan, who'd jumped into the stand when we parted company on the turn, was clumping about in frenzied anger in a clutter of overturned chairs and music stands and deserted band instruments. A fluttering page of the score was tucked in his cheek strap and one of his hind legs was stuck fast in the wide end of a tuba. I was suddenly aware of great roars of laughter. Instead of a horseman I'd turned out a clown. I had no heart for the role. Choked up with sobs and with tears flowing freely, I walked out of the ring and headed for home.

Happy Dan never came back to the stable. To this day I don't know what happened to him. Uncle Frank could have told me, but I didn't ask for I never felt that I wanted to know. I've since handled fine horses and won prizes with them; but Dan stays in my memory as the finest of all. #

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A Piece of Wood

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shant and the Official was alone. He stood for a moment looking at the door. He sighed. He rubbed his hands over his face. The phone rang. He answered it abstractedly.

"Oh *hello* Doctor. I was just going to call you." A pause. "Yes. I was going to send him over to you. Look, is it all right for that young man to be wandering about? It is all right? If you say so, Doctor. Probably needs a rest a good long one. Poor boy has a delusion of rather an interesting sort. Yes, yes. It's a shame. But that's what a Sixteen-Year War can do to you, I suppose."

The phone voice buzzed in reply.

The Official listened and nodded. "I'll make a note on that. Just a second!" He reached for his ball-point pen. "Hold on a moment. Always misplaying things." He patted his pocket. "Had my pen here a moment ago. Wait." He put down the phone and searched his desk, pulling out drawers. He checked his blouse pocket again. He stopped moving. Then his hands twitched slowly into his pocket and probed down. He poked his thumb and forefinger deep and brought out a pinch of something.

He sprinkled it on his desk blotter: a small filtering powder of yellow-red rust.

He sat staring at it for a moment. Then he picked up the phone. "Mathews," he said, "get off the line quick." There was a click of someone hanging up and then he dialed another call. "Hallo. Guard Station, listen, there's a man coming past you any minute now, you know him, name of Sergeant Hollis, stop him, shoot him down, kill him if necessary, don't ask any questions, kill the son-of-a-bitch, you heard me, this is the Official talking? Yes, kill him, you hear!"

"But, sir," said a bewildered voice on the other end of the line. "I can't. I just can't . . ."

"What do you mean you can't? God damn it!"

"Because . . ." The voice faded away. "You could hear the guard breathing into the phone a mile away.

The Official shook the phone. "Listen to me, listen, get your gun ready!"

"I can't shoot anyone," said the guard.

The Official sank back in his chair. He sat blinking for half a minute, gasping.

Out there even now—he didn't have to look, no one had to tell him—the hangars were dusting down in soft red rust, and the airplanes were blowing away on a brown-rust wind into nothingness and the tanks were sinking, sinking slowly into the hot asphalt roads like dinosaurs (isn't that what the man had said?) sinking into primordial tar pits. Trucks were blowing away into ocher puffs of smoke, their drivers dumped by the road with only the tires left running on the highways.

"Sir . . ." said the guard, who was seeing all this, far away. "Oh, God . . ."

"Listen, listen!" screamed the Official. "Go after him, get him with your hands, choke him, with your fists, beat him, use your feet, kick his ribs in, kick him to death—do anything, but get that man. I'll be right out!" He hung up the phone.

By instinct he jerked open the bottom desk drawer to get his service pistol. A pile of brown rust filled the new leather holster. He swore and leaped up.

On the way out of the office he grabbed a chair. *It's wood*, he thought. *Good old-fashioned wood, good old-fashioned maple.* He hurled it against the wall twice, and it broke. Then he seized one of the legs, clenched it hard in his fist, his face bursting red, the breath snorting in his nostrils, his mouth wide. He struck the palm of his hand with the leg of the chair, testing it. "All right—God damn it, come on!" he cried.

He rushed out, yelling, and slammed the door. #

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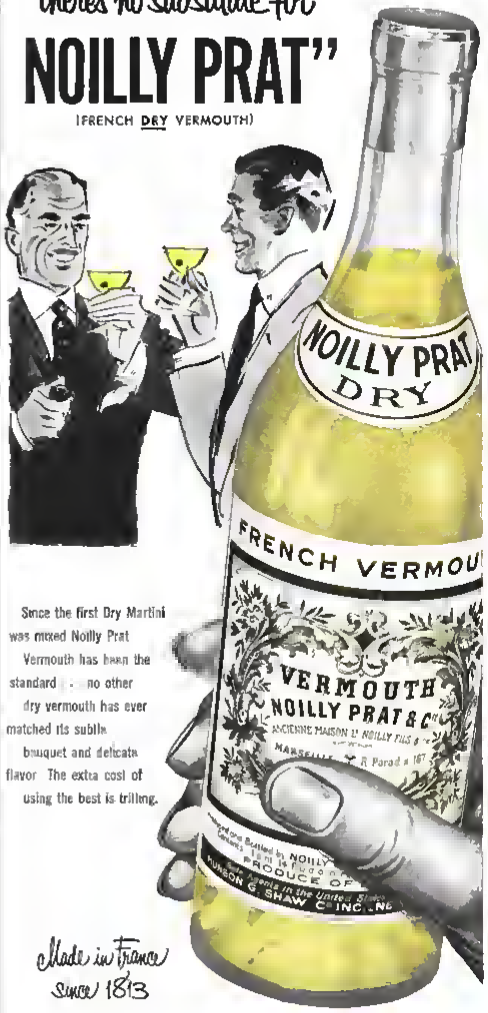

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The Wonderful Nose of Joe Brilling

Continued from page 54

the first tee through the windows of the Epping Pines clubhouse to his left and slightly behind him. At tennis, having been beaten in straight love games, love set by an old man who thereby scored his first and only victory of the season, Joe started to do the accepted thing by leaping over the net to congratulate his conqueror. The imprint of Joe Brilling's supine body stayed on that clay court for weeks.

He tried horseshoes. Ping-pong, fly casting, horseback riding (ever hear of a horse reaching around and biting its rider on the right knee before?), oil painting, billiards, wood carving, badminton, sailing (the designers of that type boat still insist it is impossible to make their craft turn keel up in a flat calm as Joe did), bird study, photography, and gardening. In all these pursuits he proved just one thing: if any man can study and follow a sport or hobby religiously and energetically and still be a dismal failure at it, Joe Brilling was the man to do it.

"O.K., Miss Boole—let's face the facts"

It was after Joe had finished weeding his garden one August Sunday afternoon and a grinning neighbor had informed him that the uprooted plants were zinnias, petunias and marigolds while the carefully tended ones were plantain ragweed and poison ivy that Joe Brilling admitted defeat.

"I quit," he told his wife, Esther. "From now on I'm going to sit on the porch in a large rocking chair and watch the experts throw their weight around. Let Tom Drexer build a ranch-type mansion out of six old pieces of scantling. Let Charley Orr play eighteen holes of golf in fifteen strokes. Let Templeton Garnes land a six-hundred-pound marlin with an old umbrella rib and a spool of sewing thread. Old Useless Brilling will just grow old in his rocking chair."

"I think you're just right the way you are," Esther said. "Even if you aren't such a—well, outstanding star at most games."

"Outstanding star!" Joe Brilling said bitterly. "I'm a dink, a failure at everything I turn my hand to. Why, but Joe Brilling could overshoot an archery butt so far that the arrow would puncture the tire of a state cop's car out on the highway? But I still say the officer was unreasonable in thinking I aimed at him deliberately."

"Of course he was, dear," said Esther. "Anybody ought to know that if you aimed at anything, you couldn't possibly hit it."

There was a long, frozen silence as Joe stared at his wife, his face a rigid mask of shocked dismay. "So," he said, heavily. "You too! A man should have the right to expect his wife, at least, to be loyal. But I find you're like all the others. Just because I can't play any game like a pro, I'm useless, a dope, an object of derision."

He stomped into the house, crashing the screen door shut behind him. The tophinges of the door fell to the porch with a clatter. It was the hinge that Joe Brilling had installed, using nails that bent with the first blow of the hammer.

Esther Brilling kept placidly on with her crocheting. Joe, poor dear, was always getting upset this way after one of his spectacular failures in the field of sports, hobbies, or homemaking. As for Esther, she had really meant it when she had said she thought Joe was just right the way he was. Maybe he wasn't the handsomest man in the world, and maybe the others *did* laugh at him, maybe he *was* a bit of a trial at times when he got out his hammer and saw; but he was a good man. For twenty-one years he had been a good husband to her, and he'd been a good father to Young Joe and Patricia. He was steady, and that's what counted when all was said and done.

She had the feeling, too, that the other wives of Epping Pines envied her at times. Joe wasn't always out on the golf course or sailing on the river or fishing or duck hunting when you needed him. Joe was always there, and even if the task you needed him for was sure to be botched, it was still nice to have your husband at hand.

Charley Orr could brag about almost winning the Eastern Open, but where had he been when his wife came down with appendicitis? On the golf course, that's where, and it had been Joe who'd driven Anne Orr to the hospital, denting only one fender en route. And Tom Drexer might think he did something pretty fine when he built that patio, but practically everybody knew that poor Muriel Drexer cried her eyes out when Tom phoned her that he had to work late at the office again.

Yes, let the other girls have the experts as husbands. Esther was content with Joe Brilling, regardless of the fact that he couldn't hang a picture or patch a screen or broil a steak or catch a fish. He had a good job as head of the bookkeeping department of Lynn, Moore and Catlett; he didn't drink too much on weekends, and when he phoned to tell her he'd have to work late at the office, Esther could always be sure he was working late at the office.

Inside the house, beyond the one-hinged screen door, Joe Brilling sat slumped in an easy chair, glaring at the opposite wall. It was all very well, he told himself, for a man to call himself a nincompoop—but when a man's wife, his helpmeet, the mother of his children, *agreed* with him, that was something else again. And for Esther to say he couldn't hit any target he aimed at—that wasn't fair. It had been less than three years before that he had fired a twenty-two rifle at a skunk that had been pilaging the garbage on our back and had scored a direct bull's-eye. Of course, it was unfortunate that the skunk had been so close to the open kitchen door at the time, but how was a man to know the damned thing would somersault inside the house instead of putting on its high-smelling death throes in the yard? Anyhow, he *had* hit something he had aimed at, a reminder of that fact was still blatant in the kitchen on damp days.

Joe shifted his glower from the wall to the window, through which he could scowl at the Severn River in all its sparkling beauty. Sails were tilting their way past the red buoy on the second reach of the triangular race course, and somewhere in the van of the fleet would be Steve Appleby, chalking up another triumph. From a distance came the faint sound of hammering, and that would be Tom Deesee building something better than Sheraton or Hepplewhite could turn out. A wave of hand clapping from the tennis courts told Joe that somebody else was being good at games. And what was *he* looked for that afternoon? The thrilling prospect of a meeting of the Epping Pines Club's Audit Committee.

That, he said grimly and silently, was typical of Joe Brilling. Let the others be named to the Golf Committee, the Tennis Committee, the Beach Committee, the Clubhouse Committee, the Young People's Committee—Joe Brilling wound up, year after year, as chairman of the Audit Committee.

"Glamour!" he growled aloud. "Excitement! Romance!"

"Were you calling me dear?" Esther asked from the porch.

"I was just telling myself it's time I got shaved and dressed for that wonderful Audit Committee meeting—that's all," Joe growled.

"With the fate of Epping Pines hanging on the question of whether a nine-cent item should be carried under capital expense or operating expense, I'd better look my best."

"You always look nice," Esther Brilling said comfortably.

"Hmh!" Joe snorted and went upstairs.

And it was while he was shaving that Joe Brilling, nonsportsman par excellence, made his great discovery. He had just finished scraping the left side of his chin when he began whistling through his nose.

It was not an ordinary whistle. It had the trill of a nightingale, the tremolo of a Met contralto, the resonance of a bass viol. It soared far up into the higher reaches of sound, almost in the supersonic range, and at the same time it boomed as impressively as a cathedral organ rolling out Handel's *Messiah*. The toothbrushes rattled in their holders, the shaving water rippled in concentric rings, and when Joe reached the peak note of his aria, the tumbler beside the basin shivered into a thousand fragments.

"Joe," cried Esther, "for goodness sake, turn down that radio!"

Joe Brilling stopped whistling through his nose and stared at himself in the mirror. Whence it had come he never would find out, but he, Joe Brilling, the man who couldn't do a darned thing, was suddenly possessed of a gift that set him apart from ordinary men.

Cautiously, keeping the volume down, he tried a run up the scale just to prove to himself that the first thunderous outburst had not been a freak accident. No, the whistling came again, easily, beautifully, thrillingly. Lowering the volume still more, Joe ran through the *Bell Song* from *Lakmé*. If *Fen*

Continued on page 128

"How much without the frame?"

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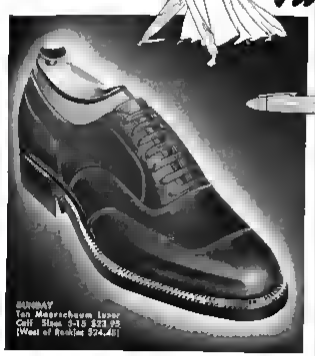

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The Wonderful Nose of Joe Brilling

Continued from page 127

You Were A Tulip, and a portion of *O Sole Mio*. All perfect and all accomplished without once pursing the lips, all done entirely with the nose.

Joe Brilling leaned closer to the mirror to get a better look at the nondescript attitude that had so suddenly developed into a wondrous musical oddity. It looked the same as it always had, slightly oversized and bulbous at the tip, but now it was something that would raise him out of ignominy and ridicule to the position of the most talented man in Epping Pines.

Because, after all, good golfers, good tennis players, good boatsmen, crack shots and expert fishermen could be found almost anywhere—but where else in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, the United States, the World could he found a nose that rivaled the complete Bustum Symphony? Let Tom Drexel or Steve Appleby or Charley Orr try to whistle through their noses and the result probably would resemble a strangled sneeze. Let any of the men who annually foisted the Audit Committee job on him try to whistle through their noses and he, Joe Brilling, could laugh at *them*. And by the Lord Harry, he *would* laugh at them!

"Joe, dear," called Esther from below, "you'd better hurry. It's almost time for the Audit Committee meeting and you know they can't start without you."

"I'll be there," Joe replied. He grinned into the mirror as he added to himself, 'And how I'll be there!"

While he finished shaving and dressing, Joe Brilling pondered the question of whether or not he should deliver his first recital immediately with Esther as his audience. He wound up by deciding against it. In the first place, Esther had become so accustomed to accepting his blunderings with unshakable calm that there was a good chance that she'd take this miracle just as serenely, dampening the flavor of his triumph. Secondly, Joe figured it would be much more satisfying to him to have Esther learn about his genius from astounded enraptured and envious friends and neighbors. Therefore, Joe said nothing at all about his marvelous nose as he kissed his wife good-by and left the Brilling cottage to walk to the home of Templeton Garnes, where the Audit Committee was due to assemble.

Joe Brilling had a low regard for Templeton Garnes. It had been Garnes, a large, loud individual, who had rancorously advised Joe to tee off with his back to the green if he ever expected his ball to land on the fairway. Each member of the Audit Committee in fact, had at one time or another reached heights of scul witticisms at Joe's expense. Well, his first performance would be given before the committee, darn them, and after his opening chords, just *let* one of them snicker about anything he had done or had failed to do!

"Here he is," boomed Templeton Garnes to the others, as Joe mounted the porch. "You're late, Brilling. We thought maybe you'd gone fishing again and might be surfboarding down the Severn with your line caught on somebody's outboard."

"I was detained," said Joe with dignity. "And I suppose that none of you has done the work on the books you were supposed to as usual."

They stared at him. The tone Joe Brilling was using was not the regular Brilling manner, ordinarily he was the most apologetic of men, begging pardons right and left while shouldering tasks that belonged to others.

"So you were detained, eh?" Templeton Garnes said heavily. "And what thing of vital importance detained you, Brilling? Beating Charley Orr at golf? Or outsailing Steve Appleby?"

"I was whistling," Joe Brilling said, quietly. "Through my nose."

"You were what?" they chorused.

"Whistling," Joe repeated firmly. "Through my nose. Like this."

He launched into *The Flight of the Bumblebee*, and after the first few notes the others gaped, eyes popping, jaws slack, while Joe poured it on. It was good—even better than the pieces just performed before the shaving mirror, because now the wraps were off. Joe could really go to town. He wound up with a flourish that was shrill, sweet and soaring. Then he smiled at the members of the Audit Committee. The silence was broken by Templeton Garnes.

"My God," the big man said in awe. "That was beautiful! You were really doing all that through your nose? No whistles or gadgets or radios hidden somewhere on you?"

"No gadgets," Joe said. "Just the nose."

"Great heavens!" Garnes turned into the hallway to bellow a summons up the stairway. "Mattie," he cried, "you come right down here and bring the kids. Get the neighbors over. I want you to see the most amazing thing that ever happened in Epping Pines!"

Mrs. Garnes descended with the Garnes twins, your neighbors attracted by the first rendition came flocking. A foursome passing by on the sixth fairway left their approach shots untended and joined the growing crowd. A prairie fire is a smoldering smudge in comparison with the speed with which the word was flashed through Epping Pines that Joe Brilling could whistle entire orchestrations, including parts for oboes—and through his nose.

Joe began whistling at two-twenty-six. At five-eighteen, with the crowd grown to sprawling proportions, he closed his program, firmly shook off demands for just one more, and started home, trailed by a retinue of young hero-worshipers. He walked several inches above the ground. He had seen open envy in Tom Drexel's eyes. He had seen Charley Orr hushed fiercely when he tried to say something about golf. He had witnessed Steve Appleby likewise snubbed when Steve had tried to interrupt the program with a yachting story. Every one of the experts who had attended that first exhibition had watched and listened while Joe Brilling did something they had never done and never could do. It was his day.

Esther was still crocheting on the porch when the small parade approached the cottage. She looked up, sighed, and put her needles aside. "Oh, dear," she said in greeting, "what have you done now, Joe?"

"Mrs. Brilling!" piped one of the Garnes twins, "your husband is the wonderfulest man in Epping Pines and the whole world!"

"Now, Willie," Esther said severely. "Your folks wouldn't like to hear you being disrespectful to Mr. Brilling."

"But he is!" came a roar from the others. "He can whistle through his nose. Just listen to him, Mrs. Brilling!"

Joe tried to look modest as he ran off a couple of arpeggios for Esther. He stopped and waited for squeals of amazement and delight. Esther Brilling smiled comfortably.

"Why, that's real good, Joe," she said. "And supper's about ready. We're having cold cuts tonight."

Joe started to speak, closed his mouth, and shrugged. His first hunch had been right: the others might be astounded, but Esther was bound by nature to accept this world-shaking accomplishment as quietly as she had accepted the dear holocaust that had followed Joe's attempt to whip up a batch of French-fried shrimp, all by himself. And that, he told himself as he left his admirers and went inside, probably was as it should be. Idolatry was a very fine thing, but it had no place within the family circle, between wife and husband. Here at home he could be sure of refuge from the aggrandisement that was bound to come. At home moreover, he could rest his wonderful nose, which truth to tell, was feeling a bit strained from the afternoon's work.

Hereafter, he decided, he would limit a day's whistling to three or four selections and a couple of encores—no more. To expend a talent too freely would cheapen it.

He had just seated himself at the supper table when the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Lucy Preston Miles. Mrs. Miles was entertaining a small group of friends that evening and would Mr. and Mrs. Brilling drop over? Seeing that Mrs. Lucy Preston Miles was the *grande dame* of Epping Pines and heretofore had been several hundred light years above the Brillings in the local social scale, it was easy to understand that the magnificent nose of Joe Brilling was beginning to pay off.

"I'm very sorry," said Joe, a bit faltly, "but Mrs. Brilling and I are booked for this evening. Maybe some other time."

"Tomorrow?" pursued Mrs. Preston Miles. "Tuesday, perhaps?"

"Tuesday would be agreeable," Joe Brilling said in the manner of a court attendant arranging an audience.

He returned to the table where Esther was dishing up potato salad to the children. He took his chair, unfolded his napkin, and tossed out his words very casually. "That was Mrs. Lucy Preston Miles," he said. "She wants us to be her guests on Tuesday evening."

Esther dropped the bowl of potato salad. This the first loss of Esther's aplomb in Joe's memory was the opening indication that life with Joe and Esther Brilling was going to be different.

They went to Mrs. Miles' *soirée* and discovered that a hundred other people, most of them from outside Epping Pines, had been invited to listen to Joe Brilling.

Continued on page 130

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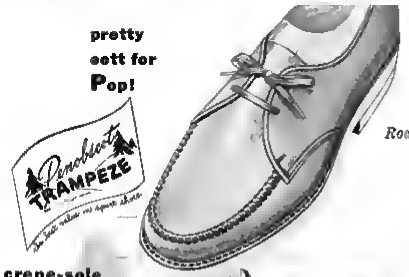

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The Wonderful Nose of Joe Brilling

Continued from page 129

whistle. But before they went there, they received twenty-six phone calls, all bearing invitations, fourteen mailed invitations and fifteen personal calls from people they barely knew but who now appeared to have been old and close friends all along. Furthermore, Joe was interviewed by feature writers from all the Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis papers and he got two television and four FM bids as well as six requests to play benefits for worthy causes.

Now, it must be recalled that Joe Brilling, in spite of his remarkable nose, was only human. For years on end he had failed at every single sport, hobby and handicraft he had attempted. He had been the butt of a thousand jokes. And now he was a celebrity, the only man in the world who could do what he did.

Perhaps understandably, success went to Joe Brilling's head with a rush. He developed a swagger that made Steve Appleby's strut look like a hobbling crawl. His voice gained in volume until in comparison Templeton Garnus' bellow was a squeak. He begin to be chiney about accepting invitations and as the days passed he became condescending to the point of rudeness.

Esther Brilling watched the transformation unhappily. Where once life had been an uninterrupted joy despite Joe's catastrophic experiments with things, now the situation became almost intolerable. Joe snapped at Esther, he barked at the kids, he swaggered around the cottage complaining about the food, the housekeeping and the way the children were being raised. The part-time maid who had been with the Brillings for eight years quit and the Brillings' dog, Sissie, ran away from home. Young Joe and Patricia hinted darkly that they were planning to follow the dog. And for the first time in her married life Esther had cause to doubt whether Joe really did have to work late at the office when he phoned.

She tried to tell herself that she was being unduly suspicious but that Helen Appleby certainly was making a fool of herself in her outspoken adoration of Joe Brilling's whistling. Helen wasn't a *bad* woman, Esther told herself, but she certainly was a flirt. And, into this new Joe Brilling appeared at times to be taking Helen Appleby's gooey talk and Helen Appleby's expressive eyes and Helen Appleby's way of touching his arm when she gazed up at him all too seriously.

There were evenings, after a while, when Esther Brilling wept bitter tears into her pillow and wondered what in the world she was going to do.

Things had about reached an impossible state when the blow-off came between Steve Appleby and Joe Brilling. It came at a cocktail party after Joe had delivered a bit from *Lucia di Lammermoor* and was being swamped, as always, by the admiring throng. He was standing in the center of the crowd that insufferably bored superior look on his face, swallowing cocktails at his recently acquired and alarming rate with Helen Appleby clinging to his arm and Esther Brilling miserably nibbling at a canapé and trying to look as though she were proud of her husband, when Steve Appleby lurched onto the scene. Steve had been sulking and either had celebrated a race victory or consoled himself for a defeat with a large bottle; at any rate, he looked the worse for wear.

He shouldered his big frame into the crowd of Brilling fans and seized Helen Appleby by the shoulder. "Come on," he growled. "You're going home."

"Oh, Steve!" Helen protested, "I can't leave now. Joe's going to whistle my favorite for me in a few minutes!"

Joe looked at Steve Appleby and sneered openly. Steve Appleby looked at Joe and said something about being glad *he* wasn't a freak with a tin whistle for a nose. Joe Brilling's fifth cocktail urged him to swing at Steve.

It was the Joe Brilling of old who swung. In that he missed Steve completely, striking a nearby portly gentleman smartly on the chin. Steve Appleby, however, didn't miss.

They were separated at once by the menfolk and Esther helped Joe find his hat. They got into their car and Esther drove, because Joe was unable to see anything beyond the stars that still whirled in a dizzy galaxy before his eyes. They returned to the Brilling cottage, and Esther tenderly assisted Joe up to the very bathroom where the miracle had first been revealed. By that time, Joe was able to see, albeit dimly, and he bent close to the glass to inspect his nose.

It was broken—bent out of shape, dented in the middle and skewed to one side—swelling at an astounding rate.

Joe Brilling took a deep breath and tried to whistle through his once-wonderful nose. No sound emerged except a snuffling snort.

And so today, if you should visit Epping Pines, you'll hear no arpeggios, no full-chin hymns, no operatic arias, no boogy-woogy, no music of any kind coming out of anything connected with Joe Brilling except his radio.

Esther is happy again, the children are as content and squabbly as ever, the part-time maid is back, Sissie has returned, peace reigns at the Brilling cottage. And what of Joe? It took a bit of time, but in the end Joe Brilling accepted his great loss philosophically. After all, he's still pointed out as the man who *used* to own a wonderful nose. ##

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All I Need Is a Break

Continued from page 54

a comic and other specialty acts. Then the heat went on the hooks and other rackets in Brooklyn and Long Island, because of the Kefauver and other investigations, and Nicky stopped the shows. The room had never paid off anyway, because you could only cram a hundred seventy-five people in it even on a Saturday night.

Technically, Nicky wasn't listed as the owner. He was an employee—the manager. But everybody knew it really was his joint. It was Nicky's respectable front. Otherwise maybe they could smear him as having no visible means of support or something. Anyhow, with no rackets working for him account of the heat, Nicky decided to cut the nut by keeping the bar open with no shows.

I really felt warm in the gut when I realized what Nicky'd done. He was going back to the show policy for one night so I could earn the two bills he'd tried to give me. How could you do anything but love a guy like that?

That right sure enough, exactly at eight, my room phone rings and the girl at the desk says, "Mr. Gearn, your car is waiting."

You got to admit that Nicky has class. I get down to the lobby and a big Negro in a blue uniform with red piping is waiting and he escorts me out to Nicky's Caddy.

When I get in the car—it had what looked like leopard-skin upholstery—I say, "Wait a minute, I ain't got no cigarettes."

I really had a full pack, but I'd noticed that a couple of boy offs, Harry Stowd and Lenny Goanes, who do a sort of broken-down Martin and Lewis act, were walking out of the hotel and I wanted them to get a load of me and the Caddy chauffeur and all.

They stopped dead in their tracks when they saw me get out of the Caddy. I timed it and played it perfect, real nonchalant. I greeted them extra casual and walked back into the lobby and got me a deck of butts.

As I pass them, Lenny says, "What cooks, Jimmy?"

"Nothin'," I says, nry-like. "Just going to work. See you."

They watch me dumfoundedly, specially when I order the chauffeur, loud enough for them to hear, "I'll stop off at El Morocco before we go to the club."

"Okay, boss," the chauffeur says, and that paralyzes Harry and Lenny. I get a flash of them looking at themselves in dumb amazement as we pulled away.

When we got around the corner, I said, "I changed my mind. Go right out to the club."

"Sure, boss," the chauffeur said. "What's your name?" I asked.

"Doody Wilson. I usually work for Mr. Reilly as doorman at the Fantasy Room. Since we ain't had shows there, I just been driving. But tonight we got a special show. Mr. Reilly says you the star."

I didn't remember him working the door when I was last there, but I never pay much attention to the front of the house when I work a joint anyway.

Well, when we pulled up in front of the Fantasy Room I see they got my name up in lights and a picture of me in the lobby frame. I stop for a second to double-o the frame, just to see what other acts are on the bill. There's a girl singer and a Chinese acrobatic trio. Also a six-piece band.

Nicky ain't around but a guy greets me inside by the bar and tells me the show don't start till ten o'clock. I go back to the dressing room and introduce myself to the band and give them my music. We rehearse it in the dressing room—if that's what you call the two closets, one for each sex, behind the bandstand. It always hands me a laugh when they show a night-club dressing room in the movies all done up like a Park Avenue living room. There ain't no such thing and I've seen them all. You're lucky if you find a washbowl.

The singer ain't a bad-looking broad, she's well-stacked and sort of young. Right off I know she's Nicky's date for after the show. Not that I guessed it, she told me so when I tried to talk sociable to her. I quickly corrected any impression she might have got that I was in the sack.

Just before show time Nicky comes back and so's Mr. He slouts me on the back real friendly, says he's got some important people at his table and he wants me to join him after I finish with the show.

I get together with the girl singer, her name's Lily Downey, and rehearse a couple of boy-girl bits, just one quick gag for when I introduce her and one sure-fire blue gag for when she finishes her encore. I give her the toppers and even write them down for her on a slip of paper in case she gets nervous like a lot of singers do when they got to talk lines.

I routined the show with the band leader. First the band opens up with a fast number then the band leader plays my come-on music and introduces me. I pull a couple of fast one-liners, tearing myself down cause I can see the audience is a little cold. Funny about saloon audiences, they got to feel superior to the performer—otherwise they don't like you. Every audience is an enemy that's got to be whipped. I guess that's why you says, "I belted them," "I killed them," "I murdered them tonight," or "I fractured them."

Then I introduce the Chinese acrobats, who are really Jups or Koreans (I don't think there's a genuine Chinese in the profession) after I pull a couple of smart jokes about China. I don't have to pull a twist on the oldie about Chinese women because by now I got this audience licked.

The acrobats are a solid standard act with a sock-flash finish where the top man does a double

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All I Need Is a Break

Continued from page 131

back somersault from a three-high mount and goes into a knee drop.

I help build their hand, naturally, and then bring on the girl, Lily. I give her a real sincere build-up, no gags because I figure Nicky'd like it that way. She comes out and we get a real belly from the opening gag we rehearsed. The serious intro I gave her made the gag a real surprise boff.

Lily had a very weak voice for a dame with her chest development. But her mike technique was good and, even though the band loused up the finish of her last number, she got a fair hand which I built big so she could do an encore. She flatted and hit a couple of real stinkers but nobody seemed to mind and she got a little better than a polite hand.

I then come out and give her the straight lines to the closing blue gag, but she was so nervous from knowing she'd loused up her encore that she not only forgot the punch line, she lost the slip of paper it was written on.

I covered for her and went into a routine about it and then into a sure-fire routine about working for the boss, Nicky. I kidded the decorations of the joint, the band, the help, etc. I had them rolling by the time I asked them to give her a big hand for a send-off.

Then I really went to work. Nicky was sitting ringside, natch, with a party of ten or twelve people. I figured there was only about two empty tables in the back, a good house to work to.

I played a lot of stuff to Nicky's table, then I did my switch on Danny Thomas' wailing Syrian and walked all around the place, pulling ad libs about the customers.

Then I pulled some real showmanship and did a dynamite hunk of serious material, a song about a tough guy who gets a letter from back home that tells him his mother's dead and he regrets the things he should've done for her and didn't, a dangerous bit to try on a night-club floor the average comic'd tell you, but I ain't never laid a bomb with this one yet. Of course, I never do it unless I sense the timing for it is just right.

They beat their hands off calling me back for bows after the dead-mom bit.

Then I gave them everything, my Jimmy Durante, Laughton, Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Lionel Barrymore take-offs, dialect stories, parodies—everything sock I could think of. They couldn't get enough. I finally begged off with a cute gag. I'd been on for forty-five minutes.

I joined Nicky's table. He whacked me on the back and said, "I'm proud of you, Jimmy. You was great, the greatest."

Then he introduced me to his guests. The five guys looked like ordinary businessmen, but when they talked I could tell they weren't. The dolls they had with them were all young chicks, a couple of them were pretty, but no real lookers except, of course, Lily Downey, the girl singer. I figured the other dames to be the on-the-towe-type doll, not quite pretty enough for the chorus or modeling, but pretty enough to get taken out by guys with loot.

I never eat before a show, but I'm murder with a knife and fork afterward. I ate two steaks and washed them down with champagne. Everybody else at our table was eating and drinking as if the Russians were in Long Island.

Just before the next show was due Nicky gave me the high sign and I left the table and went over to the bar and he joined me.

"Kid, do you know who's at our table? Joey Marchetti!"

"No kidding," I says. "Which one is he?"

"The sort of fat guy sitting right opposite you."

I looked back at the table. Sure enough, I recognized Marchetti from the TV and the newspaper pictures of him. He looked better in person, I thought, not so dark and ugly as in the pictures.

"When you get back to the table be nice to Mr. Marchetti," Nicky says. "If he likes you, you're in. Could be your break, kid. That's why I invited him over tonight. You know what he done for Frankie Collins?"

Like everybody in show business I'd heard the story. How Frankie had just been a pretty good singer in front of Charlie Shelley's band and then Marchetti'd taken him under his wing and seen to it Frankie got the best spots in the country, Marchetti being a top man in the national combination. After that, radio, pictures and TV stardom was in the bag.

When I got back to the table I followed Nicky's advice. I was extra nice to Joey Marchetti. I told a couple of stories and everybody laughed except him. He just sort of smiled and sort of grunted. I couldn't tell whether this was his way of being amused or just being polite.

I kept punching and then I told my best joke. I'd intended to save it for the show, but I wanted to register with Marchetti and it's never missed, a really so I sprung it. Everyone roared, Nicky going so far as to smack Lily on the back, which made her spit out a glassful of champagne which of course made everybody laugh more hilarious.

But Joey Marchetti just smiled and after they quit laughing he looked me over for a long second. He had large soft brown eyes and heavy eyebrows. Then he turned his head toward Nicky, who was sitting next to me.

"Hey Nicky," he said. Everybody sat quiet. "I like this boy." He said it like a Supreme Court judge giving a decision. "He's a good boy."

Nicky laughed and smacked me on the shoulder. "Sure Joey, this is the kid I tole you about. His name's Jimmy Geary."

"Sit over here, Jimmy," Joey Marchetti said. "Change seats with him," he told the blonde who was sitting next to him.

When I sat down Marchetti said, "Did you see me on TV?"

"Yeah," I said. "You was great."

"I wasn't," he said. "I ain't no actor."

"But—"

"Shut up," he said. "I don't wanna talk about it. Have a drink."

He filled a water glass with champagne and handed it to me and half-filled his on a glass with brandy.

"Salute," he said.

"To you," I said.

He took a big swallow.

"What kinda brandy is this Nicky?" he asked.

"Napoleon Cavoorsy," Nicky said.

"Good," Marchetti said. He looked into my eyes. "I maybe didn't look so good to the peoples but I didn't finger nobody."

"No," I said. "You didn't."

"I didn't hurt nobody. As long as nobody didn't get hurt it's okay."

I didn't answer for a second.

"Ain't it okay?" he demanded, angry-like.

"Sure, sure, it's okay," I said.

He smiled pleased. "Have another drink," he said. "*À votre santé*."

"To you," I said.

He didn't say anything. He didn't make me nervous, though. I was a little drunk by now.

"Don't worry," I said. "To hell with it. Let's have a drink."

"Who's worried?" He glared at me. Then he smiled. "I just don't want nobody to get hurt. Salute!"

I finished the glass of champagne and he poured me another.

"You're a good boy," Marchetti said. "Hey, Nicky, this is my boy."

"Sure," Nicky said. "Why don't you do something for him?"

"Mebbe. Mebbe I will. What's your next booking, Jimmy?"

"I ain't got one definite yet. My agent's been talking to—"

"How d'you like to play the Coronet in Covington?"

"Sure," I said. "The Coronet is a smart casino across the river from Cincy. Because it's got gambling, it's one of the highest-paying clubs in the country. Only Tucker Lewis and big names get booked in it. But I ain't big enough for a booking there," I said.

Marchetti smiled. "They're my friends. They sometimes go for new talent. Maybe if I put in a word they'll give you a break."

"Thanks," I looked at my wrist watch. "Gee, I'm sorry, Mr. Marchetti. I got to do another show. I'll be back. I gotta go but Marchetti pulled me back.

"Sit down," he said, gentle. "Nicky, this boy got to do another show?"

"Well," Nicky said, "he's supposed to—there's another one—"

"He *got* to?"

"Not if you don't want him to."

"I don't want him to."

"Okay, Joey." Nicky laughed. "Whatever you want."

"It's all right," I said. "I don't mind doing another show."

"Shut up, kid," Marchetti said, but he didn't say it nasty. "Don't worry. My tab tonight'll be more than all the jerks at the other tables put together."

We kept drinking and eating till closing time. At four o'clock everybody was out of the place except our table and the band, which kept playing because Marchetti sent them a C-note to keep making with the dance music.

Then Marchetti got up from the table and said, "Let's have a real party. Nicky, I'm gonna cook some spaghetti." He turned to me and said, "I make my own special sauce. There ain't nothing like it. Wait till you taste it."

Marchetti went back to the kitchen and I danced with a couple of the chicks and Lily offered me her phone number if I didn't tell Nicky. I took her number but told her I wouldn't call her unless she got Nicky's okay.

Some time later Marchetti comes back to the table with two waiters carrying enough spaghetti to feed a regiment.

The sauce he'd made was kind of hot but it tasted fine and we washed it down with red wine.

We were all enjoying it when Marchetti suddenly stops and says, "Hey, Nicky. Get Sabu in here. He's crazy for my spaghetti."

"Okay," Nicky says and snaps his fingers to one of the waiters we had five around us serving wine, lighting cigarettes and like that. "Tell Sabu to come in."

"Who's Sabu?" I ask.

"He's my boy. Drives for me," Marchetti says.

Nicky explained. "He's a Indian. That's why Joey named him Sabu."

"He ain't Indian from India, not from a reservation," says a chick.

"He's a refugee," Marchetti says. "Jumped ship in Baltimore. He don't speak English good, but he can drive."

"He loves Joey," Nicky says. "And he should. He owes Joey everything."

"He's a good boy," Marchetti says.

Sabu come in, and we all quiet-stood behind Marchetti's chair. He was a very small guy. I looked like a school kid. He was dressed in a plain blue serge suit, a white shirt and a black string tie.

Marchetti said, "Sabu, meet Jimmy Geary."

Sabu smiled. He had a nice-gentle dark face.

"Hiya," I said, and shook hands with him.

"No speak. Can no speak English," he said, still smiling as he leaned over my hand.

"Sit down, Sabu," Marchetti said.

Sabu just shook his head.

"Then have a drink and some

Continued on page 134

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All I Need Is a Break

Continued from page 133

of the spaghetti I just made'

Sabu took a plate. Marchetti heaped it full of spaghetti and Sabu ate standing up.

"Hey, Jimmy, sing me a song," Marchetti said suddenly.

"Sure," I said.

I went out on the floor, grabbed the mike, stopped the band and had the drummer give me a roll to attract attention. Then I announced that I'd sing a song for my pal Mr. Joey Marchetti.

Nicky had whispered that Marchetti's favorite was *I'll Be Loving You, Always*. That's what I sang, and if I do say so myself I sang the hell out of it.

When I got back to the table Joey Marchetti jumped up and hugged me. "This is my boy. He's a artist. He's gonna be big. He's gonna be another Frankie Collins. Ain't it right?"

Everybody agreed.

We had some more drinks. Then Marchetti put his arm around my shoulder. He was drunk but he didn't talk thick-mouthed or stagger or nothing. "Kid, you ain't got nothing more to worry about. You're gonna get that Coronet Club. You'll open in ten days. Here's my personal number." He slipped me a card. "Call me tomorrow around one and remind me. I'll have everything set."

"Thanks," I said, slipping the card in my wallet.

"You know I saved that Sabu's life. He loves me." Marchetti turned his chair around suddenly and faced Sabu.

"Sabu," he said, "I'm gonna show everybody what you think of me."

Sabu nodded and smiled.

Marchetti got up and put his hand on Sabu's shoulder. He looked twice as big as Sabu. "This little runt is forty, would you believe it?"

"No," I said. "He looks like a kid."

"He's forty. Ain't teha?"

Sabu smiled and nodded.

"And he loves me. He's my boy, ain't teha?"

Sabu smiled and nodded again.

"Sabu, I want you to show these peoples how much you think of me—okay?"

Sabu grinned and repeated parrotlike "Okeh, okeh."

"Okay," Marchetti said, as if ending a speech. He walked over to an empty table and picked up a large glass ash tray about three inches high. He took Sabu by the shoulder and walked him to the center of the dance floor. He put the ash tray on Sabu's head.

"Now, stand still!" Marchetti ordered.

Sabu grinned and stood still.

Marchetti walked about five steps away. He turned around and yelled "Gimme a drum roll, professor!"—which was the line I'd used when I jumped up to sing.

The drummer gave him a roll. When it finished, Marchetti laughed. "I'm gonna show you all what Sabu thinks of me." He turned to the table. "Somebody give me a biscuit." I like a jerk thought he meant a soda cracker.

"Here, Joey." Nicky pulled a thirty-eight out of a shoulder holster. "I got a permit."

A couple of the girls squealed, but the guys shushed them.

Marchetti held the gun out at arm's length and took careful aim at the ash tray on Sabu's head.

Sabu's eyes were popped out in fright and his legs were shaking.

Then there was the damnedest noise and smoke you ever heard and saw in your life. A thirty-eight in a closed room sounds like a twenty-one gun salute and the gunpowder smell was almost choking.

Sabu was still standing in the center of the dance floor unhurt. Marchetti had hit his mark. The ash tray was knocked off Sabu's head. Sabu was shaking as if he had an influenza chill.

"Another drum roll, professor!" The drummer, who I guess was as scared as I was, had left the bandstand with the rest of the musicians. Marchetti noticed that he was gone but it didn't bother him. "Never mind," he said. "Do it without music. Listen, everybody, I never ask nobody to do for me what I wouldn't do for them. To show you what I think of Sabu—he already shown you what he thinks of me—I'll show you what I'm gonna do."

He walked over and got another ash tray and stood in the same spot he had fired from.

"I'm gonna put this ash tray on my head and let Sabu shoot it off like I done him. Hey, Sabu. Take the gun and shoot it off."

Sabu just stood there his face a blank his body still tingling with fright.

"Ahh," Marchetti walked over to Sabu. He put the thirty-eight in Sabu's hand and walked back to the position he'd left. He put the ash tray on his head.

"Okay, Sabu, shoot!" he yelled.

Sabu raised the gun slowly to arm's length and when he had it steady for a second and it looked like he was aiming it he suddenly threw the gun down on the floor and screamed like he was hysterical. He ran past us and out of the front entrance to the street.

Everybody laughed. I joined in to be polite.

We kept drinking a while and then Nicky decided to treat everybody to a bite at Reuben's.

Nobody could find Sabu and while Marchetti looked for him I managed to get into Nicky's car.

Instead of going to Reuben's I said I had a headache and Nicky dropped me off at my hotel.

In the elevator I opened my wallet and took out Joey Marchetti's personal card. I tore it up.

I guess that's why I still ain't played a top spot for McBavas, when I told him about it, says he thinks I'm a jerk. Well I don't know. Maybe I am. #

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The Baker's Daughter

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horn mail-order bride going West to wed.

Westward the Women got her established as a star. Inked her nightclub salary to $3000 a week and brought her a batch of TV offers. "I come up from scratches," she says. The picture also won her a co-starring role in *Young Man in a Hurry* with Glenn Ford and Ruth Roman, and while making that film she got a nickname—"Adrenalin." Mitch Leisen, the director, says she was like a shot in the arm. "No matter how late it was or how tired the crew was, her appearance on the set always got everybody wide awake."

"Honest too," adds Gottfried Reinhardt, the co-producer. "In *Westward the Women* she was bundled in period clothes. In *Young Man in a Hurry* she wore off-the-shoulder stuff. When she saw the first rushes of the picture her eyes lit up like a child. 'I am sooo beautiful!' she sighed."

When *Young Man* was finished Mlle Darcel hurried around the country on promotional tours, then went to New York to plan her own TV show. Producer says I have zee profile for cet and outplunge Faye Emerson." She bubbles making elaborate smoothing gestures here and there. These gestures, seemingly unconscious and right as rain, take the observer's attention from the cropped platinum hair, the high cheekbones, the short, turned-up nose which she pushes with a forefinger when concentrating, and the blue-green eyes that give a cartoonist's illusion of bigness and sparkle. They also conceal the fact that she is nobody's dainty feminine flower. She has big wrists and hands—she used them to turn monkey wrenches in a French underground war plant during the Nazi occupation—and she eats more heartily than the average male.

M-G-M has played Denise straight, within the bounds of the Johnson Office. She has been photographed in the usual quota of haystacks and exhibited in the hinterlands charming audiences, drama critics and disc jockeys.

Denise is the Hollywood correspondent's dream. Light, saying and doing whatever pops into her pretty head. "Thees nonsense of a woman dressing for other womans ees nonsense," she told one. "Dress for the mans and knock 'em dead." To another, helping her on with a cape and laboring over the hook and eye, she blurted: "You mans! All you know is undress womans."

On location for *Westward the Women* the good-will department sent her to a high-school benefit dance in the little town of Kanab, Utah. She wore a form-fitting black cowboy suit and she entertained the stand residents with a night club routine that had gone over big in Miami. The production manager held his breath as suggestive lyrics filled the proper little room, but when Denise finished slipping off her five-inch heels to square dance barefoot with booted cowhands, the town-folk roared applause. Her vigorous French accent had effectively hidden the naughty lines.

In Las Vegas, where the elite meet to chat and gamble, she made a hit in the floor show and an even bigger hit at the dice table. The charms she exposed leaning after the dice made her the most effective shill in history and her faulty English—she kept announcing "sneak eyes"—kept the table in an uproar.

"I always ween," Mlle Darcel says and she always invests her winnings in new dresses. "Every town I sing I leave with no money and new wardrobe."

Next to tall blond Americans, clothes are her chief weakness. Her first mink coat arrived on the hottest day of the year—96°—and she spent a happy afternoon trying it on before a mirror. For sleeping she wears blue silk nightgowns so sheer "is said that a dozen wouldn't net a mosquito."

Mink coats and sheer nightgowns represent a large jump for Denise who started as one of five daughters born to Paul Billecard, a Paris baker. She recently sent a bundle of money to France to

Continued on page 136

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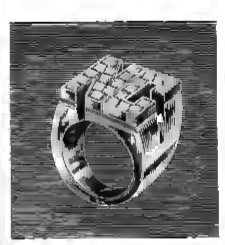

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The Baker's Daughter

Continued from page 136

pay for a visit by her mother and three of her sisters. (Her fourth sister, Helene François, was busy; a singing star in her own right, she recently headlined the show at New York's Sherry Netherland.) "I bring zem here," she says, "because I mus' have someone to love. Wizout love I die."

The love ran out of Denise's first marriage in 1948, and a divorce followed. Another divorce ended her second marriage to 29-year-old Peter Crosby, a Washington socialite. She asked no alimony from Crosby. "Because I am so stupid... I wanted nothing from him. He is so young. I am so stupid. I do not think a man should pay for wife and not have her. I am so stupid."

Her manager, Marcel Ventura, isn't. Denise has never had a studio contract—before *Westward the Women* she wasn't important enough to put in exclusive bondage, and after that film she was too important. When M-G-M finally made motions with the pen, Ventura announced from New York that they didn't want a contract—at her current film salary, $2,500 a week—because she could make more than that a week on TV and on the night-club circuit. They might take less to make occasional pictures which would bring in prestige and outside cash. "Maybe we sign later at big price."

Denise says. At present M-G-M is testing her in costumes of various French personalities, keeping in mind a possible picture on the life of the French dancer Mistinguette.

Her future is in the hands of the ticket sellers, but she has already conquered in the studio commissary where newcomers must audition daily against the fierce competition of other beauties and food. There she is the spotlight attraction for both men and women, and she gets along well with everyone. "I try make the womans like me," she says. "I let them know I no want their mens."

Her lunchroom stock rose another point recently when she entered the place with another gorgeous freshman, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Hungarian-born wife of Actor George Sanders. The ladies walked toward opposite tables. (The Zsa Zsa drew first blood with her swaying hips, but soon every eye picked up Denise's swaying birthright and followed her to her chair, where she placed her right arm across her bodice as is her custom, before sitting down.

She deprecates the tribute. "They thenk a nuzzer button weel pop," she says, explaining that the day before a strategically placed mother-of-pearl had snapped from her blouse. "I am so embarrass I die!" #

Continued from page 74

(Advertisement)

For the Hosts' handbook

Like salads? Why not toss your own, men? Your guests will be blessing your dressing if it's Thousand Island style. In a bowl, place one-half cup mayonnaise, one-fourth cup chili sauce, one tablespoon chopped pimento, one tablespoon chopped green pepper, one tablespoon chopped chives, and — one tablespoon of Angostura Bitters (yes, the same Angostura that belongs in Manhattans and Old Fashioneds.) Stir until thoroughly blended; fold to one-fourth cup whipped cream before serving. Keen on greens—and you can thank the Angostura for its *special* tang!

". . . to this witch doctor says, 'Me want Angostura in drink like connoisseur — or else!'"

The Rebel

Continued from page 72

young girl and I can't even tell you what kind of eyes she's got, what color. That's a fact. I've been married nine years and I don't think I've ever so much as looked at another woman, you know what I mean, really looked at her. I'm a lousy man. When I'm in the subway I don't take time to look at those pretty girls. I read my paper. I like to keep up with the news. A man's got to keep posted. A businessman, I mean. Head of the family.

Tonight though—well, in any case I figured I wasn't going to turn back now and go home. Not yet. Not this time. And I don't get sore often, but when I do, when I get sore—this about my head glued on. I don't forget things so easily. I never forget her birthday in my life or Junior's birthday, or our anniversary which is April 26th and I don't forget to pay those bills the first of the month, do I? I should say not. My memory's all right. Head glued on. I was good and sore.

And by this time I was down in Mapletcrest. I guess I stood there at the corner for a minute. And one thing was sure. No movies, not tonight. And none of those liverwurst sandwiches at Fred's Delicatessen either. It was right after dinner, and how much time could you kill with a sandwich? Now if I'd only taken the car . . .

But look, I said to myself, just a moment, hold your horses. Your commutation ticket. Why not? Twenty-three minutes to town. There isn't any law, is there?

So I caught the 8.58. And it felt funny going in to town at that time of night and sitting there without the morning paper. And not many people in the car. The car was almost empty.

And then—well, I always get a kick out of the Pennsylvania Station. That high ceiling. A mighty impressive structure.

So I lit a cigar. And I thought to myself, well, it looks like a toss-up. There must be a million places to go in this town, but from what they say there's only one Greenwich Village. The artists and the models. The atmosphere. Something a little different.

Then again I've got a friend, a bachelor, a man who knows the ropes, and he tells me Fifty-second Street, those places up there. You don't even have to sit down at a table, all you do is stand up at the bar and look 'em over. That's what he says. Actresses from Hollywood and some of those debutantes—café society, they call it, he says—and the drinks are a dollar apiece, minimum. But it's worth it, he says. Well worth it. They have entertainment, too.

And I guess it would have been Fifty-second Street, if I'd had my double-breasted blue suit on. But I had on an old grey office suit, and I could have stood a shave, too. I'd been on the go all day—so it was Greenwich Village. From what they always told me, everything goes down there, and nobody cares how you're dressed, those crazy artists.

So it was going to be The Village, as they call it. I'd take a cab and ask the driver about some place down there, some good lively place. Some hot spot. But first I had to get a shave. A man's got to look neat, anyway. And some of those barbershops in town are supposed to stay open all the time. I guess for people who want to turn night into day.

But there didn't seem to be any barbershop that was open. They were all closed. It was getting kind of late, and those cross-town hikes they're just about a mile long, that's how it seemed to me. It was getting later every minute, and I didn't know where to go for my shave.

And then—well, as they always say, it's a small world, because I looked up and there at the corner was one of those drugstores, one of a chain. Edith, my wife, likes the way those chains put things up nice in boxes with stripes. That's where I'm supposed to buy all that stuff for the house. And there's nothing wrong with them. I mean to say, those drugstores are all right in every respect.

So I went in and asked for some bicarbonate. Bicarbonate of soda, I said.

The man put a little tin box on the counter. It looked pretty small to me.

Well, the next size, he said, was half a pound. Then a pound. And then two pounds.

"Two pounds? What's two pounds?" I said. I was beginning to get an idea. "Haven't you got anything bigger than that?" I asked him.

Well, yes, he said. There was still another size. Five pounds. "That's the way they buy it for battleships and for ocean liners, usually," he said, "and for big hotels."

It was a fine-looking tin box. With those stripes, the way Edith likes it.

"That's a lot of bicarbonate, mister," the man said.

"Wrap it up, please," I said.

This was pretty good. I told myself. I was standing out there in front of that drugstore, and I really had to chuckle. This would hold her for a while.

The only trouble was that package. You can't very well go stepping out to night clubs with a five-pound package on your hands. You can't do that. Not very well. So, in other words, I didn't get down to Greenwich Village.

But next time . . . #

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How Fast Can You See

Continued from page 34

posing lamps is the most effective antidote to glare, but it's pretty costly medicine

The glare-blind driver should slow down in plenty of time, keep his eyes glued to the right-hand edge of the road—and keep flashing his lights at the other driver in hope that he will finally dim down. Slowing in time is important: two drivers is approaching cars will take at least two seconds to reduce their speed from 44 to 24 miles an hour during this time the distance between the cars will be lessened by at least 200 feet. A driver should begin to reduce speed when the other car is about 350 feet away, since maximum glare trouble usually comes at from 100 to 150 feet.

Next to glare blindness, "tunnel vision" causes the greatest number of accidents. Tests have shown that up to 58 per cent of repeaters have tunnel vision, as against 8 per cent of accident-free drivers. For minimum safety a man looking straight ahead should be able to see around an arc of at least seventy degrees to each side. Normal eyes can cover ninety degrees; a real pair of "tunnel eyes" may be blind beyond ten degrees. One state picked up a 65-year-old driver who was having accidents at the rate of one every thousand miles. He had a cataract on one eye and side vision in his "good" eye was *four degrees*.

To test your side vision hold your arms straight out from your sides, look straight ahead and wiggle your fingers. If you can see them move you needn't worry. Even if you have tunnel vision you can become a safe driver by learning to scan the road as you go.

Poor depth perception is the reason so many sane and sober drivers make so many dumb passes. Most of these offenders are booked for "improper passing," but only a few states try to find out why they make improper passes before the third crack-up—if they live that long.

There is no simple test for this failing, but your family can probably tell you. If a hush falls over your passengers and they start "squeezing leather" when you pass another car, you had better get advice from a competent eye man.

Truck drivers must learn the knack of judging distances in terms of car lengths, allowing about 16 feet for the average car. Look at ten cars parked along the street, bumper to bumper, and gauge them in relation to the buildings. That gives you a good visual picture of 160 feet. On the open road telephone poles give a rough measurement; they are not always evenly spaced, but 125 feet is the minimum.

A car driving at 45 miles per hour will take about six seconds to pass a car going at 30. In that time it travels 396 feet, and a car coming the other way, also at 30, covers 264 feet. The driver must begin to pass when the oncoming car is at least 700 feet away to get back in line with a 100-feet margin of safety. If you find the arithmetic too involved—or have never learned the knack of judging speeds—you'd better not pass unless the road is perfectly clear.

There are precise scientific tests for these visual failings, but they all cost money and the public—the motorist and his pet victim, the pedestrian—have not demanded them. States that take millions yearly from their drivers can afford to invest in adequate examinations, but don't. When the legislature hears that instruments for adequate eye examinations will cost from $1000 to $3000, it doesn't know where to find the money.

For these impoverished officials the NYU Center for Safety Education—on assignment from the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies—developed four pieces of lightweight testing apparatus which measure acuity, tunnel vision, depth perception and glare blindness. They sell for $59.50. More than three hundred of these sets have been sold, mostly to high schools which give driving courses.

The high schools are an ideal place to spot the visually subnormal and to do something about them; and eight thousand schools now give driving courses. But they can't handle the whole job. Two million new drivers take to the road every year and sixty million others need periodic re-examination.

The safety officials working on these problems have no desire to take away licenses; they aim to uncover the faults that are making trouble and show drivers how to compensate for them. It can be done. Los Angeles kept tabs on one hundred repeaters who had been told how to handle their visual defects and another hundred who had not. During the next year the accident rate for the untaught repeaters *rose* by 44 per cent; for the enlightened repeaters it *fell* by 67 per cent.

Re-examination of repeaters and negligent drivers is now compulsory in Maine, Oklahoma, the District of Columbia, Wisconsin and New York. Iowa and North Carolina demand new tests for license renewal. Pennsylvania, California, New Jersey and Connecticut insist on re-examination after accidents, although in some cases they have no specific law to back them up.

Safety officials agree that the first step is to concentrate on repeaters. If resources become available they hope to extend the program to all drivers at two- or three-year intervals and give thorough tests to every new applicant. But all these plans require money, and the state legislatures will not support them without public pressure. The next move in the safety drive must come from our civic groups and automobile clubs. #

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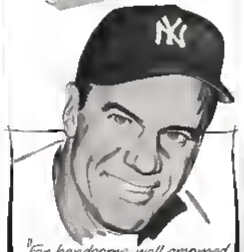

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Spain: Fables in Technicolor

Continued from page 93

linked Seville and Granada in the south looking over to near-by North Africa and sharing much of its Moorish atmosphere.

Much of the Spanish landscape looks surprisingly like the paintings of Spain you may have seen. Parts of the country have the same quality of dramatic unreality about them—the brown streams roaring through narrow gorges at the bottom of perpendicular cliffs with towered towns like Toledo built like ships on the precipices which form their bow and stern. These are the scenes of El Greco. You see what the artist saw all over Spain and in the Spanish museums you see the countryside shining at you from the canvases of the master.

You'll see relics of all phases of Spain's three-thousand-year-old civilization when you go sightseeing around the country. The Spanish landscape is as exciting and as varied as all the races, from Celt to Saracen, which settled the country and left traces of their own civilization. Cities and villages have their treasures of Roman, Gothic and Moorish art.

Spain is the third-largest country in Europe. It's a mountainous land, second only to Switzerland in that respect. Yet the landscape is extremely varied—from the smooth lush hills of Galicia and Asturias in the northwest which will remind you of our own northwest, to the central area, which is reminiscent of parts of California and our southwest.

Your regional touring centers will be Barcelona, the industrial center of the nation, up on the northeast corner; Valencia, the fiesta town on the east coast; Málaga, Cádiz and Granada and Sevilla on the south (Sevilla in Spanish, Seville in English) and San Sebastian far the Basque and Pyrenees country and the north coast.

Majorca and Minorca in the Balearic Islands of the western Mediterranean just east of Valencia are great escapists' centers.

Another island paradise is the Canaries in the Atlantic off the northwest coast of Africa.

Despite all these attractions, though, you'll certainly want to make Madrid the first stop on your visit to Spain. It's the geographical center of the country and the hub from which roads lead to near-by Toledo, Escorial, Segovia, Ávila, La Granja and Aranjuez. All are convenient tourist centers and my feeling is that you'll find Toledo second in interest only to Madrid itself.

Madrid's a modern cosmopolitan capital with a population of about one and one-half million. It's a mountain city perched on a plateau two thousand feet above sea level. It's unusually well-planned a city of noble tree-lined avenues and squares with a forest right in the heart of town.

Best time of year for a visit to Madrid is in the spring in May and June, and in the autumn, from mid-September through mid-November. Not only is the famed Madrid climate at its best during these times but the Madrid season is at its height then.

Madrid's top attraction for the visitor, aside from the bustling life of the town itself, is the Prado, one of the most satisfying museums in the world. It houses a magnificent collection of paintings dating back to the time of Ferdinand and Isabella and the discovery of America, and is rich with Titians, Van Dycks, Raphaels, Hieronymous Bosches, Rubens, Zurbaráns, Riberas and Murillos. And here you'll really get to know Velasquez and Goya.

The whole thing, happily enough, will cost you considerably less than you'd have to pay for comparable fun almost anywhere in the world. A sage and canny couple can live *and travel* in Spain today for less than it costs them just to live at home.

These are the prices that are attracting a record number of American visitors to Spain:

Room, bath, taxes, and service charge at top resort hotels all over the country, such as the Felipe II at Escorial, near Madrid, $2.50 per person per day. Another $2.50 per day will pay for all meals.

Doing it really do luxe, you'll pay from $3 for room and bath at the Palace or Ritz, Madrid's very best hotels. A memorable dinner with wine will cost between $4 and $5 at the most expensive restaurants, but you can dine magnificently for half that amount.

Making the rounds of the sidewalk cafés and taverns in Madrid between seven and nine-thirty at night you'll probably drink fine Spanish sherry at about eighteen cents a glass or the more typical manzanilla wine for five or six.

Since wages and cost of materials in Spain are so much lower than in the United States you'll be able to find a great many shopping bargains. You can buy handmade men's shoes, for example, for five to ten dollars. Shirts can be made to your order in five or six days for $6.25.

A tailor-made suit will run you between $37.50 and $62.50 depending on quality of the material and tailoring. Be sure to insist on American or British cut.

The above prices are based upon the official tourist rate of slightly less than forty pesetas to the dollar. However you can even shave them about 20 per cent and legally, by buying your pesetas from foreign-exchange brokers before you leave the United States. You're allowed to bring in ten thousand pesetas per person, the equivalent of $250 in Spain, $200 if you buy them in the U. S.

The bullfight season lasts from early spring through mid-autumn. Throughout this period there are bullfights in Madrid and Barcelona every Sunday and feast day and often on Thursday. Every major

Continued on page 140

At better stores throughout the country. For the name of the one nearest you write to:
CLARKS OF ENGLAND INC. P.O.B. #407, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

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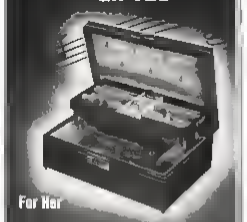

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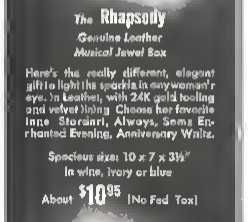

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Spain: Fables in Technicolor

Continued from page 139

festival in the various cities throughout Spain includes a corrida or program of bullfights

FOR THE SPORTSMAN For fanny outdoorsmen hunting the Spanish ibex ranks with African lion hunting tiger shooting in India, and North American moose hunting among the world's top sporting adventures

One of Spain's best hunting areas is in the Sierra of Gredos within an hour or so by car from Madrid in a preserve supervised by the Spanish State Tourist Department It is a magnificent mountain region whose peaks are snowcapped a good part of the year You pay about $75 for a hunting license good for one ibex and if you fail to get a shot at an ibex your money is refunded Guides are furnished by the Turismo Their services are free but you pay for their keep and the use of their horses.

You'll stay at the Turismo's Parador of Gredos an impressive stone lodge about 5500 feet up in the mountains. (Parador means stopping or resting place) This is a favorite hunting and fishing spot of General Franco's and is one of Spain's show places There's excellent trout fishing in the Tormes River about five minutes drive from the Parador where sportsmen have hauled trout weighing as much as six and three-quarter pounds out of the swift-running mountain stream The Parador is also a center and base camp for mountain climbers Your room and bath and all meals here will run you about $2 50 per day

Another favorite Spanish sport is eagle hunting using an owl as a decoy The owl is chained by the foot to a branch of a tree. Seeing him out there like a sitting owl, the eagle plummets like a dive bomber, and you have to be quick on the trigger or else you lose your owl When this happens the hunter is sad because owls are expensive and hard to come by The owl shares his distress

The best source of information on these and other sports including the famed fishing for twenty-five-pound salmon up in the northwest part of the country is Max Barrell the Turismo's hunting and fishing expert in Madrid He'll do everything from telling you what flies will work the best to planning an expedition for you

The basic problem in going to Spain is rationing your time among all the places you want to see and all the things you want to do And the chances are you'll end up doing just what I did—spending much more time in Spain than you had expected to and starting to plan a return visit before you've even reached the Madrid airport for the beginning of your trip home

(And for more information on Spain read Vacation Now starting on page 32) ###

Continued from page 85

V-M tri-o-matic Portable 985—Take your music with you Compact lightweight completely transistor for all records 33rpm and Mahogany Leatherette case Easy-Lite lets you operate through without lifting lid!

V-M tri-o-matic phonographs

Hear the gift you'll always enjoy! V-M tri-o-matic phonographs play automatically all records all sizes all speeds—and, with the new exclusive Sonic Switch you can relax read even fall asleep to soothing music! After the 33rd record plays everything shuts off, including the amplifying system!

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V-M tri-o-matic 971

V-M PHONOGRAPHS ARE AVAILABLE FROM $29.95

SEE YOUR V-M DEALER NOW

Horace Elliston's Next Book

Continued from page 65

writer, not a speaker," he said angrily "I don't want to take on any more personal appearances like a damned movie star"

"It is a strain," I said "but it's good for sales" Then I asked carefully "What do you suppose your Swiss friend was after?"

He shrugged "Same scrawl," he said

A few days after Elliston left on a tour of the bookshop circuit, I had a letter from the book buyer at Coles in Cleveland She had staged a gala luncheon for Elliston and it had been a great success—they had sold 49 autographed copies—except that a baby female had badgered Mr Elliston outrageously The day the letter arrived I had a wire from Elliston saying he was ill and would have to cancel the tour He was going south for a long rest

Late that spring I saw him again He looked shockingly old but he assured me that he had never felt better With him was Edith Caspar elegantly dressed, a diamond circle glittering on the fourth finger of her left hand

Meet Mrs Elliston he said

That summer I was in Switzerland and visited Montbéliard Although it had been called by another name in *Candle in the Sun*, I recognized it at once as the scene of the story

I was directed to the home of Colonel Caspar Mrs Caspar was in the garden and as she turned toward me the sun on her gold hair I could see she was Nicole But in a gentler and lovelier way she was Mrs Elliston, too.

I spoke to her in French introducing myself as an American publisher looking for information about a Captain Alan Seliger

She paled "He is dead," she said "He attempted to escape into France. Somehow during the pursuit he was shot If it is about his manuscript that you have come here I know nothing I do not read English."

"May I see the manuscript?"

"But I do not have it" she said "Captain Seliger requested that if anything happened to him I send it to his friend in America. This in a small town, Monsieur If the wife of the colonel mails a package to America it is a subject of conversation It was arranged that my sister mailed the package from Geneva My sister lives now in New York. Perhaps you know her?"

Almost five years have passed since then—a long time to think and do nothing But what could I have done? Eventually people will stop asking about Elliston's new book As for Elliston himself—to be blackmailed into marriage is punishment enough but to be blackmailed by an impostor is a unique form of the screw I'm willing to leave it at that ###

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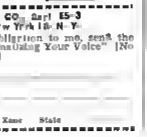

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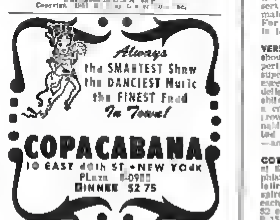

GOING PLACES WITH Esquire

PAINTING THE TOWN

LAILGON RESTAURANT 13 East 58th St Charming with a gay dignified decor an excellent bar and perfect service. Luncheon, complete from $2. Dinner includes peritively mixed French dishes. Dinner à la carte, and table d'hôte (as low as the entire gala dat) starts at Prices on entrée from $3.50. Excellent cellar. Phone for a dinner reservation.

LITTLE BOHEMIA 181 East 86th St Capacity 100-odd rooms, and a new Jan Fabian Hungarian American dinners of $2.50 and up. Sun. B good, decor nonstanding. Open for dinner and supper only.

LUCHOW'S 110-112 East 14th St. Prosp this fast and hustling cathedral of eateries comes some of the best German food in the hustling the perfect spot for the elderly, waiters alertly and attentive, the prices reasonable the wine list extensive with an optimal selected list of imported beers. Complete luncheons from $1.50. Includes homemade Bratwurst, Sauerbraten and other specialtyes, selected soups. Dinner prices, complete are $3.25 up. The Landed Shoulder of Venison, Cultured Spaghetti is always perfect for large but crowded reserve a table in advance.

ROOSEVELT GRILL ROOSEVELT HOTEL 45th and Madison Ave Smart Bacon decor, cheerful decor, excellent food and service and reasonable prices. The Lay Lancaster replacement, Freddy Martin's orchestra, persons and music with special attention to old favorites. Grill is closed on Sundays.

MING'S SPORTS AFIELD ROOM 13 East 53rd St Small screens (with best seats only 36 and is almost certainly the most expensive dinner in a Chinese Restaurant. It has to be because it specializes in game, and game is hard to get, and costly to arrange. The average meal for two including the Peking Rabbit Bellimore at $20 for two. Imported Woodcock are extra. Its specialty is Peking and Szetuh grouse of comparable prices. For exotic gourmands there is Mandarin Arma dillo at $15 for four or a portion of Porcupine at $35—the price covering the entire only. Venison and game dishes are always available at $4.75 at least, $6.50 at dinner. Sound bar superlative savory. Phone for a table.

"21" 21 West 52nd St. Exclusive operations and elegant. "21" retains its place to the hearts of the elicits, most of which usually maintain their place in the affections. The drinks generous and boost the service is unobtrusive and efficient. Dinner matched One of the best cellars in town. For a table luncheon or dinner it is wise to telephone in advance.

VERSAILLES 151 East 50th St Tie best show is worth the price at admission. It is port fresh and entertaining, graced by the superlative singing of Carmen Tree, some excellent and sprightly dancing, dashes of delightful humor Emile Petit's and Pasquale's lands for good dancing. Food—a compelling but Celebrity based usually provided, somewhat mediocre Sid and Al's guests regulars insist that it M worth the bill. If you want a table please telephone—and have fun.

COTILLION ROOM Hotel Pierre, Fifth Ave at 61st St. Smart rendezvous for those sophisticated ones who enjoy fine food supper service. Dinner music decorous, inspired music for dancing. Entertainment each evening at 9:15 and 12:15. Cover at $2 on Friday Saturday and holidays after 8:15 PM—minimum of $3 on week-day nights. Meals are $3 up and well worth it. Top dancing with entertainment, at $3 and $4 on Sundays. Phone for your reservation.

CAFE GRINZING 343 East 79th St George Eberhardt's gay Viennese restaurant and cocktail lounge is unusual in Manhattan. An assortment of dinners, from $1.50 to $4.50, complete, features hearty and succulent Viennese dishes. Many dishes are made in a special gringzing to the Grinzing, enjoy every bite. Hearty interesting music, a sparkling good floor show (no. 50 cents or minimum. Excellent but good service. Phone for your dinner or supper.

HENRI'S, 15 East 52nd St Dedicated the monumental display of beethoven chocolates is a large and popular restaurant, devoted to French cuisine. Only a handful of restaurants can match the superb dishes prepared by the Henri chefs. The Duckling wild Sauce Bigarade is a favorite of all the regulars. Their Filet Mignon with a sauce Bearnaise is a delicious and juicy, the sauce is smooth and appealing. Dinner prices are highish, but the service is flawless. The bar under the command of Gus, is perfection.

MIDTOWN CHINESE RATHSKELLER 128 West 52nd St. This is a dream of the popular 52nd Street place and it is usually crowded with those who enjoy authentic Chinese food. The first floor bar and dining room is highlighted by attractive murals, a seductive and interesting blend of Chinese art and American styling.

OUT OF TOWN

Connecticut

MANROE'S, Steamboat Road, Greenwich Nick Manero offers his special dinner appetizer—steak, grandfather's fresh Italian bread, French fried onions—plus dessert and coffee—at $4.00 for Abel wines, $4.25 for Chione steak. The decor is not impressive but the food is Nick recently opened a one place at Westport, and it is as good as the original. Its very good. Phone for a table.

Long Island

BLUE SERACH INN Roslyn. A refurbished colonial hostelry where Carl Werner has made a reputation of superlative food and suitable drinks. For an appetizer try Rice Stuffing in Dill sauce, the entrées are Peconic Bay Scallops saute Parsley Butter, which certainly melts in the mouth and numerable Baked Emergency Bottom-queens. Dinner prices from $3.75 to $6. Phone for a table.

RECORDS

Classical:

BACH—WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER BOOK I, II. Wanda Landowska (Pleyel harpsichord) 15 the year announcement that Wanda Landowska the world's greatest harpsichordist, would record Bach's complete 48 Preludes and Fugues—but the first three issues of the set with all their excellences, were something of a disappointment, they caught Miss Landowska's Polish temperament or picked up her accent or an Pleyel Aug. Now finally the right day has struck, and the great project comes late its second half with a worthy great record magnificent music magnificently played and magnificently recorded without a cryptic through the Vinylite (RCA VICTOR. 12)

MUSIC OF VIVALDI VOL I The greatest musicological triumph of recent years has been the rediscovery of dozens of manuscript scores by Antonio Vivaldi, an enormously imaginative Baroque composer.

The Violin Concerto Op 3 Nos 11 (alias orchestra handed together as a chamber ensemble) has specialized in this music and play it better than anyone else. It is a treat to hear them. This record the first of a series, presents the original version extremely well recorded and played with full measure of Vivaldi's style, sense and sound (DECCA 12)

MONEGGER—CONCERTINO FOR piano A sincerely enjoyable rarity slotted gave by the fine Swiss modern Highly played by pianist Paul Jacquinet and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Anatole Fistoulari. The dip, Milhaud's "First piano Concerto" is an entertaining if trunk sample of that master's neo romantic cinic but the performances does not quite carry it (M G-M. 10)

SCHUBERT—GEANE RUO The young wizards—Paul Badura Sands and Joerg Demus—at the piano again for a fine combined performance of this highly developed latonsely lyrical music. (WESTMINSTER. 12)

Popular:

OSCAR BETERSON AT CARNEGIE One of the hottest three great jazz pianists to appear are the last vol. Oscar Peterson is a real joy. This is a long-playing record of Oscar's 1950 June at the Philharmonic concert Saper (MERCURY. LP)

ECHOES OF HARLEM Another pianist, Russ Dalid with set in the same class with Oscar Peterson is a skilled workman and he plays on a Steinway Grand Piano famous Duke Ellington compositions. Mainly sweet listening (DECCA. 12)

TREASURY OF IMMORTAL GEROGMANCES Well this set keeps rolling along. Here are three more ungrafted jazz, albums that contain some of the best music in jazz land *Great Trumpet Solos* features individual renditions by Armstrong, Berigan, Dalchelle, Hackett and Dizzy. In *Great Rhapsodies* the Rhapsodist and drummer plays at his best grouped in the late Thirties Finally, the *Gassy Gaspers* Pete stars Kraps on drums Teddy Wilson on piano and the inimitable Benny on clarinet. These three albums are music in any man a collection (RCA VICTOR LP)

KEYBOARD RINGS The Page Cavanaugh Trio is an adventure in jazz with the best and gaudy of imagination. You'll like their interpretation of Autumn in New York and seven others (MGM LP)

MOVIES FOR MEN

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN (Paramount) belongs in the same immigrants-in-America school of dating in a Kazanesque manner (at its central character is a man—a George who comes to the United States from the Near East and goes through a series of heart warming and hectic experiences that may be bewildering in this intensely sincere newcomer but are delightfully funny to our more dead eyes.

Perhaps it will gain a touch corny and sentimental at times But William Perlberg's production with good on the spot photography of New York, California and points in between, George Seaton's intelligent direction and steeped in patriotism and a philosophy of We're all foreigners here—some earlier, some later—has produced a most affected performance as the Hindle Giorgi Papadilly makes this the most a movie of the month.

Anything Can Happen lines up in its title from beginning to end—for it is a romance of Giorgi lands in New York and starts struggling with our inconsistent language in the finale in which he speaks English better than most Americans, has an orange crush in California a tax dill from the Government, and a very attractive American fiancée.

Kim Hunter plays this girl with great charm and lends just the right touch to many amusing crowded nightly with immortals. Mme Tess seems to be alternating between dingos of irresponsible gaiety and incidents of occasional catastrophe.

Foreigners no longer come to war shores expecting to find streets paved with gold but they do find a land of freedom and opportunity. And *Anything Can Happen* based on the best selling by George and Helen Papadatty promises to be a certainty to enter talented hungry movie-goers

THE SNIPER (Columbia) Though this story of a psychopathic killer lacks emotional warmth, Stanley Kramer's production is excellent Arthur Franz, as the psychopaths nerds who uses his carbine with telescopic lens on women and children who happen to cross his sight and Adolphe Menjou as the police detectives assigned to tracking down the unknown killer Dare to be disturbed Sniper Both roles were superbly directed by Edward Dmytrik The picture is not pleasant as Franz methodically goes about his grotesque obsessing business and Menjou coldly detects into detecting

THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED (Mayer-Alberto) Luis Bunuel, the great Spanish moviemaker looking for the unusual a story of juvenile delinquency in Mexico City sold in almost pitch black desperate. Director Luis Bunuel with the kind of complete real from this gang of boys in its way just as sentimentalists exaggerate in their way. This film deserves to be seen for the hilarity trained Bunuel has put into social and sexual problems and the parents who are in many cases responsible Perhaps the best sequence of *Los Olvidados* (which was filmed in Mexico and has English subtitles) can be called entertainment, but it is an unusual film and it certainly will scare elders into thinking about the subject

ENCORE (Paramount) is another of these English made W Somerset Maugham package deals. Although this time the package is neatest It provides some pleasant miscellaneous entertainment. Some performances in witty dialogue and polished performances

In the first tale Roland Culver and Nigel Patrick are a couple of jealous actors engaged in *The Ant and the Grasshopper*, tangle continuously until you know who comes out ahead

In *Winter Cruise* Kay Walsh does a perfect of an old maid lost in the brilliant and cruel you almost feel embarrassed at laughing at her so much.

The third story *Gigolo and Gigolette* is about a lady high diver and her husband who forces her to continue his act after she is overwhelmed by fear. This moving and pathetic little tale M made even more thoughtful by Dirk Bogarde's fine acting which, like the whole thing above its shallow plot

NEVER TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER (Sno Pelice) Utterly delightful Gay Sach film made in Italy from Paul Gallico's novel *Miracle* When the Fairies Sister's Sister Fairies are at Assisi returns in let a boy bring his latest and about Assisi Lamb Lucia the younger decides to tell his story to the Pope The scenes with this cute kid making his way through the Italian Alps are hardly getting as audience because so refuses to let him go for an answer are photographed with reverence and beauty—and with a wonderful sense of humor Something for a kid scene who prefer films distinctly and finest of the mill

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT (Stack-Ostrand) If isn't so much the plot of this witty English comedy that makes it so enjoyable as the brilliant execution and the hilarious satire that permeates the whole piece Alec Guinness plays a research chemist who invents a new kind of cloth—that never gets dirty and never wears out. Instead of becoming the hero he had hoped to become, so his girl (Joan Greenwood) predicted our high minded visionary is looked upon as a villain. The capitalists are terrified when about our mills the sheep farmers, (ah cotton growers) Elder said, too happy either what happens in any Sale after everyone buys one of these indestructible suits! So Capital and Labor unite and the naive idea! in looking like a frightened schoolboy in the first white suit made of the new cloth—which had to be cut by a tailor! becomes the victim of their greed. It is all done in great fun but after you've had a lot of hearty laughs you may wonder why we don't have a cloth like this. And, by the way, what ever did happen to those razor blades that could never get dull

CRY— THE BELOVED COUNTRY (London Lesser) Although his movie produced from Alan Paton's scarcely any novel doesn't quite come up to the original Cry Beloved in beauty of language. It is one of the best statements of the Negro problem ever made in cinema. Effectively filmed in South Africa, in both the country and in Johannesburg where we are spared some of the squalor of the Negro's shanty town, the story moves here tragedy, brings two fathers together and unites them in sympathy and understanding The black father a simple man (by clergyman portrayed by Canada Lee) is confronted when his wayward son commits a murder The white father a South African farmer played by Charles Carson, is amazed when his son who has been working to help the blacks, is murdered The film by no means attempts to solve all black white problems, but it suggests a few answers and its well acted, thoughtful and grabbers a tremendously moving experience

FIVE DINGERS (20th Century Fox) tells the story of the biggest gold say in history. Ulysses Dietz who served as a valet to the British ambassador in Ankara during World War II and who managed to a hoarding top secret papers in the embassy safe and sell six dime at its Germans for big enough. His exploits were written up in a book *Operation Cicero* by one of his German partners in the deal. Dietz's book *Five Dingers* is a fascinating and if detective, dangerous story which I wouldn't believe If The jokes of Dietz to the Germans who bought the stuff from Cicero (Dietz's code name) are not poorly declared in what they were saying—even the plans for the Normandy invasion The actionale acts full of colorful scenes were taken in Turkey and the good man (James Mason, Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie, Oscar Karlweis, Walter Hampden) and to the real man in this gay movie that M full of thrills and romance The deals has the most ironical touch of all

MIRACLE IN MILAN (Barstyn) is a modern allegory—a fairy tale in which the Sun with gaze as such Italian neo-realistic heart breakers as Bicycle Thief and The Bicycle Thief HH neo film appeals more to the head than the heart It of times its symbolism and of tempo is fairly powerful. Director Vittorio De Sica's fantastic story about the conflict between the heirs and have arts is full of fun

Francesco Golisano is a simple soul in orphan (delightfully played by Francesco Golisano) adopts a group of homeless and uses a miracle lens dare that grants all wishes to keep the wealthy landowner from driving the poor and his property Then when the homeless gain wishing for the silly and superficial things (and most people want and if Hit the entire swings into hilarious comedy

Throughout this whole realistic fantasy De Sica introduces wonderful little sequences that are reminiscent of Chaplin and Rene Clair of their best.

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THE GING ANG I Rodgers and Hammerstein's beautiful new musical play done with the magnificent visual imagination of Jean Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner. He tailor a Siamese King lively music, a charming book, and a fine supporting cast. Lyric Theatre 46th Street W of Broadway $4.80 top

THE SHADE A terrifying study of a man caught in the mesh of a city psychiatric ward and of his life who cunningly drives to destroy his life. Mike Todd has been better ever Superbly played by José Ferrer and Judith Evelyn (Cort Theatre 48th Street E of Broadway $6.60 top.)

TOP BANANA Phil Silvers is all over the stage in this one carrying the whole show on his back Book, music, dancing, sets, and supporting cast leave much to be desired but you won't mind that. If Phil doesn't weaken the laughs herein will roll on for many moons. (Winter Garden Street way and 50th St. $6.60-daily and $7.20-Friday and Saturday top.)

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Bring 1 cup hot milk and cream to boil, add the cooked meats of a fowl (two cups) very fine, corner slowly for 5 minutes season with salt and white pepper Thicken with 4 cup of flour, blended with 2 cup of 1% and warm Sherry wine Bring to a boil shaking and rocking the pan lightly, pour over fluffy Serve from casserole or shallow dish on French toast—serves 4 Tip from Chef Guillermo Arnaude Hotel Albuquerque, N M

Potables

WITH FRUIT

An ideal hot weather dessert is fruit and sherbet—one choose fresh or canned berries, peaches, pears or plums Slice and sugar fresh fruit drain the syrup from the canned variety add a cream liqueur mixture with an appropriate beverage—for peaches and pears a tangerine rum for plums a little of brandy or a liqueur for strawberries a medical splash of cherry Brandy Refrigerate until icy cold serve in sherbet glasses.

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1 jigger of dry gin

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1 jigger dry Juice of ½ lemon

1 teaspoon sugar 1 egg white

Place the mixture in a shaker with plenty of crushed ice and shake long and lustfully. Strain it into a Delmonico glass, and that's it.

DRINK OF THE MONTH

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½ oz. Cola rum ½ oz apricot brandy

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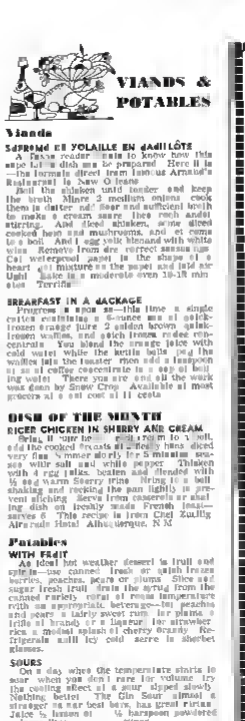

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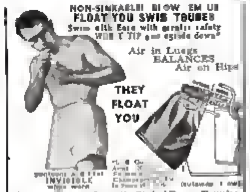

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TOOLS is the name of these happy-serious fellows with green hair, moustache beard. They're watercolors painted to order following any activity or profession. If your subject are any sort of sports they'll go for this novel gift. Why green hair? Dunno. 3½x6", framed in ½" wood moulding $5 Tom Dibble, Landgrave, Vt.

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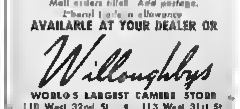

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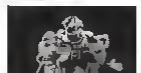

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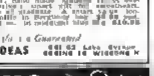

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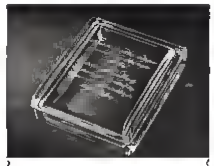

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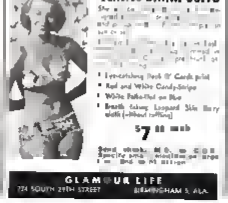

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- Red and White Candy-Stripe
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Metal finish: All metal. Shot: No. 8 or 9. Gauge: 12 gauge. Length: 14 inches. Weight: 1 lb. 14 oz. Powder charge per shot: 12 caliber. Individual shot holster: Very Cool.

Not only 4 moving parts. 2 inch barrel. Heavy duty. Free complete instructions. Ammunition of shotgun, indoor outdoor target shoot. Ammunition of shotgun, 1 oz. Individual Sports Pistol Shooting,

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Most magnificent pocket tool and auto kits ever made useful and handy for any emergency of home, in the car, garage fishing hunting etc. Made entirely of forged and properly tempered high grade tool steel: entirely nickel plated. By famous Frost craftsmen 1¼" x 5½". Attractive genuine leather case included. Father will certainly appreciate this wonderful gift. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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At Last! Science Shows You How to . . .

Stop Headlight Glare Actually See After Dark!

Do you drive your car after dark? Do you know that 4 out of 5 total smash-ups are caused at night . . . to SAFE, careful drivers who are trapped . . . blinded . . . and killed by the headlights of another man's car?

HERE is the first full story of how you can completely avoid that blinding headlight glare . . . avoid these night driving accidents . . . how you can actually drive at night with almost full daylight safety!

How many times it's happened that you been completely blinded by the headlights of another car? How many times has you been blinded when you were driving 30-40-50 miles an hour . . . when you were in the middle of a dangerous intersection . . . when you were turning a sharp curve or corner? Yes how many times this month has your eyes been forced to trust you life—and the lives of your family—to a driver who doesn't even have the sense to dim his headlights!

These accidents can be avoided

Do you know that now you can avoid all these risks? Do you know that during the last five years over 70,000 drivers have found a new way to protect themselves against this headlight blindness? That these drivers have tested and proved an optical instrument that actually makes the headlights headlights as easy to take as dims. Here is that amazing story.

Five years ago three of this country's top optical experts decided to tackle this problem of headlight glare. They immediately discovered that all of the numerous remedies were either useless or actually dangerous. These experts discovered that there was one sure way to protect yourself against this blinding night glare—a piece of specially colored glass worn by you yourself—that filters out the glare from headlights in exactly the same way that a pair of sunglasses filters out the glare of the sun.

These experts discovered that scientists had developed such a glass—that many of the leading automobile manufacturers such as Buick, Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Lincoln and Chrysler—were equipping their special deluxe models with special glare resistant windshields. However the cost of this glass on these special cars was necessarily $30-$50.

To avoid these costs these experts took special glare-resistant glass and built into a pair of Night Driving Glasses that could be worn by any driver. Since they eliminated blinding light at glass the experts called them RAYEX Night Driving Glasses. Here are some of the amazing results they discovered when they tested them.

This is how night driving should be!

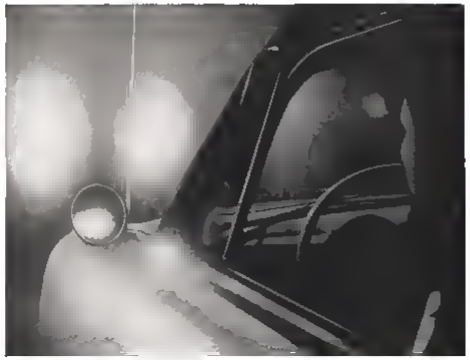
1 WITH THESE RAYEX Night Driving GLASSES you can look directly into the brightest headlights. You will see the headlights as pale amber discs—but you will not see the glare. You could pass an extra line of fifty cars and not even squint.

2 WITH THESE RAYEX Night Driving GLASSES your eyes will be protected against intrusion of glare. They will adjust themselves more easily to constant flashes of light. You will actually be able to see with them constant, constant visibility. Dark objects will stand in sharper relief like the pedestrian who darts out of a side street . . . like the dark hump in the road that ruin your tires.

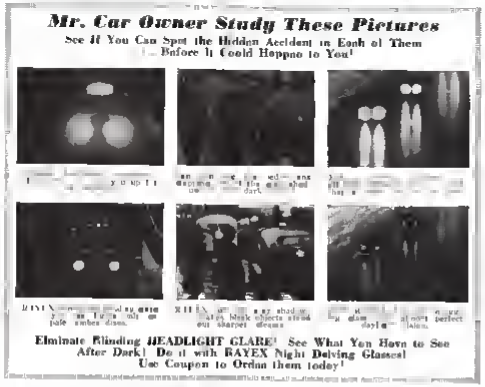
3 SINCE THESE RAYEX Night Driving GLASSES HELP PROTECT YOUR EYES AGAINST STRAIN, you need not suffer from dangerous night driving headaches caused by blinding glare. You will be able to drive as much as 400 miles in a single night without feeling the slightest strain caused by blinding glare. And where all tired, glare-strained eyes will not cause you to fall asleep at the wheel. You may make it on the longest trips with the greatest confidence. ORDER TODAY! Use coupon below!

Proven by over 70,000 drivers

Before these glasses were offered in this magazine, they were distributed to over 70,000 drivers . . . volunteers who tested them under every possible sort of night driving condition.



GONE FOREVER! Blinding Headlight Glare—the number one cause of traffic accidents in America today! Read this amazing story of how science conquered this "most unpreventable" accident!



Here are the actual reactions of these drivers—their own unsolicited experiences with these glasses. Perhaps they will help your night driving problems.

DO YOU EVER DRIVE ON THE OPEN HIGHWAY?

"On my trip to Denver last week, I must have passed at least 50 cars. Not one dazzled down his lights. If I hadn't had your glasses I would have had to pull over in the shoulder and wait till they passed by. As it was, I didn't even squint.—MR. P. M. E., BRIMPTON WASH.

DO CHILDREN RIDE IN YOUR CAR?

I drove my little girl home from a country school during the twilight hours. I was already—either of the blinding lights from the other cars of that hour—or of jarring one of the other little girls in the streets. Now thank God, I now can see them. I wouldn't take $200 for those glasses."—MRS. L. G., FOREST HILLS, New York.

DO YOU GET NIGHT DRIVING SLEEPINESS?

"Drove 112 miles after midnight without the slightest stress. Never felt so relaxed and confident in my life. Thanks."—MR. D. F., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

DO YOU HAVE WEAK EYES?

"My husband has a cataract on his left eye and could never enjoy driving before. He thinks your glasses are wonderful—says they are also good for protection against the sun."—MRS. L. M., ELIZABETH, NORTH DAKOTA. (NOTE: We do not recommend the use of these glasses as sun glasses. They are different in night and day. They have only one purpose—to protect you after dark.)

And here is the one fact that all of these drivers agreed upon . . . this is the way they would affect your night driving.

The very first moment you put on RAYEX Night Driving Glasses you enter into an entirely new world of night driving. There is no more blinding glare. Instead the headlights of every car . . . every street light . . . every window pass you as a soft amber yellow.

You'll notice immediately that you are more relaxed . . . more confident about your driving. Test these glasses against the best two or three cars you pass. Prove to yourself that you can see their lights . . . but there is no blinding glare. After that you will be able to totally disregard the headlights of any car coming toward you on the highway. You will be able to sit back and relax—enjoy your night driving as much as you do in the day.

Prove it yourself! Make this convincing "Light-bulb" test

When you RAYEX NIGHT GLASSES active put them on. Look directly into the strongest light in your home. You see the light . . . the glare is gone! Then test them again in your car. Look at street lights, headlights under every sort of difficult night driving condition. If they do not do everything we have claimed for them, return them to us. No questions will be asked, your money will be returned. You are not buying these glasses—you are simply trying them at our risk.

RAYEX Night Driving Glasses has already earned the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. Rayex lenses are not plastic. They do not distort vision. They are made of genuine polished optical plate glass, thereafter they really carved to meet U. S. Coast Specification No. CS-159-48. They are identical in shape, quality and appearance to the finest optically sized glasses you can buy in your stores. They come in striking styles—handsome safety frames for men, beautiful harlequins for women and clipons for those who already wear glasses.

Yet they cost only $2.98 . . . less than you pay for one week's insurance on your car. Order a pair today for every driving member of your family! FREE! Handsome simulated alligator dashboard carrying case sent FREE with each order.

Wear RAYEX Nite Glasses to end TV eyestrain!

Because these RAYEX Night Glasses reduce blinding glare . . . because they help protect your eyes against artificial light irritation—they are the perfect glare-resistant filter for watching all Television sets!

With these glasses you will not have to spend the $5 to $7 on television filter would cost you. You will be able to watch your favorite programs for as much as 7 straight hours without feeling the slightest irritation. And, you will actually enjoy your set more—because RAYEX eliminates grey shadows from your screen—actually short your picture image!

Why not send for an extra pair for another member of your family? SAME MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE OF COURSE.

ORDER THEM NOW!! USE THE HANDY COUPON SEND TODAY TO: NATIONAL OPTICS CO., DEPT. K 463 E. 74 St., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

Dealer, Jobber inquiries invited.

Act Today! Send This Guarantee Coupon Now!

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Please send me . . . pairs of RAYEX night driving glasses at $2.98 a pair, plus C.O.D. postage as:
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(not cheap with your glasses)
Also send me Absolutely FREE a handsome simulated alligator dashboard carrying case, same as here, FREE whether or not I keep the RAYEX Night Driving Glasses.
I understand that I am to try these glasses at your risk for one full week. I understand that these glasses will not eliminate blinding headlight glare.
If I actually help me see better . . . further . . . clearer after dark.
If Eliminate night driving headaches and sleepiness caused by blinding glare.
If these glasses do not accomplish all three of these claims, I can get thoroughly delighted then I may return them and will receive my full purchase price.

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